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## MR. BRIGHT AT ROCHDALE.

MR. BRIGHT spoke at Rochdale in very good spirits, and indulged in abuse of the Tories, general denunciations of English government, and laudations of himself and his career, to his heart's content. It was a joyful occasion for him, for the meeting he addressed was held to celebrate the election of his brother at Manchester, and he spoke at the end of a year which has witnessed an extraordinary triumph for him and his policy. It has become the fashion for the leaders of Parliament to go down to the provinces and tell their admirers there, for the further information of the general public through the newspapers, how very wise and prudent and patriotic they have been in their past career. We do not much like the fashion, but, if it is to prevail, Mr. BRIGHT certainly has just now as much a right to follow it as any one else. His story of the past was marked by no such monstrous efforts of audacity as Mr. DISRAELI's assertion that almost all the great Bills of the last twenty years have been due to Lord JOHN MANNERS. The three principal topics on which Mr. BRIGHT dilated were himself, the Tory party, and Ireland, and on each he had much to say that was striking, and, in a rhetorical point of view, effective. But on the first head he had also something to say that was both true and new, which is more than can be said of the rest of his speech. It is quite just that Mr. BRIGHT should desire to stand in a new relation to his countrymen. The Bill that has been carried is virtually the Bill, so far as the borough suffrage goes, that he has for years been recommending—a little more liberal perhaps than he himself quite relished—but still in principle the same. He is the real author of a measure which, with the assent of all parties, has passed the Legislature, and which is pregnant with great and important changes in the history of England. A man who has actually done thus much stands in a different position from one who merely proposes vague and unsuccessful schemes of Reform. He has won a victory, and may claim the honours of a successful general. But Mr. BRIGHT's position is also changed in another way. It used to be said of him, and, as we still think, with much truth, that he was always setting class against class, and making political life needlessly bitter. But it now turns out that he was only saying out loud what Mr. DISRAELI was saying in his heart. It makes a very great difference in most people's judgment when we find that, according to the statement of a man who is now one of the leading Ministers of the Crown, the things that Mr. BRIGHT said were the things that the leader of the Tory party thought precisely true. Both were aiming at household suffrage, it appears, and both found their difficulty in the hard-hearted, stiff-necked nature of the Tory party. They were, as Mr. BRIGHT says, obstinate and unreasoning and stupid; they were, as Mr. DISRAELI says, uncommonly hard to educate. They have now been educated, partly through fright and partly by gentle persuasion, and it is impossible to believe that either method would have been sufficient by itself. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. DISRAELI have together "finished," as governesses term it, the Tory party; and they ought to share the credit and advantage of doing so. They have long been considered outsiders, as it were, in politics. Mr. DISRAELI, although he has now led the Conservatives in the House of Commons for nearly twenty years, has never, until this year, had the heart of the party with him, has never been looked on as much more than an indispensable adventurer. Mr. BRIGHT has, up till now, been considered a sort of dangerous tabooed man, quite unfit in every respect to associate with the governing classes. This can last no longer. We may not trust either very heartily, or admire either without great reserve, but we cannot ignore facts. Mr. DISRAELI is now the fetish of people who a year ago thought a 71. suffrage dangerous; and when a Liberal Ministry next takes office it will be wholly incomplete unless Mr. BRIGHT sits on the Treasury Bench.

When he takes office, and the high office which his services and ability will demand for him, he will perhaps get rid of some of the defects which mark his treatment of the history of the Tory party, and of Irish affairs, in the speech at Rochdale. He has only one notion of the Tories, and that is that they will do anything for office. They run to it as dogs do to dog's-meat, especially the Tory lawyers, who are the most dog's-meat-loving of dogs, and who will always go yelping and fighting on until at last they happen, as now, to be gorged. For office Tories will give up everything—principles, honour, self-respect. In fact there is scarcely any crime Lord DERBY would not commit in order to have the splendid and dear delight of appointing a Solicitor-General and making a Bishop. When Mr. BRIGHT gets into official circles, he will perhaps understand that to choose a new Solicitor-General or Bishop out of a lot of lawyers and parsons whom he does not know by name or sight is no more amusing, and is vastly more troublesome and vexatious, to a wearied, gouty, literary Earl than to choose a new footman. But possibly it might occur to Mr. BRIGHT that it is not the Earl who chooses that the Solicitor-General shall be in office, but the Solicitor-General who chooses that the Earl shall be. There is some truth in this. The leader of a party naturally wishes that those who have supported him shall have their chance; but he may fairly say that he wishes this for the sake of the public, as well as of his friends. It is of great importance to the country that all the intellect of a great party should not be lost to the administration of the country by the perpetual exclusion of the party from office. But this is not all. A party cannot take office, and certainly cannot keep office, unless the country approves of their doing so. The reason why Lord DERBY is in power is that the nation wishes Lord DERBY to be in power. It may be very true that the bulk of the Tory party is the stupid party, as Mr. BRIGHT says, repeating the words of Mr. MILL; and there was quite enough to earn the contempt of an honest man in the senseless, frantic, stupid shrieks against Reform and Reformers which rang from the back Tory benches in 1866, as contrasted with their passive, puzzled, equally stupid acceptance of Reform in 1867. The surrender of the Tory party may deserve all the hard things that have been said of it in the *Quarterly Review*. But, in spite of all this, the country would prefer that the DERBY Ministry should stay in. If it needs condonation for what it has done, it has been so far condoned that its practical usefulness is allowed to out-balance its faults. It is a better Ministry than the Ministry that preceded it, or than any Ministry that would be in the least likely to take its place. Let us at least be thankful that, in so anxious a time as the present, we have not got Lord DE GREY to manage India, Sir GEORGE GREY at the Home Office, and Lord RUSSELL, if not in the Foreign Office, yet over it. Mr. BRIGHT himself owns that a Whig Ministry such as would probably come into power now would not at all suit him, and that it would, as he puts it, want constantly whipping up to its duties by public meetings, and all kinds of exciting demonstrations. Now, of all calamities that could befall the country at this crisis, the worst is, we are sure, a feeble Whig Ministry, egged on by Radical clamour. We are tired of Ministries that learn everything from the outside, and wake up every morning to see first what the *Times* says they ought to do, and then whether the *Telegraph* says they may do it. A Cabinet of feeble Whig peers, with a sprinkling of young Liberals carted into office at haphazard, is a misfortune which we earnestly trust the good sense of the present House of Commons will spare us.

When a Liberal Ministry is formed, we may reasonably hope that it will be a Liberal Ministry, and then Mr. BRIGHT will have an opportunity of seeing what a very difficult thing it is to deal with Ireland. With very much that he says about Ireland we agree, but then so does every one agree except the

wildest Orangemen. We are quite sick of these retrospects of the past conceived from the point of view of a violent partisan, or we might pause to take objection to what Mr. BRIGHT calls the persistent misgovernment of Ireland by the Tories. Considering that the Whigs have had something approaching to thirty years of office since the Reform Bill, why on earth are the Tories to be exclusively blamed for the sad state of the country? But Ireland is so serious a subject that all these bandying of party reproaches ought to be laid entirely aside now when we try to deal with it. But, then, what is to be done with Ireland? Mr. BRIGHT, following Mr. GLADSTONE, says that we ought not to delay doing justice to Ireland because of the Fenian Conspiracy; we ought not to let pique and indignation prevent us from doing what is right. Let us admit this. Mr. BRIGHT further says that the consequences of Irish disaffection are most grave, and that the present state of Ireland is full of danger to England greater than any she has passed through for many years. Let us admit this also. Lastly, Mr. BRIGHT says that, to meet a great danger, we must use great and bold remedies, and that a statesman who hopes to deal with Ireland properly must be prepared to make startling and sweeping changes. Let us, for argument's sake, admit this also. We are prepared to come to the examination of Irish affairs, ready for anything in the whole world as long as it can be shown to be just, practicable, and permanently advantageous. But, in the first place, we have to remark that there is a danger in the very language which men like Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT use about Ireland. It is dangerous that the Irish should be almost justified in their disaffection, made to think their case quite exceptional, and be told that they can never be made happy and prosperous, and never have simple justice done them, unless something new, startling, and unheard-of is devised for their benefit. This language can only be justified on one hypothesis, that those who use it have really got definite practical measures which they are prepared to propose. If they have—and it ought to be the aim of a statesman to have such measures at the present crisis—they are quite right to prepare the way for them; but, if not, they are only using big words at a time when big words are likely to do more than their usual amount of harm. In the next place, it may be said that there is nothing to be more dreaded for Ireland than that every politician should think there is some great secret for managing it, which if he can but guess before anybody else, he will deserve to be crowned with laurels, and have a gold statue erected to him. One of the crazes about Ireland that is most noxious is that there is in the abyss of things some great Carlylean, Cromwellian remedy for all its evils, which any one person who gets up a little Irish history or makes a month's tour in Connaught is as likely to find out as another. This is a sort of nonsense which is all very well in its place, but in real politics we want men to take up the question of Ireland who proceed in a totally different way; and the time may now be said to be come when it is the duty of men like the two leaders of the Liberal party in the House of Commons to separate themselves from mere seers of visions and dreamers of dreams, and to state in plain language what England, with all the best will in the world, can really do for Ireland.

#### FRANCE, EUROPE, AND THE ARMY BILL.

THAT the EMPEROR should have thought some change in the army necessary, and that the French nation should have acquiesced in his opinion, is not surprising. When we hear that, after the battle of Sadowa, the French had no army capable of contending with the Prussian, and that the Prussians had, as it is said, formed the design, should war break out, of marching straight on Paris, it seems very natural that France, and the EMPEROR as representing France, should begin to inquire how it happens that, after a military despotism has lasted sixteen years, and France has spent so many millions every year, and sacrificed so many able-bodied men to the conscription, she should yet be exposed, not only to the humiliation, such as it is, of not being able to dictate to Europe, but also to actual danger within her own frontiers. The deficiency under which she laboured at the particular crisis of Sadowa was temporary and accidental, for the Chassepots were not ready and the needle-guns were. But now that inequality has been repaired, and still France is alarmed. Large as her force is, she has many uses for it. She has got a tiny expedition always going on in Cochin-China, of which no one knows the cost or the history, but which is exactly that sort of expedition which we know by sad experience is so costly

because it has a constant tendency to repeat and to multiply itself. Then there is Algeria, and now there is Rome and Italy. The ruinous folly of Mexico is over, but under a personal form of government another Mexico is always possible. Large deductions from the nominal force of the French army must therefore always be made when we hear of the numbers of troops on paper, if we wish to know how many are available for an offensive campaign, more especially as in many of the large towns the garrison has to be large beyond the necessities of defensive warfare, in order to keep the dangerous classes in proper subjection. On the other side of the Rhine there is now a Power established the war strength of which cannot be estimated at much less than a million of men. That the French army should be increased is, under present circumstances, very natural, and ought to excite no suspicion or alarm whatever. Were it not that the motive force in our Government is utterly lost, and that it is impossible for any man or set of men to overcome the interests and passions and great strength that belong in ordinary times to everything established, we in England should be doing exactly the same thing. We should be casting aside a system which has little except the fact of its having gone on for some time to recommend it, and should aim at once at getting an army destined for active service taken from some better source than the dregs of town populations, and at having a defensive force of a kind to be really available in time of war. That France should do what we ought to be doing is no reason why we or any one else should complain of her. The really important thing for France and for Europe is, not the enlargement of the French army, but the mode of its enlargement. What sort of an army is France going to have, under whose control will it be, for what purpose will it be best fitted? Will it, in short, be a great force for the protection of a great people, or will it be a vast instrument of conquest and destruction in the hands of one irresponsible ruler?

There is no doubt about the answer. The EMPEROR started perhaps with some idea that he ought to copy the Prussian system, and make every Frenchman a soldier. But he soon gave up the notion of copying Prussia; and the proposal, as it has come out of numberless discussions and reportings of military and civil authorities, is conceived on a basis totally different to that on which the Prussian army rests. Henceforward the conscription is to provide every year 100,000 men, who are all to serve for five years in actual service, and for four more in the reserve. At present it is only a portion of the recruits of each year that ever go into a regiment on real military duty; the remainder merely joining their dépôt and receiving a few weeks' drilling each year. Henceforward all recruits are to be real soldiers, and to serve for five years, exactly double the term of service in Prussia. At present those who serve do so for seven years nominally, the actual period of service being slightly shorter, and thus each soldier will have a shorter time of compulsory service; but the strain on the country will be much greater, for a much larger number of men will be taken from civil pursuits at the time of their lives when they are most wanted. The French Government is perfectly aware of all that can be said against such a scheme, but insists because it says that the end in view is worth any sacrifice. And what is this end? It is, as Marshal NIEL crudely informed the Chamber, that France may have an army of 750,000 ready for war, and a reserve force of something like half a million more. This is the real object in view, and it cannot be too sedulously thought over, both by Frenchmen and by all Europe. What France intends is to have an army fit for immediate fighting, of three-quarters of a million of men. It is a stupendous event in the history of Europe, and no wonder that the leaders of the French Opposition in the Chamber thought it so, and raised their feeble voices against it. They must give up all hopes of internal liberty in France, and Europe must give up all hope of peace. The EMPEROR very probably sees the dangers which such an army may bring on the Empire, for the ruler of France can scarcely really rule it, cannot determine its policy, bend it to peace and turn it away from war, as the EMPEROR has in recent years honestly tried to do with France, if such a tremendous weapon of offence is placed in his hands, and he is told and expected to use it. But if he has ever wished for something more nearly like the Prussian system, his Marshals have been too strong for him. They laugh down all idea of having in the main a defensive army. M. JULES SIMON only put the case as strongly as he could when he spoke of modelling the French army on the Swiss one. The Swiss army is a purely defen-



five army, but then it is allowed to be, by military critics, a very excellent defensive army. M. JULES SIMON, in advocating the adoption of something like the Swiss system, was really only asking that the augmentation of the French army should be so made as that it should, in the first place, be mainly adapted for defensive purposes; and secondly, so that it should not increase the numbers of a distinct and exclusive military caste in France. Both these demands appear to us to have been in the highest degree reasonable, but the Marshals, and the Government acting under the Marshals, would not listen to them for an instant. They are entirely indifferent to the interests of civil liberty; they do not mind the jealousy of civilians; what they want is a vast armed force, by means of which France may be able to do pretty nearly as she likes in Europe; and if they get three-quarters of a million of men ready for battle and half a million more behind them, they firmly hope, in the expressive language of Yankeeedom, that they shall be able to "whop creation."

As for the peace of Europe, we may look on that as gone. The President of the Commission that reported in favour of the Bill did so on the express ground that there must be war, and that to pass this Bill was the way to win in the war that must come. The Commission had, it appears, thought of what alternative could be proposed, and they discussed whether a general disarmament would not do, but they settled that there was never any real issue out of such a state of things as that into which France has got but war; and so all thoughts should be turned on war, and on war alone. It may be suspected that the whole shape and scheme of the present Bill is entirely due to the national resolve to have a great war soon. The arguments about the drain on the population by the general delay of marriage consequent on the immense increase of the military population, and the arguments drawn from the impoverishment of the country through want of labourers, are very telling to people who think they are passing a measure for a remote posterity; but they have little weight with men who think that they are going to have one big war, put things quite straight and as they would wish, and then reduce their army to a proper peace footing. Nothing can be clearer than that France is driving herself and her EMPEROR into a war. When Marshal NIEL had to answer the objection that the possession of such a vast army tempted the ruler of France into disastrous expeditions like that of Mexico, he replied that the expedition to Mexico was a mere fantasy or costly caprice, like that of dissolving a pearl and drinking it; but that a real big European war was only waged when the people, as well as their EMPEROR, desired it. Historically this is not in the least true, as the Marshal may learn if he will read a biography of NAPOLEON I.; but people who are full of the present do not think much of the past, and a general aphorism is often nothing more than a vague way of stating what is happening in a particular case. The big war on which France is bent is certainly not a mere fantasy or caprice of the EMPEROR. It is not he who wants to send his legions in aid of the temporal power against which he fought when he was a youth. It is not he who wishes to see his own work undone in Italy, and the great glory of his reign brought to nothing. It is France, and the dangerous advisers of France, in the shape of Marshals and M. THIERS, who are driving her into war. M. ROUCHER in vain said a few words to try to counteract the impression Marshal NIEL had produced. He said that the Bill had nothing to do with any immediate war, and that if the EMPEROR had wished to begin a campaign in the spring, he would have asked, not for a gradual increase of the army, but for a large number of troops to be raised at once. This is small comfort to Europe and to the neighbours of France. At the very least, it is only a question of two or three years, and then France will and must have a war big enough to gratify her, and, let us hope, sicken her of war for some time. But will the respite be so long? The Prussians have waited till the Chassepots are ready; will they also wait till 750,000 men are in the field trained to use them? The French prospect of having this enormous force ready for active service is indisputably a menace to Germany, and it only remains to see how Germany will meet the menace.

#### ITALY.

THE defeat of the MENABREA Cabinet is a sign that the irritation felt in Italy at the language of the French Ministry is not the less real because it has been studiously kept within bounds. Beyond all doubt the speech of M.

RATTAZZI was the immediate cause of the Ministerial catastrophe; and the French Government have to thank the imprudence of their own spokesmen in the Senate and the Corps Législatif for what has happened in the Italian Chamber. It would have been wiser to have been content with defeating Italy, without unnecessarily wounding her, and no object was to be gained by the attempt to destroy the reputation of a politician who has a distinct and powerful hold upon a Parliamentary following at Florence. M. MENABREA's last Ministry has been sacrificed to the passion of M. ROUCHER and M. DE MOUSTIER for epigram and invective. A trodden worm will turn at last; and it was impossible for M. RATTAZZI to accept without dishonour the reflections, the insinuations, and indeed the insults of his former French friends. His protestations, upon the honour of a gentleman, that he was guiltless of all complicity, during the late crisis, with the advanced party of action, must of course be accepted without reserve. The substantial charge against him remains that he was equally powerless at the all-important moment to repress the revolution and to move the KING. He has now boldly broken with all his French antecedents, and placed himself at the head of the purely Italian party. This is a notable proceeding in the present condition of Italian politics. M. RATTAZZI is by no means a statesman of the first order. But he is an experienced Parliamentary leader; he has great tact, which his enemies accuse him at times of allowing to degenerate into cunning; and there is nobody else equally capable of taking the first place in the political combinations of the day. It is probable that M. MENABREA acted unwisely in throwing down the gauntlet to so formidable an antagonist. The reluctance of the KING, even after the vote of last week, to recall to power a statesman who is at once so agile and so influential, is to be accounted for by the fact that a RATTAZZI Cabinet must at present be a sort of moral defiance of France. The report that M. MENABREA, with a re-formed Ministry from which M. GUALTERIO is to be excluded, will still remain in power, has yet to be confirmed. There is a decided advantage in avoiding at present any further changes of Government; but no Cabinet drawn exclusively from the Right of the Chamber can hope to last long. In spite of the failure of the Republicans to settle the Roman problem by a *coup de main*, the Right has not the talent or the energy to lead the country. In the first place, it has no particular policy at all. It dislikes the revolution, and it is faintly and feebly Catholic in its tendencies. But this is all that can be said of it, and at such a time as this the country never will follow any body of statesmen who halt between two opinions, or who think that Rome is not a national necessity. The Session opened with a general intention on the part of the Deputies to be mild and prudent and unanimous. But words run strife, and the Parliament which began by electing M. LANZA to the Presidential chair as a proof of its caution, has ended by defeating M. MENABREA. The breach between the Right and Left has not been really healed, and M. RATTAZZI has finally cast in his lot with the Left. The prospects of M. MENABREA are therefore decidedly less promising than they were, and the evident anxiety of the KING to retain his services will not, perhaps, recommend his re-formed Cabinet to the confidence of the Opposition.

The refusal of Italy to continue her payments on account of the Pontifical debt has caused much embarrassment at Paris. The tone of indignation adopted by the Imperialist journals in France is calculated to confirm the Italian Parliament in its idea that the suspension of the payments made since the signature of the Convention will be inconvenient, as well as displeasing to the EMPEROR. That the brunt of the blow will be felt rather by the creditors of the Holy See than by the Holy See itself is possible or probable; but, as the POPE has never formally accepted the benefits secured to him by the Convention, he will be unable decently to complain. The French Empire, on the other hand, can scarcely expect Italy to regard a second French occupation with perfect nonchalance, and the diplomatic position adopted by Italy, that the Convention has ceased to operate, is legally as well as morally justifiable. About the broad and clear view that the lines of Italy and of France lie henceforward in opposite directions there is no serious difference of opinion between any sections of the Italian Chamber. The Ministerial crisis that has occurred is a matter of temper rather than of principle, nor was it to be anticipated from the earlier course of the debates. If there had been no altercation between M. RATTAZZI and the MENABREA Cabinet, there would have been no formidable decision on the motion of the day; and certainly no hostile decision by the Chamber. The strong party feeling with which the Right received the eager personal explanations of

M. RATTAZZI precludes all chance of a real accord between the two sides of the House, though their sceptical incredulity was only an echo of the prejudice excited by the Italian diplomacy of the last spring and summer in Europe at large. By a skilful rhetorical artifice, M. RATTAZZI diverted the attention of the Chambers from the consideration of his own past policy to the topic of French intervention. Those who were for sullenly tolerating, and those who were for considering intolerable, the French re-occupation of Civita Vecchia and Rome, split at the close of the debate. For a moment it seemed as if the result was to be a return of M. RATTAZZI to office, and a fresh quarrel with France. The continuance of M. MENABREA, with a different and more select company of colleagues, will at any rate avert the last danger. If Italy could have afforded to display indignation at the repression of her hopes, and at the vulgar insolence of French orators and partisans, there would be no reason why she should abstain from calling a spade a spade. The question is one of expediency, and the King of ITALY is still apparently determined to do all he can to throw oil on the troubled waters. It is not the business of any mere spectator to say that he is unwise.

The rumours of Piedmontese disaffection, if not coined by French newsmongers, are doubtless fomented by French influence. It is exceedingly probable that Turin is far from pleased at the provinciality to which she finds herself reduced, even apart from all considerations of taxation or administration. But Piedmont is not likely to belie her past patriotism by any anti-national or sectarian movement. It is not supposed by any, except the most enthusiastic royalists, that the present Constitution of Italy is destined to last for all time; but the mass of the people of the North of Italy are prepared to accept it as a military and a diplomatic convenience. There is no necessity to believe that the Peninsula in quieter times may not undergo a process of decentralization, and even subside into federal institutions which would be suited to its history and its tastes. But all such arrangements are deemed by sensible Italians to be questions for the future only. For the present, until Italy has disposed of the religious problem, and permanently secured herself against internal dynastic intrigue as well as French intervention, there is no fear that the fagot of loose sticks will be untied. The Napoleonic idea of a Confederation was really ridiculous, because it was extravagantly premature. A confederacy while Austria held Venice, while the POPE remained sovereign of the Romagna, and while the BOURBONS condemned the soil of Italy to misgovernment and ignorance, was a paper plan worthy of the French geniuses who have for years been mapping out Europe in every way except the one way which has been realized by events; and who discovered a new home for the Latin race and for the Catholic priests in a continent overshadowed by the influence of an aggressive American Republic. The French EMPEROR's conception of a half-Catholic, half-republican Italy, like his idea of a regenerated Mexico, deserves no better title than that of a literary *jeu d'esprit*, but it is by no means impossible that French policy, in its anxiety to defeat Italian aspirations, may be directed to disquieting Italian provinces. Recent events have made VICTOR EMMANUEL less popular than could be wished, but the name of France has become detestable in proportion. When Bavaria and Wurtemberg are content, for the sake of German unity, to hope for future absorption, Turin, Tuscany, and Naples may be expected to acquiesce in at least a temporary suspension of their old autonomy. Both Italy and Germany may be subdivided in themselves by differences of religion, education, and climate; but French arrogance outside will be sufficient to make internal divisions of mountain, river, and province quickly disappear. The affection of the Turinese for their former princes may have cooled, but there is no fear that Piedmont will desert the flag of Italy in the presence of the enemy.

Perilous as is the condition of Italy, especially in the present state of her Parliamentary parties and the uncertain prospect of the present Ministry, one cannot say that that of France is without serious danger. It is a striking sign of the change which has passed over Europe during the last two or three years that every part of the Continent secretly favours the Italian cause, even at the expense of what are usually called the principles of religion and of order. Austria disguises under a veil of indifference her real satisfaction at observing that the French policy of 1859 has ended by creating a French difficulty in Rome, to replace an Austrian difficulty at Venice. Prussia, while declining any contest with France on the dangerous and disadvantageous ground of a Catholic question, is notoriously interested in cultivating the friendship of a Southern ally who represents a force of

some 150,000 men. Russia hopes to make profit in the East out of the situation of Italy in the West, while England cannot but desire to see the balance of European power consolidated by the permanent emancipation of the Peninsula from French influence, and one of the standing causes of European agitation laid finally to rest. If the Italian Parliament, by its last vote, has placed itself in an attitude of hostility to France, it has clearly done nothing to offend or to displease the rest of the Continent. There is as yet no coalition against NAPOLEON III. or against the nation which he rules; but, though the days of coalitions against any given dynasty are over, the elements of a coalition against French policy are not wanting. By her retrograde policy France has returned to the political position of isolation which she occupied before the Crimean war, and from which that expensive expedition was designed to extricate her.

#### THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

JUST what might have been expected from experience of the English character is now taking place in the provisional and tumultuary arrangements which are being made, or rather which make themselves, for securing the public safety. It is as in a beehive, when a sudden and violent knock is given to the floor-board and entrance to the hive. Out bundle the bees—workers, and even drones—in a confused angry mass, tumbling over each other, and every one getting in every one's way, buzzing and fussing in a dreadful state of rage, fury, and impotence. It is not that they cannot defend themselves, but that they are so unaccustomed to be bullied that they are perfectly incapable of organized action. So is it with us. We are ready enough to fight for hearths and homes and altars and the British Constitution and the parish vestry, only we don't know how to set about it. And this is not the worst of it. We are so very proud of a victory over a half-forgotten wasp or hornet, say in 1848, that we think the memory of this wonderful defence of the hive will serve us against all domestic danger for ever. It was about time that this stupid sense of security should be dispelled. Adopting Mr. GLADSTONE's very odd doctrines about Providence, we might say that, if it is a special interference on the part of God for the sacred object of coercing us to a sense of sin as regards our treatment of Ireland to raise up a rebellion and divinely to inspire Fenianism, so the recent events at Manchester and Clerkenwell may have a divine purpose in calling our attention to the evils of being without a Government. Perhaps we shall have another expression of this providential guidance when we find that even special constables are a very poor security indeed for the public peace of great cities. The present movement has its value of course, but it is at the best only an indirect one. It shows public spirit, and proves that we have no heart disease. No State physician ever thought we had. The country is sound enough in her vital organs, and the demonstration of a few hundred thousand special constables may stand for a healthy spasm of vitality. But it is nothing, under the present circumstances, to rely upon. And it will be worse than nothing if it is made an excuse, on behalf of the present or any other Government, for continuing that abeyance of authority under which we are suffering. The conditions of the social problem in 1848, and in 1867-68, are not only not the same, but are almost the opposite of each other. The Chartists made a distinct challenge to society; they did what Captain Cobb would have much liked the Fenians to do. Twenty years ago treason was courteous and chivalrous enough to say where it meant to plant its infernal machine, and to name the exact hour for which it had arranged the intended explosion. All that we had to do was to meet the traitors on Kennington Common on that memorable April day, and fight it out. They staked the issue on a single political battle, and we were ready for them. But this is not now the situation, as they say. Fenianism means chronic treason. If there is to be any fighting, it is to be, or is, of the guerilla sort. The sentinels are to be picked off. False alarms and sham attacks anywhere or at any time are the tactics. Telegraph wires, gas works, a factory or mill, a detached dépôt for arms, the shipping in the river, an arsenal, a dockyard, Chester Castle, Windsor Barracks, Bristol Harbour, Manchester Gaol, Liverpool Docks, all are to be menaced. When the army of citizens turns out in hot haste, they will only find fog and mud to fight with; and the alarm will be given in another quarter. Under these circumstances special constables are a mere absurdity. By the time the burgher guard is summoned by the speedy machinery of an orderly calling at the various addresses of a few thousand people



scattered half over the town, either the mischief will have been done, and riot will have had its fatal hour or two of perfect impunity, or—which will suit sedition as well—"Wolf!" will have been occasionally called, and the Specials will have turned out and turned in again, with the immense satisfaction which always attends a false alarm.

Let us make up our minds distinctly to face one issue. It is this—that things have reached that point that we not only have, but must reckon on the continuance of, a reign of terror. Not only the Fenian conspirators, but the whole crowd of desperate and violent men who always hang on the skirts of civilization, know their strength. It does no good to say how this has come to pass. We have expressed our own opinion on the matter once and again. But the confidence which lawlessness has attained cannot be expected to subside very rapidly. It is checked as soon as it shows itself openly. The fellow FINLAN ran a sufficient risk of being lynched as soon as he was fool enough to show himself. But Fenianism and treason are a deal too wise to show themselves. They will always work in the dark; and even if they commit no actual mischief, the suspicion and terror of it is sufficient for their purpose. Special constables are very excellent instruments for dealing with a substantial riot. They are mere tissue paper and smoke against planned and secret disturbance and organized sedition directed against the existence of society. A special constable is a reliable surgeon, but an execrable physician. It is announced that the Government is about to increase the regular London police force by the addition of a thousand men. But the force must be doubled for our permanent security; and what is necessary for the seat of Government is necessary for all our large towns. What it comes to is this, that we must make up our minds to organize a reserve army for our domestic protection. Nor need this cause any extraordinary addition to our burdens. A national guard or a burgher guard is not an absolute novelty in municipal history; and whether we call it a Landwehr or Volunteers or Yeomanry or Militia, the principle is already established even among ourselves. We want a standing army of police like the Irish constabulary; and we also want enrolled Pensioners or Volunteers trained to police duties in the shape of a reserve, not merely invoked for special emergencies. Every evil which would befall raw Volunteers before an enemy would certainly attend the special constables if we relied upon them for more efficient work than a single day's display of mere numbers, and for what is called a moral demonstration. To depend upon the present flash of public spirit can only tend to foster a false security.

The worst of it is that, as the art of governing has been lost, and the duty of governing has fallen into contempt, the danger will probably overtake us before ATHELSTAN the Unready has got his constable's staff in his hands. A twelvemonth's hints and warnings have been absolutely wasted, and the melancholy experience of the last fortnight has only shown in too many quarters the incapacity of the Executive. It is an ungracious task to expose the defects of our police system, but it has thoroughly broken down. There can be no question but that the terrible Clerkenwell catastrophe might have been averted. But official jealousies and suspicions were too strong for common sense. The mysterious hints of the impending danger were considered rather an impertinence than otherwise. Captain Codd and Sir RICHARD MAYNE were so very careful about punctilio and etiquette; each bristled and bridled with such dowager and dignified sensitiveness at the thought of being advised or dictated to, that each did little more than was necessary to save appearances. If Captain Codd ventured to hint that Sir RICHARD MAYNE was called on to protect a street in which it was anticipated that an explosion was to come off at a given hour, this was deemed such flat blasphemy in Scotland Yard that the officious presumption must be rebutted by the decisive answer of contemptuous silence. And, on the other hand, what are the rules of the service, and what is official discipline, if a subaltern is expected to force his opinions unasked on the Chief Commissioner? Sir RICHARD MAYNE knew his place, and he knew nothing else. Captain Codd knew his duties inside the prison; but the outside was not in his department. *Hinc illa lacryma*; and something worse than tears. What has been will be. The regular police will not work with the special constables; the City police is one thing, the Metropolitan another. The Volunteers are and are not both private citizens and trained soldiers. They happen to have arms, discipline, and some habit of working together. But popular habits and constitutional principles which have grown up under quite opposite circumstances are supposed to be inconsistent with using, in the only way it can be used, a very creditably useful

instrument. As though, in a crisis of public safety like this, we could afford to bandy high politeness with treason plotting and mining, or at any rate believed to be plotting and mining, in every city, and to consult the delicate feelings of roughs and Fenians about the means we are to employ for knocking them down. It is, of course, a beautiful and holy thought never to pronounce a man guilty before he is proved to be so. Mr. GLADSTONE is, of course, quite right in his righteous indignation against the risk of taking off the bandage from the eyes of Justice. But this fine talk does not show that it is our duty to let a crime be committed rather than knock a man down when we know that he is just going to commit it. Tenderness and fairness to criminals must not be carried quite the length of actual connivance at crime. The liberty of the subject to commit crime is, it seems, the inheritance of all Englishmen, to which the liberty of the subject to prevent it must be carefully subordinated, or what becomes of the sacred memories of Runnymede and the Bill of Rights? At the highest estimate, the call which is now made on all good citizens to defend their homes by their own right hands is a mere relapse into effete barbarism. A little village or a paltry town could in those happy and blessed Anglo-Saxon times repose drowsily on its head-borough and its tithing-men. But we live in cities of which the population is numbered by millions, and in which desperadoes swarm by the thousand. The memories of ALFRED and the Heptarchy are, of course, savoury and precious; but God help us all if we can do nothing better than revive, as we are now reviving, their simple ways of providing for the safety of life and limb and household stuff.

#### CRETE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THERE are no recent tidings of importance from Crete, except that the GRAND VIZIER has failed, like his lieutenants, to subdue or conciliate the insurgents. The rebellion has assumed a chronic form, and time is on the side of the Cretan mountaineers and of their confederates in Greece; for it is certain that the Turkish Government will obtain no foreign assistance, and its own resources are seriously diminished by the withdrawal of the Egyptian contingent. It will be easy to keep the insurrection smouldering until Russia finds a pretext for intervention, or in the not unreasonable hope of some fresh oscillation in the policy of France. The insurgents are fully aware that, without aid from abroad, they cannot expel the Turkish garrison from the island; but they have also proved that they are themselves invincible or unassailable in their mountain strongholds. The Greeks, on their side, are naturally proud of the skill and daring of their cruisers; and they know that they can commit almost any breach of neutrality without serious risk of a war with Turkey, in which they would be easily defeated. Among the many disadvantages to which the Turkish Government is subjected, not the least is the virtual prohibition of any effectual retaliation in the shape of territorial conquest. The European Powers may tolerate the presence of Mahometans in the dominions which they still hold, but they will allow no further contraction of the nominal boundaries of Christendom. If the feeling or prejudice which condemns an alien religion had not existed, Turkey might, during the last Russian war, have attempted to recover some of the provinces which have been successively seized by Russia; but neither France nor England would have been willing to assist in the transfer. As it would be useless for the Turkish army to invade Greece, with the certainty that any acquisitions must be restored at a peace, the little kingdom is practically invulnerable to the assaults of its more powerful enemy. The march of a Turkish force on Athens would provide Russia with a welcome excuse for an attack on the Northern provinces of the Empire, and perhaps on Constantinople itself. When Turkish Ministers complain of the hostile acts of the Greek Government, they generally receive for answer a remonstrance on the imperfect state of Turkish administration, with friendly advice on the expediency of conciliating the Cretan insurgents. Any warnings which may be at the same time addressed to Greece are treated with the indifference which attends counsels when there is no force in the background.

The struggle in Crete, though it may be locally important, is watched with curiosity rather as a barometrical index than as an actual disturbance of the political atmosphere. Experienced observers calculate, from the rising or falling of the insurrection, the direction and pressure of the events which may be expected to blow from different points of the European horizon. The steady policy of England on one

side, and of Russia on the other, leaves little room for conjecture. Lord STANLEY has constantly refused to make the rebellion in Crete an excuse for impairing the sovereignty of the Porte; and the Emperor ALEXANDER and his Ministers have constantly announced in menacing language their entire sympathy with the cause of the insurgents. The intentions of France are apparently, or really, ambiguous and uncertain; and the Turks and the Greeks have alternately derived encouragement from measures and from language which it seems impossible to reconcile with any consistent policy. Shortly before his accession to the office of Foreign Minister, M. DE MOUSTIER, on his return from his embassy to Constantinople, reproved the Government of Athens in the strongest language for its habitual violation of neutrality. Yet the despatches which were lately published in the Yellow Book tend to produce the impression that France was bent on finding a cause of quarrel with Turkey. Didactic, censorious, and officious, M. DE MOUSTIER's communications would have irritated into opposition any diplomatists less supple and cautious than the sagacious statesmen who direct the councils of the Porte. Scarcely any part of the internal administration of the Empire escapes the unfriendly criticism of the French Minister, and the Cretan difficulty supplies an excuse for more active and injurious interference. It may be collected from the correspondence that the Note in which the Four Powers, including Italy, claimed a voice in the adjustment of the affairs of Crete, was drawn up in Paris; and the formal renunciation of all responsibility for the consequences which might follow the refusal of the Porte might almost have been construed into a contingent declaration of war. It was an obvious remark that the voice was Russian, though the hand was French; but it was not easy to explain how the professed enemy of Turkey had procured the adhesion of a rival to a policy which France had constantly opposed.

A partial solution of the puzzle may be derived from the process of selection among State papers when they are officially published. Some courteous and friendly despatches may have been suppressed for the purpose of imparting a character of stern consistency to M. DE MOUSTIER's correspondence. The conjecture that there was also a substantial change of policy, already probable in itself, is confirmed by a curious attack upon France, published, probably at the instigation of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, in the official *Invalide* of St. Petersburg. According to the Russian narrative, the Emperor of the FRENCH in the early part of the present year was anxious, perhaps in expectation of a conflict with Prussia, to form a Russian alliance, or at least to establish a common understanding on the affairs of the East. The neutrality of Russia, the alliance of Austria, and the grateful support which was expected from the South German States, would have left North Germany isolated in the quarrel which was expected to arise from the Luxemburg purchase. According to the Russian writer, the overtures of France were favourably received, and the statement explains the repeated assertions of Russian journalists that the visit of the Emperor ALEXANDER to Paris was intended to afford a valuable support to the Emperor NAPOLEON. After an interval, during which the Luxemburg dispute was settled and the Salzburg expedition failed of its purpose, the Emperor of the FRENCH is said to have assured the Governments both of Austria and Turkey that the threat contained in the Note of the four Powers was, as far as France was concerned, an empty form. M. DE MOUSTIER's incessant objurgations on the internal misgovernment of Turkey, and on the neglect of education, are not attributed by Prince GORTSCHAKOFF or his interpreter to an abstract desire for the promotion of improvement in the East. The employment of French ships in conveying refugees from Crete to the mainland is cited, not as a disinterested act of humanity, but as a proof that France at one time co-operated in the designs of Russia. Some of M. DE MOUSTIER's recommendations are quoted or travestied with indecorous levity. The Turkish Government had been informed that the Emperor NAPOLEON would not interfere with the education of Turkish girls; but the Russian journalist, affecting to mistake his intention, remarks that perhaps, under French influence, a few Odaliskues may learn to dance the *can-can*. Such a jest in a Russian *Punch* or *Chariwari* would not have been out of place, but contemptuous jokes addressed on behalf of sixty millions of Russians to the representative of forty millions of Frenchmen may be considered unseasonable.

Whatever may have been the hesitation of the French Government, it is satisfactory to find that any encouragement which may have been offered to Russian ambition has now

been withdrawn. The assertion that France and Austria were agreed on all political questions seemed to be irreconcilable with the refusal of Austria to concur with France, as well with Russia, Prussia, and Italy, in the threatening Note to the Porte. It now appears that the hostile missive was anterior in date to the assurance of an understanding with Austria, and that in the interval an entire change had taken place in the intentions of the EMPEROR. As Austria is pledged, by regard for her own interest and safety, to oppose the expansion of the Russian Empire southwards, the alliance of France and Austria tends in one important quarter to secure the peace of Europe. The writer of the official article in the *Invalide* asserts, indeed, that Russia has disclaimed all purposes of aggrandizement, and that her efforts are exclusively directed to the amelioration of the condition of the Christians in Turkey. If it were possible to believe in the benevolent sympathies of the oppressor of Poland, the just ridicule which is applied to the imitative philanthropy of France would form a sufficient comment on the Russian professions. If the anxiety of the French Minister for the Christian subjects of Turkey, together with humane exertions on behalf of distressed Cretans, indicated merely an inclination toward a Russian alliance, it is not unreasonable to infer that similar sentiments and acts proceeding from St. Petersburg also admit of a political interpretation. According to the Russian journalist, France has within the present year actually advised the Turkish Government to surrender Epirus and Thessaly to Greece, knowing, according to the well-informed narrator, that the proposal would be rejected, but wishing to establish a claim on the friends of Greece, and a grievance against the Porte. The demands of Russia are vaguer and more insidious, for no concession would be accepted in full satisfaction of the supposed claims of the Christian population. The evacuation of Crete by the Turkish army, and the grant of independence to the islanders, would only serve as a pretext for the promotion of disturbances in the Continental provinces.

#### WASON v. WALTER.

THE verdict and the direction to the jury in the case of WASON v. WALTER were so obviously just as almost to suggest a feeling of regret that the legislative powers of judges at *Nisi Prius* are still incomplete. As Mr. WASON is not likely to waive his bill of exceptions, the Court of Exchequer Chamber will have an opportunity of considering whether reports of Parliamentary debates are privileged, and also whether the same immunity is extended to reasonable comments on the Parliamentary text. If the Court of Appeal thinks fit to make the law coincide with expediency and common sense, the immediate satisfaction with the result will be tempered by a doubt whether laws ought to grow, instead of being deliberately made. About a century ago the publication of debates was not only unprotected by privilege, but was a breach of privilege; and, although Parliament has since wisely abstained from enforcing the exclusion of reporters, a Standing Order of either House might at any moment render the publication of a debate highly penal. It would be an absurd consequence of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE's ruling, that the publisher of the *Times* might successfully vindicate against Mr. WASON the same act for which he might be a prisoner in the hands of the Serjeant-at-Arms or the Usher of the Black Rod. When Dr. JOHNSON was in the habit of reporting or making speeches for Lord MANSFIELD and Lord CHATHAM under such names as HORTENSIVS and CRASSUS, it may be presumed that the King's Bench would not have protected his printer against an action for damages founded on any libellous passage in the imaginary debate; yet, although LELIUS gradually became the Earl of A. or Mr. B., and soon afterwards gave way to the real name of the speaker in the House of Lords or the House of Commons, no Act of Parliament has in this respect at all affected the law of libel. Some time about the end of the last century Mr. Justice LAWRENCE expressed an extra-judicial opinion that the publication of Parliamentary debates was generally advantageous; and, in the present generation, an extra-judicial doubt whether the publication might not be privileged rests on the respectable authority of Mr. Justice WIGHTMAN. On these two unsteady props Chief Justice COCKBURN has erected the superstructure of a privilege extending, not only to debates, but to leading articles. If the superior Court confirms his judgment, it will also determine the controverted question whether judge-made law is co-extensive and co-ordinate with Parliamentary legislation.

Some anomalies peculiar to the law of libel are perhaps



unavoidable. By the general rule of English law, the construction of documents belongs exclusively to the Court; but in cases of libel, juries are by statute made judges of the meaning and intent of the words, as well as of the fact of publication. The Court, however, still directs the jury that a certain construction of the inculpatory document is or is not libellous, and, consequently, in almost all cases a docile jury returns a verdict in accordance with the opinion of the judge. By common law, truth is, in a civil action, a justification of any written statement; but in the great majority of cases the difficulty of proving such a plea is insuperable. The proprietors of the *Times* could scarcely be expected to prove every assertion which Lord CHELMSFORD or Lord RUSSELL had addressed to the House of Lords; nor was their defence, in substance, that certain events had happened thirty years ago, but that Mr. WASON had invited and obtained a given decision on his allegations against Sir FITZROY KELLY. A fact, however undoubted, is for legal purposes non-existent unless it is established by evidence; and in the absence of a plea of justification, if the charges against Mr. WASON were intrinsically libellous, he was entitled to a verdict, unless the publication was privileged. In general it may be said that any writing which is disagreeable to any person is libellous, if the Court so regards it; and in the majority of cases the leaning of the Judges is against the press. The equitable distinction between unfounded or unproved accusations, and comments on undisputed facts, is habitually disregarded. In the well-known case of CAMPBELL v. SPOTTISWOODE, Chief Justice COCKBURN directed the jury that a journalist was not entitled to express an unfavourable judgment of the motives which had prompted a singular mode of canvassing for subscriptions to a magazine. The libel consisted simply in a statement of opinion, which every reader had the means of checking and correcting; yet the full Court sustained the doctrine of the CHIEF JUSTICE, that criticism was inapplicable to Dissenting ministers. As in the well-known story of the lawyer who had promoted substantial justice by losing many verdicts which he ought to have won, and winning as many which he ought to have lost, the extreme liberality of the CHIEF JUSTICE in WASON v. WALTER may be considered as a set-off against his uncompromising severity in CAMPBELL v. SPOTTISWOODE. In both instances it fortunately happened that popular commonplace coincided with a dispassionate interpretation of the law.

Legal maxims, like other theoretical propositions, are most effectually tested by extreme cases. In the late action against the *Times* justice was entirely on the side which has thus far prevailed in law; and if a verdict had been given for the plaintiff, no further proof would have been needed that the law of libel required revision. The jury must have looked anxiously to a judge, who afterwards showed himself equal to the occasion, to supply them with some excuse for refusing to deliver an iniquitous verdict. The plaintiff was wholly in the wrong; the defendant was absolutely in the right; but until the close of the trial it seemed doubtful whether the duty of the jury would not be simply ministerial. Mr. WASON had laid the foundation of his case by unmeasured accusations against the CHIEF BARON of the Exchequer, and in the course of his proceedings he published charges against the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord St. LEONARDS, which, if his attacks had not been treated with dignified contempt, would have exposed him both to proceedings for breach of privilege and to a criminal information for libel. Even Lord RUSSELL, who had so far lent himself to Mr. WASON's purposes as to present his petition to the House of Lords, found himself included in the scope of his client's extravagant invective, because, in the discharge of his duty as a Peer of Parliament, he declared that in his judgment the charges against Sir FITZROY KELLY had been effectually disproved. When Mr. WASON petitioned the House of Lords he must have desired and coveted publicity, and he was the primary cause of the publication of the debate. Nothing could be more unreasonable than a claim for damages on account of an innocent and laudable act which Mr. WASON himself necessarily foresaw. The jury would certainly have given but nominal damages if the CHIEF JUSTICE had not taken upon himself to reconcile law with reason; yet, if newspapers have an absolute right to publish Parliamentary reports, their privilege will date from the case of WASON v. WALTER. The question will remain open whether they are also protected in the reproduction of Parliamentary papers, notwithstanding the decision in STOCKDALE v. HANSARD. It is not unlikely that some guardian or master of a workhouse will hereafter try how far newspaper extracts from blue-books are tolerated. The analogy of the privilege of reporting law proceedings, which

has already been legalized by the judges, will support Chief Justice COCKBURN's ruling in the matter of Parliamentary debates. A practice which is at the same time universal and useful ought certainly not to be penal.

The ruling as to the immunity of leading articles in the *Times* forms a far more surprising limitation of the law of libel as it has hitherto been understood. The alleged libel was morally unobjectionable, because it included no imputation on the character of the defendant which was not contained in his own petition, and in the debate in the House of Lords. Mr. WASON had discussed the supposed conduct of Sir F. KELLY with the utmost freedom, and he afterwards used, in speaking of Lord CHELMSFORD, Lord St. LEONARDS, and Lord RUSSELL, language incomparably more outrageous than the comments on his own acts which formed the subject of his action; but the article in the *Times* expressed or implied an opinion that the proceedings of the plaintiff were not only vindictive, but malignant. On the authority of CAMPBELL v. SPOTTISWOODE, Mr. WASON probably assumed that the imputation of bad motives was intrinsically libellous, nor could it be doubted that the writer had restated in substance some of the allegations which had occurred in the debate. It now appears, unless the Court of Exchequer Chamber corrects the ruling of the CHIEF JUSTICE, that in certain cases newspaper writers may deal with motives, as well as with words or acts, and that the general rule laid down three or four years ago by the Queen's Bench is subject to exceptions which destroy its force. It is not desirable that the law of libel, or any other law, should depend, in the old phrase, on the length of a judge's foot, especially when the standard itself seems liable to variation; but it may be admitted that it is almost impossible to fix by legislation the limits of justifiable publication. Nothing would be easier than to authorize the publication of proceedings in courts of justice and in Parliament, even if Sir COLMAN O'LOGHLEN's Bill is thought to allow undue license; but the extension of immunity to political essays cannot be unqualified. Perhaps the best solution of the difficulty would be found in the concession of still larger powers to juries, who already exercise a wide discretion as to the remedy, while the Court defines the offence. A verdict for a farthing damages means that the defendant has served the plaintiff right; and, if the plaintiff has been rightly served, he ought not to recover even a farthing, nor to be exempt from his adversary's costs. No jury would have found a verdict for the plaintiff in WASON v. WALTER, except under the express direction of the judge; and if the issue had been whether, on a view of the whole matter, a wrong had been inflicted, it would have been unnecessary for the Court to create a novel and paradoxical privilege. At present, although the liberty of the press is practically large, newspaper proprietors are liable to vexatious and expensive litigation, even in cases where they have given no just cause for complaint.

#### RAILWAY DIFFICULTIES.

THE steady, continuous depression of railway securities has received a great variety of explanations, and if leaders in the *Times* and elsewhere are to be trusted, nothing in the world would be easier than to restore the long-lost prosperity by a single coup. According to this view, Directors have only to accept a single principle—never to increase capital on any pretext—and perpetually improving dividends will be the inevitable result. It must be very pleasant to railway shareholders to know that the path by which they have to return to the ways of virtue is so exceptionally easy. Of all repentant sinners, the railway managers who are promised unbounded success on the simple condition of doing nothing are the most leniently treated. Experience can furnish no parallel for so light a retribution. In the ordinary course of affairs, those who have gone astray are destined to struggle long and wearily against a sea of troubles before a lost position can be retrieved. Only railway follies can be redeemed by sitting still with folded hands, and waiting without effort for the fruit of swelling dividends which is ready to fall into the lap of every patient and unambitious Company. On the face of it, it is tolerably clear that this *couleur de rose* view of the crisis can scarcely present the whole truth of the matter, and the fallacy is not far to seek. It is no doubt true that, if railway extension had absolutely ceased ten years ago, all the then existing lines would at this moment be earning vastly larger dividends than they at present enjoy. It may even be said with confidence that, if railway extension were stayed from this day forward, the normal growth of population, wealth, and consequent traffic would soon supply a dividend for the most hopeless shares—per-

haps even for the ordinary stock of the Eastern Counties, or the London, Chatham, and Dover. But it is absurd to argue, as many do, that because absolute stagnation of railway enterprise throughout the country would enhance dividends, therefore all the disastrous results which have been lately disclosed might have been averted by an unambitious policy. The choice does not lie, for any railway, between schemes of development which may not be very remunerative and the preservation of the *status quo*. No doubt any flourishing railway (if the hypothetical epithet may be allowed) would gladly put an end to all change, and keep its monopoly for its own benefit. But this is impossible. There is another interest to be considered. The public insist on continually increasing accommodation, and they have the power of enforcing it even in spite of the amalgamations by which it has been sought, and with some partial success, to exclude competition. They have the power, because, whenever things look bright and money is plentiful, it pays a vast number of persons to start new projects, or to speculate in new shares. It does not follow, because a projected railway is not likely to return ten per cent., that it will not be brought forward, or that its shares will not be bought. The consequence is that, quite apart from any aggressive policy, every Railway Company is constantly compelled to choose between some extension which is sure to reduce its average profits, and the abandonment to interlopers of some part of its old business. The choice may often be made, and often has been made, badly. New branches, that ultimately have to be worked even at a loss, have no doubt been constructed when it would have been better to submit to some loss of territory and traffic as the less ruinous alternative. But it is not fair to Railway Directors to assume that unremunerative additions to their system are necessarily the egregious mistakes which they are often supposed to be. The choice lies, not between new losses and the retention of old profits, but between two results each of which must entail loss in one shape or another. And, if thus much may be said by way of excuse even for some at least of the non-paying extensions of modern times, a great deal more is to be said for new enterprises which are not unremunerative, though they bring down the average of the total profits. If a railway with a capital of 10,000,000*l.*, earning dividends say of six per cent., spends another 10,000,000*l.* on new lines which only earn four per cent., it reduces its rate of dividend at once to five per cent., but it does not lose anything unless four per cent. is, at the market rate, too small a return for investments of that character. It has simply a larger capital, on one half of which it obtains its old dividend, while the other half has supplied as good a return as any other investment of the day would have given for the additional capital. And as capital must be invested in some shape, a speculation is not necessarily bad because it is less remunerative than one made at a more promising time and under more favourable circumstances.

All these considerations are too much forgotten by those who volunteer to teach Railway Directors and managers their business, and a large allowance ought to be made for what, in many cases, really are legitimate excuses. But when all has been said and conceded that Railway Directors can reasonably desire, it must be owned that there remains a heavy balance of blame against them. It is not to be denied that an aggressive policy has been carried to an extent that cannot be justified. In many cases the actual waste of capital with no prospect of a fair return has doubtless exceeded any loss that could have been apprehended from the rivalry of neighbouring lines or the encouragement of new Companies. Fighting is, as a rule, the trump card of a Railway Board, and their maxim seems to be, "When in doubt, fight." The practice falls into abeyance in times like these, when the sinews of war are not to be had; but an impartial survey of past railway projects will, we think, show that the prevailing policy has been more bellicose than prudent. If this were all that could be laid to the charge of Railway Directors, they might fairly reply that their sin is shared with the whole world. Almost all nations, peoples, communities, companies, and men throw the onus of proof on the side of peace, and attack their opponents unless they are quite sure that they will get more by abstaining from aggression. To fight is human, and Directors cannot be expected to be proof against human instincts. Unfortunately, Companies always err, and, we fear, always will err, most of all in this direction; and this is the great blot on associated enterprise. A commercial firm may make mistakes as bad as those of any Company, but they never go wrong with their eyes open as Directors often do. Two or three private partners consulting together have no temptation to invest their money in any but

remunerative ventures. A Board, on the contrary, often has the strongest inducement to do so. It has not, like the private firm, the single object in view of making the largest possible profits. Directors (and, for the matter of that, shareholders quite as much) have a double object. They want good dividends in the future in case they should hold their shares, but they also want good prices in case they should have to sell them. Most shareholders would estimate the wisdom of the management of their Company rather by the price at which they could sell their shares than by the last year's dividend, and the consequence is that Directors do sometimes sacrifice future prosperity to the desire of displaying large traffic returns, and maintaining the position of their shares in the market. There is only one way of doing this, and that is by concealment. If a blunder is committed, it is, in the supposed interests of the shareholders themselves, kept dark as long as possible from them, because there is no other way of keeping it dark from the public; and as the only means of preventing the dreaded disclosure, the blunder is persisted in until its consequences become irretrievable. Not very long ago the continued falsification of the accounts of a large railway was attempted to be justified by the allegation that this policy had been the means of keeping up the value of the shareholders' property for years, and might have succeeded entirely if it could have been maintained until the tide had fully turned. And in a greater or less degree the same vice, which some may call judicious reticence and others dishonest concealment, may be traced in the conduct of vast numbers of Joint-stock Companies. The London, Chatham, and Dover Company never could have made its really magnificent line if the old Board and its contractors had been honest and plainspoken in all their announcements. The Great Eastern began its troubles in the remote past by paying imaginary dividends and misrepresenting its profits; and, except at fitful intervals, when shareholders grew furious, a policy of the same tendency, though in a mitigated form, has ever since ruled the destinies of that unhappy concern. No one supposes that the Midland Directors had no hint of coming pressure until they discovered all of a sudden that they wanted many millions more to complete their undertakings. It is all very well to say that the 5,000,000*l.* which the Midland Company now asks for is a pardonable excess upon Parliamentary estimates, and that it is impossible to guess beforehand what an extension through the heart of London may not cost. A margin may be wanted, though, after the experience gained by so many Companies in the demolition of London streets, we do not believe that an honest estimate of works, faithfully carried out according to programme, need ever be exceeded by any large percentage. But it is the interest of Companies to underrate the cost of projected works, and to conceal the actual outlay to the last moment; and so money is obtained, often on ruinous terms, from private lenders, in order to escape the necessity of proclaiming the truth, until at last concealment ceases to be possible, and the accumulated loss falls on the holders for the time being of shares which have been unduly and not very honestly sustained in the market. This is the history of too much of our railway mismanagement, and though it may be true that Companies would have fared better if they had engaged in fewer extensions, the crying want is not less ambition, but more honesty.

#### THE FENIAN PROSECUTIONS.

THE rule that, during a legal inquiry, the guilt of accused persons is not a subject for public discussion, applies to Fenian conspiracies as fully as to ordinary crimes. The evidence adduced indisputably proves the existence of dangerous designs, although for the present it must be assumed that the prisoners may possibly be innocent. The Clerkenwell explosion has effectually corrected the popular delusion that the Government prosecutions in Manchester or London related to political offences. It was not, in any intelligible sense of the words, a political act to remove the plug from a gas-pipe at Warrington for the purpose of destroying life and property to an unknown extent. An apologist, indeed, for the Clerkenwell murders reminds the English nation and Government that no policemen or bayonets can guard against isolated acts of vengeance in the midst of a peaceable society; but assassination and fire-raising are as little akin to war as to diplomacy, or to the exercise of the suffrage. The only political result which could follow from any number of wilful murders and wanton explosions would be the excitement of universal indignation against any class which could be identified or connected with professed enemies of the human race. An ecclesiastic of the highest rank has lately prostituted



the most solemn rite of his religion to honour the memory of three convicts, of whose lives and acts he only knows that they murdered a constable in the discharge of his duty. The celebration followed the Clerkenwell outrage, which was exactly similar in kind to the Manchester murder. An ostentatious proclamation that such crimes are not calculated to alienate the favour of the Church is a singular illustration of the perverse influence of factious malignity. If the Roman Catholic hierarchy generally approved of the doctrine that the slaughter of policemen is meritorious, the most mischievous animosities of former times would be inevitably revived. Happily, the priests in England have used their power in support of law and order; and in some towns they have probably relieved the municipal authorities from the necessity of forcibly repressing sedition. No agitation has arisen either against Roman Catholics or against Irishmen, because it is fully understood that the conspirators in England are not the representatives of any religion or nation.

Any further outrages which may occur will, it may be hoped, in the present temper of the public mind, involve no serious danger to society. The explosion at Clerkenwell was a great crime, but it was a still greater folly. For the first time the habitual promoters of disturbance have been afraid to avow their sympathy with their more practical confederates. The guardians of law and order have at last found courage to interfere with open sedition. The impudent ringleader of the riot at the Home Office has been forbidden to talk treason in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of devastation at Clerkenwell, and the prohibition was at once obeyed; yet it is strange that, by a degrading fiction, the meeting was denounced as dangerous, not because it would have been held in defiance of the Government, but on the pretext that the irritation which it would have excited might possibly have caused a collision with the mob. The principal manager of the intended meeting is said to be a member of the Reform League as well as of the Fenian organization; and it is not improbable that a difference of opinion may have arisen between his English and Irish associates. Encouraged by the effect of the explosion, Mr. BEALES has once more condemned the use of murder and arson; and on this occasion his more zealous colleagues have not enforced a retraction of his protest. Some of them had publicly approved of political assassination; but the victims of Clerkenwell were not of the class which, in the language of the Reform League, ought to be thrown down like the Hyde Park railings. The agitators who have prepared the way for the Fenian outrages by discrediting public authority perhaps thought it possible to expose the weakness of the Government without affecting the general safety; but the celebrated deputation to Mr. WALPOLE formed a precedent for the FINLAN orgy at the Home Office, and the organized street mobs of last year suggested the seditious procession in honour of the Manchester murderers. The enemies of order were probably always a small minority, but their numbers were unknown, and sometimes their professed objects were legal. The followers of FINLAN are an insignificant faction, and they scarcely trouble themselves to conceal their hostility to the community around them. Their audacity will be measured by the toleration which is extended to their seditious projects. At the worst, they can only excite additional indignation, and probably their alliance would be repudiated by the genuine rabble of London.

The detailed evidence of the informers in support of the pending prosecutions discloses the familiar incidents of Ribandism, and of other secret Irish societies. The humbler accomplices are always ready to swear obedience to strange leaders for unknown purposes, only requiring a general understanding that they shall be engaged in no honest or harmless employment. A generation ago, O'CONNELL used to delight his hearers by describing the general conflagration and massacre which Irishmen, scattered through the United Kingdom, might perpetrate at their pleasure, if they thought that the time was come for avenging the wrongs of their country. The rhetorical menaces of the great agitator were intended only for the amusement of his followers, or for the incidental object of alarming his enemies. His successors are more unscrupulous, though scarcely more practical, in their proceedings. The power of England was as liable to be shaken by the eloquence of a powerful demagogue as by the explosion of scores of gas reservoirs and powder barrels. It is difficult to understand the motives which induced the superior agents of the Fenian plot to organize isolated disturbances in England. The rescue of the prisoners at Manchester, and the similar attempt at Clerkenwell, were planned for a definite purpose, but the importation of arms,

and the enlistment of conspirators in England, could scarcely benefit the rebel cause in Ireland. Much of the mischief probably originated in the supposed necessity of redeeming the pledges which had been given to associates and to sympathizing politicians in America. The large sums which have been subscribed for the purposes of the conspiracy could not be wholly expended for the personal benefit of the leaders, and an ample surplus remained for the purchase of arms, and for the payment of subordinate agents. Although the secrets of the plot are but imperfectly revealed, there is no proof that, since the failure of the Irish rising in the last spring, any definite plan has been formed for a general insurrection. The Fenian leaders are apparently satisfied if they can cause a general feeling of uneasiness; and they keep their organization together in the meantime with the hope that, sooner or later, some opportunity will be furnished by a European or American war.

There is nothing easier than to establish a spurious code of right and wrong to supersede the ordinary rules of morality. From the first institution of secret societies, their members have transferred to their own respective sects the loyal obedience which is due to the general community and to established law. The Fenians have taken the trouble to invent an imaginary Republic to which they affect allegiance; and probably some among them really fancy that a non-existent Government has acquired through its nominal organization the right of declaring peace and war. Nearly all the leaders, politicians, and principal functionaries in the United States, including the PRESIDENT, and the Speaker of the House of Representatives, have wilfully humoured the delusion; and a host of sour English fanatics has publicly professed a belief that Fenianism is compatible with honourable, though misguided, patriotism. The Roman Catholic priesthood both in England and Ireland has generally discouraged the conspiracy, but one of the most conspicuous Irish prelates has approved of the Manchester murder, and the local representative of the Holy See is always careful to confine his denunciation of the Fenians to their secrecy, which has the same relation to their guilt which the uniform of a soldier may be supposed to bear to the warfare in which he may be engaged. There is no danger of a continued perversion of English sentiment in favour of the professed enemies of the public safety. It is perhaps fortunate, in one point of view, that the weakest Government of modern times has allowed unbounded license of sedition to produce its natural results of lawless violence. The Hebrew prophets sometimes embodied their illustrations in a visible and tangible symbol of the doctrine which was to be impressed on a dull or obedient audience. A staff, an ox-yoke, and sometimes a living man or woman, was exhibited to enforce attention, when the most graphic figures and metaphors would have been as powerless as simple argument. The barrel of powder which exploded at Clerkenwell, though it was not intended to produce didactic consequences, has served the same purpose, to the discomfiture of conspiracy and treason.

#### THE YEAR.

ANOTHER year of gloom has passed, a year in which England, although spared the last and saddest afflictions of war, and the more fatal and rare epidemics of disease, has gone through most other forms of human misery. It has been a year of great and general pecuniary distress. The iron trade and the shipping trade, two of the greatest branches of English industry, have been in a state of almost complete collapse. In the Eastern districts of London, and in the mining districts, thousands of families have been slowly sinking in the long struggle against hopeless ruin. Among those in easier circumstances the consequences of the frantic speculation in joint-stock companies which ended in the panic of 1866 have continued to make themselves felt with increasing severity. Confidence has been utterly destroyed, and although for the greater part of the year the Bank rate of discount has been low beyond parallel, no impulse has been given to speculation or trade. There is no single part of the whole civilized world where the pressure of financial difficulties is not felt. In France, the great credit societies, the establishment of which, together with the conquest of Mexico, French children were taught in schools to reckon among the especial glories of the Emperor's reign, have utterly broken down. Germany is paralysed by fear of war, and burdened with excessive investments in American securities. Italy has seen her funds fall to an almost Mexican level. Austrian finance is much what it always has been in our time. Turkey is borrowing at twenty per cent. to meet her immediate engagements. India shows scarcely any sign of recovery from the disasters occasioned by over-speculation in cotton, the wild schemes of Bombay adventurers, and the break-up of the Bombay Bank. The United States are no longer able to provide funds for the reduction of the national debt, and are incurring a crushing weight of necessary outlay by the policy of reconstruction adopted in the Southern

States. The Australasian colonies are prostrated by the calamities that have overtaken the great farming interests; and at home we hear, for the first time for many years, that the revenue has lost its elasticity. But, of all pecuniary calamities affecting England especially, much the severest and the most widely felt is the altered condition of English railways. It has been discovered that lines thought till lately to have been among the most prosperous and solid have been so managed that the most brilliant prospects have been sacrificed, and long years of poverty, economy, and anxiety will scarcely repair the mischief that has been done. That the London, Chatham, and Dover line should be in trouble caused no apprehension. It was looked on as grass of the field, and even when it seemed rather green the inevitable evening was anticipated when it would be cut down, dried up, and withered. But when the Great Eastern had to go into Chancery; when the London and Brighton had to inform the public that it was no longer a dividend-paying line, because it had chosen to burden itself with totally useless branch lines running at the greatest cost through the least inhabited districts; and when, towards the end of the year, the Midland, a line hitherto thought to be of the highest credit and standing, was discovered to be actually five millions short, because the Board, in the spirit of Lord Dundreary, found that the expense of carrying a line into London was one of those things that "no fellow could understand," the cup of railway calamity was filled to overflowing. The Houses of Parliament have shown themselves utterly unable to grapple with the evil. In a hurried, blind way, Committees consisting of men totally unacquainted with railways passed Bills founded on contradictory principles, or on no principles at all; and although an Act was passed the object of which was to help insolvent railways, yet it cannot produce much practical good so long as the general discredit into which railways have fallen makes the public disinclined to provide funds even on extravagant terms.

The year, too, has been one of remarkable misfortunes and calamities arising from the inclemency of the seasons, and from strange disturbances in the forces of nature. The very beginning of the year was marked by a sudden and most severe frost, ending in a sad catastrophe by the breaking of the ice in the Regent's Park, and by a fall of snow which blocked up London, and utterly baffled the feeble powers and disorganized efforts of the vestries, which, of all bodies that could possibly be devised to manage a metropolis, are perhaps the most unfit. A late, cold spring, and frosts through all central Europe, even in the end of May, spoilt the harvest, and have imposed on the poor for a second winter the dreadful trial of a dear loaf. Calcutta has again been visited with a cyclone nearly equal in violence to that which three years ago carried such havoc through the frail buildings of the native poor. But all these lesser calamities sink into obscurity before the terrible visitation of hurricanes and earthquakes which has befallen the West Indian islands, and especially St. Thomas. Nothing in the annals of our nautical enterprise has been more startling and horrible than the history of the hurricane which destroyed or injured so large a portion of the fleet of the Royal Mail Steam Company, more especially the ill-fated *Rhone*. But, although happily unattended with consequences so serious, because the hurricane had destroyed so much that there was scarcely anything left to destroy, there was something more appalling to the imagination in the on-coming of that solid wall of water which, stretching along the whole horizon, raised to the height of twenty feet, and moving at the rate of sixty miles an hour, was impelled by the force of a submarine eruption against the shores of St. Thomas and the adjacent islands. An English steamer, the *La Plata*, was to use an illogical but expressive phrase, "almost miraculously" preserved through the shock; and the courage of those whose courage did not fail them then may surely be said to be proof against any perils that can overtake seafaring man.

But England has had to go through worse things this year than can be caused by physical catastrophes or pecuniary losses. She has found herself tainted with a moral poison, and has witnessed the most audacious acts of assassination, murder, and general lawlessness committed in the midst of a peaceful and loyal society. Fenianism, and the Trades' Unions of Sheffield and Manchester, have shown that men with the hearts and feelings of savages may live and plot and work their will for a time in a country that thinks itself at the head of civilization. We knew something of Trades' Unions before, and were aware that there was something to be said both against and for them; and how much could be fairly said on either side it was entrusted to a Commission appointed early in the year to discover. The ordinary kind of strikes have gone on as usual. The engineers on the North-Eastern and the Brighton lines suddenly struck in the spring, and caused great temporary confusion; but the firmness of the Directors of the former railway gave, in the long run, a most useful lesson to those who thought they had the public at their mercy. For many months London was troubled with a great strike of tailors, and men who had been accustomed to the misery of wearing constantly new clothes were nearly learning the luxury of wearing old ones, when there too the masters prevailed; and the law being declared by Baron Bramwell to forbid picketing, the men acquiesced, and the struggle ended. But, if we were prepared for strikes, we were not prepared for the wholesale system of rattening and assassination and contrivances to disable hard-working men for life which was disclosed as the ultimate fruit of Trades' Unions when presided over by such men as Broadhead, and composed of such men as the sawgrinders of Sheffield and the brickmakers of Manchester. In the early part of the year a knot of demagogues, under the name of the Reform

League, contrived to attract notice by mischievous meetings and demonstrations in London, and the Government, afraid to do anything unpopular, permitted serious infringements of public order, if not of peace, which have borne fruit in the increasing audacity of political desperadoes. The horror which the Sheffield revelations caused has, however, been eclipsed by the terror and indignation excited by the new phase which Fenianism has assumed. That there should be a rising in Ireland seemed possible, and perhaps probable, as the continued influx of desperate adventurers from the United States, which prevented the fulfilment of the promise to restore the Habeas Corpus Act held out in the Queen's Speech, was known to be causing excitement in Ireland among classes too ignorant and reckless to appreciate the inevitable consequence. In the middle of February there was a very feeble outbreak in the south-west, and early in March a more serious movement threatened Dublin itself. But the rebels, who were mostly silly shopboys and persons equally unfitted for the realities of a campaign, were at once dispersed and driven to wander, and in many cases die, among the hills during a month of unusually cold weather. The rising was not thought serious enough to justify the punishment of death being inflicted on the guilty, and Burke, the most prominent prisoner, was spared, against the judgment of the Ministry, but in deference to the voice of general opinion. But it soon appeared that Fenianism was not to be confined to Ireland. Already an attempt so wild that it seemed scarcely credible had been made in February to seize Chester Castle; and in September Allen and his comrades startled the British public by their desperate, though successful, endeavour to release Kelly and Deasy from the hands of the Manchester police. As on this occasion a policeman in the discharge of his duty was actually killed by the marauders, the three persons more immediately guilty of his death were most justly executed. This led to processions and mock-religious ceremonies, both here and in Ireland, in honour of the "martyrs," and it was only after twenty-six thousand persons had spent a Sunday in marching about Dublin talking treason that the Government made up its mind to forbid such gatherings. Scarcely had this been done when the whole country was startled into a burst of horror and indignation by the attempt to blow up the wall of the prison at Clerkenwell, in order that two of the prisoners might escape, and with entire indifference to the deaths and agonies and losses inflicted on a whole neighbourhood of poor people living hard by. The audacity of the attempt has had, however, the good effect of arousing London to defend itself by a general co-operation with the police, and its monstrous wickedness has had the good effect of doing more than anything else could have done to discredit Fenianism even among the Irish.

In English political history the bygone year will be chiefly known as the year of the Reform Bill. Now that some months have elapsed since the Bill was passed, we are getting more used to the fact; and its existence seems more natural, not because we can better estimate its effects, but because everything in political talk and purpose is now accommodated to the tenor of this famous measure. But no length of time diminishes the wonder with which we are filled when we bring back to recollection the history of the process by which the Bill came to be passed. In the beginning of February the Cabinet met Parliament without having come to the conclusion that a Reform Bill was necessary. At the end of October Mr. Disraeli informed his audience at Edinburgh that he had been for years educating his party to stand household suffrage, and that they had now learnt their lesson. Since the conversion of the Gothic hordes from Paganism there has been no conversion so multitudinous, so complete, so immediate. The squires have not only been told, but have been persuaded to believe, that henceforth the true secret of Conservative success is to trust to the wisdom and patriotism of a class of voters too abject, ignorant, and dependent for even Mr. Bright to wish that they should be entrusted with political power. The stages by which this wonderful result has been reached are so familiar that they may be briefly recounted. A paragraph about the Reform Bill, which left it open to the Ministers to do anything or nothing in the matter so that "the balance of the Constitution was preserved," was followed by a vague, hazy speech from Mr. Disraeli introducing a set of impracticable Resolutions, through which, however, two ideas transpired—that no class was to have the ascendancy, and that reductions of the franchise were to be accompanied by safeguards. The Resolutions were pronounced by unanimous opinion to be utterly useless, and at length, on the 25th of February, the Cabinet produced its famous Ten Minutes' Bill, so called from the amount of time which it had taken the Cabinet to decide on a vast change in the English Constitution. This Bill, disapproved of by all the persons who proposed it, was equally distasteful to both parties in the House of Commons and to the nation. Accordingly it was withdrawn, and another Bill was brought forward, based on household suffrage, with a variety of what were playfully called safeguards. Three of the ablest of Lord Derby's colleagues gave up office because they thought these safeguards illusory, but the rest of the Cabinet stood firm to office, and gradually discovered that those safeguards were not only illusory, but unnecessary. The House having a Bill thrown before it with which it was allowed to deal as it pleased, and a Ministry determined to pass a Reform Bill at all hazards, was determined to have a Bill passed, and swept away the opposition of Mr. Gladstone, who wished to reject the Bill because it was bad. Mr. Disraeli triumphed over his formidable rival by taking advantage of the personal unpopularity of the Opposition leader, and by



convincing the majority of the House that if they did not support the Ministry they could have no Reform Bill, but that if they did support the Ministry they could have any Reform Bill they pleased. A decisive division was taken on the 13th of April, and a majority of twenty-one pronounced in favour of leaving the conduct of the Bill in the hands of Mr. Disraeli. All the safeguards proposed by the Ministry—the dual vote, educational franchises, voting papers, and two years' residence—were successively swept away, and even the terrible Compound Householder, who had sprung up almost accidentally as a guardian of Conservative principles, was all of a sudden buried in total oblivion. On one point only Mr. Disraeli was successfully firm. He would not extend his very limited scheme of redistribution; and as every one felt that a large extension of the scheme was only a question of time, and a very short time, if household suffrage was established, he had no real difficulty in carrying his point. The House of Lords expressed a profound and almost unanimous horror of the Bill, but it is possessed of far too much political experience to permit England to be brought to the deadlock which has paralysed all government under the imitative Constitution of Victoria. It shut its eyes and boldly swallowed the poisonous cup offered to it, merely contenting itself with instituting, in a feeble and invidious form, the representation of minorities. Finally, with the cheerful versatility of a constitutional sovereign, the Queen, in her Speech at the end of the Session, expressed the extreme pleasure with which she gave her assent to a Reform Bill entirely opposite in every respect to the kind of Bill which in her Speech at the beginning of the Session she had been advised to foreshadow.

In the Parliamentary arena two men have this year assumed a totally new position. Lord Cairns, who at the beginning of the year was not a peer at all, gained, before the end of the Session in August, an ascendancy over the House of Lords without a parallel since the days of Lord Lyndhurst, and which put him in the position of making terms on behalf of the House with Lord Derby, and of throwing into the shade Lord Redesdale, who used to be considered the only competent guide of the House in private legislation. In the Commons, Mr. Disraeli rose from being the distrusted leader of an ineffective Opposition to being an accepted tactician and manager of the whole House. The star of Mr. Gladstone paled before that of the new luminary; and although the real hold of Mr. Gladstone on the country is incomparably greater, and in his recent speeches in Lancashire he has shown that he represents the real thoughts and wishes of Englishmen to a degree which Mr. Disraeli has never approached, yet the singular want of temper, courtesy, and common sense which Mr. Gladstone displayed during the passage of the Reform Bill through the Commons suggested the fear that he would never be able to lead his party as it requires and deserves to be led. Lord Cranborne and Lord Stanley have also risen greatly in general estimation. Lord Cranborne, with no previous knowledge of India, made the best Minister India has ever had; and his speeches on the Mysore succession, on the Orissa famine, and on Mr. Ayrton's resolutions regarding the future government of India, showed an originality, a breadth of view, and an appreciation of the duties and proper powers of an Indian Government which stamped him as a statesman, and not merely one of the first of pugnacious debaters. Lord Stanley has represented and conducted the Foreign Office to the satisfaction of all parties, and almost all critics. In the cases of the *Tornado* and *Queen Victoria* he showed that he could be at once patient and firm with a weak intriguing Power like Spain; and he settled the Luxemburg question by giving a guarantee, his boldness in giving which was most absurdly overpraised by Mr. Disraeli, but the effect of which he estimated better than his father, who explained, in his airy way, that guarantees were of no consequence to any one, and meant nothing whatever. When the sad news arrived of the execution of the Emperor Maximilian, Lord Stanley kept his senses, and reminded his hearers that they were sitting as the Parliament of England and not as the Parliament of the world, and were not called to pass judgment on the acts of foreign nations. He has preserved England from the embarrassments which the officious interference of the other great European Powers in the affairs of Crete has tended to produce; and although he has not succeeded in settling the vexed *Alabama* dispute, he has succeeded in inspiring a conviction that the principal reason why he has not settled it is because Mr. Seward thinks it useful to keep the question open. His profound dislike of war and extravagance afforded the best security that, if we were going to war with Abyssinia, it was only because war was unavoidable. Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Hardy, although never rising much above mediocrity, have shown themselves intelligent and useful officials. On the other hand, Mr. Layard, by his unseemly conflict with Mr. Harvey Lewis and his undignified controversy with Dr. Beke, has greatly lost ground; and Mr. Walpole, after a childish vacillation in the case of Toomer, tried to bully the Reform League by pretending that a meeting was illegal the legality of which was clear to him, and then had to give in at the last moment in the most ignominious manner. His glaring incompetency for the Home Office was evident to no one more than to himself, and he resigned his post, and soon afterwards left London to be the Minister in attendance on the Queen at Balmoral, a duty which he was fortunately most admirably qualified to discharge.

Reform extinguished every other subject in Parliament. The measures of law reform proposed by the Government suffered extinction unnoticed. Ecclesiastical subjects were of course forced on the attention of Parliament by those to whom such subjects are dear, but there was no hope, in such an agitated Session, of

getting Parliament to deal satisfactorily with the Irish Church, with the increase of the Episcopacy, Church-rates, the opening of the Universities to Dissenters, or the regulation of the vestments of clergymen. All these things fell flat on a busy Parliament engrossed with a Reform Bill; but in the autumn clerical interests again asserted their attraction, and a great gathering of Bishops, on which was forced the unhappy name of a Pan-Anglican Synod, showed at once how widely the influence of the English Church is spread in the world, and how admirably the art of writing innocuous and unmeaning compositions is still preserved in its bosom. A few Bills for social and sanitary purposes were passed, and among others may be mentioned one for the relief of the poor in the metropolis, based on right principles, but limited in its scope; and a measure for the regulation of the metropolitan traffic, an important part of which has already had to be repealed in mercy to the costermongers, while another has been suffered to fall into abeyance owing to a spirited strike of cabmen, who declared that to carry compulsorily a lamp which in many instances they already carried voluntarily was the last straw that broke their unhappy backs. The greatest breakdown of the Government was their attempt to carry the Bill for the regulation of the Parks, which they were bullied into withdrawing after having made it a point of honour to carry it. The Budget was too completely a plagiarism from Mr. Gladstone's measure of last year to need criticism; and in the short Session held in November, to ask supplies for the Abyssinian war, the opinions of Mr. Gladstone on finance were treated with the utmost deference. It was easy for the Ministry to ask Parliament to support it in declaring war against Abyssinia, for the diplomatic errors which led to it had been committed by Lord Russell. Every pacific means had been tried in vain, and the honour of England was concerned in protecting the life and safety of her envoy; but Sir Stafford Northcote did what he could to spoil his case by insisting that this unfortunate, though necessary, expedition was a stroke of good fortune, as it would inspire the emissaries of native Indian princes with a belief in our power, would show all the Eastern world that we are strong enough to cope with Russia, and would afford a wholesome occupation for our Indian army. In India itself, Sir John Lawrence has shown no anxiety to cope with Russia, and has adhered to the policy of inaction with regard to all the troubles of Central Asia. Every year an increasing disposition is shown in England to govern India more completely from England, and to impose English ideas on Indian officials. Sir William Mansfield was arrested in his high-handed policy towards his military subordinates, and Captain Jervis received a pecuniary compensation for his dismissal from the army. The principle of upholding the native States of India was confirmed by the course pursued with regard to Mysore, and the horror excited by the fearful calamity in Orissa brought into prominence the tenderness of Parliament for the Indian poor. Considerable injustice was done by more than one speaker to the Civil Service of India, which, on the whole, has been and is most friendly and considerate to the natives; but the negligence of the particular officials concerned with Orissa deserved the severe rebuke it received, and the strong expression of opinion in the House of Commons that Bengal ought to be administered, like the other two Presidencies, under a Governor sent from England, is sure to bear fruit. In the world of English colonies by far the most noticeable event of the year has been the consolidation of the colonies in North America into a Confederation. The whole of our system of colonial government is evidently in a state of transition. Things cannot go on as they are. The colonies like to be governed by us, and the Cape and Australian colonies have expressed at once their loyalty and their keen sense of their own interests by the enthusiastic reception they have given or prepared for the Duke of Edinburgh. But we do not know how to govern them. We cannot sanction abroad institutions alien to our own, and the imitation of our Constitution in new countries, as the example of Victoria has shown, may involve us in absurdities fatal to the dignity of the Mother-country.

The Great Exhibition of Paris was a success—a political success for the moment, for it certainly increased the indisposition of the Emperor for war at a time when his subjects were burning to fight Prussia; and a success as Exhibitions go, for it was the biggest, and probably the last. Utterly uninteresting as its arrangement made it to the ordinary spectator, and contemptible as were the efforts to make its outside a sort of cockney Paradise, yet it was very convenient for those who really cared to investigate the progress of arts and manufactures; and to England especially it was eminently useful, by bringing home to it the lesson that English artisans and manufacturers must exercise some degree of mind if they wish to hold their own against foreign competitors. Hence has sprung, through the past autumn, a loud demand for increased opportunities of technical instruction in England, which has been added to the more general demand for a thorough education of the English poor. Although Lord Russell did his best to spoil a great subject by moving some foolish resolutions about education in the November Session, which he had to withdraw in a manner that would have seemed to any one else humiliating, yet no folly of an individual can now do anything serious to stop the strong tide in favour of education which has set in, and a large measure of educational reform is one of the Ministerial promises for the present Session. The Paris Exhibition attracted an unusual accession of Royal visitors, unhappily diversified by the mad attempt of a Polish fanatic to kill the Czar. We in London came in for the overflowings, and

the idea that we should be wise in our generation to take thought for our Eastern possessions led us to be especially civil to the Viceroy and the Sultan. Lord Dudley enabled us to offer decent hospitality to the Viceroy, and the Sultan had lunch with the Queen, was made very ill at a naval review, had a magnificent reception in the City, and was entertained at a costly ball at the India House, for which India was made to pay, because it was supposed to be gratifying to Indian Mahometans that an illustrious personage of their faith should be well treated. In all these gaieties, and in all the other public gaieties of the London season, there was unhappily one sad shortcoming. The Princess of Wales could not be there. Her long and painful illness was watched with affectionate anxiety by the nation, and her partial recovery has been welcomed with sincere delight. The Queen has, however, been induced to mitigate, in however small a degree, that complete abstinence from taking a visible part in the proceedings of her subjects which she so long considered necessary; and if her regret for what she has lost has seemed overwhelming, she has shown, by the memoir of the Prince Consort which she ordered to be published, how natural it was that her regret should have been so keen.

The year began in France with a vague promise of internal reform, and it was evident that the Emperor was once more hesitating and asking himself whether greater internal liberty might be safely conceded, or whether it was best to keep things as they were. He compromised the matter for the moment by promising new concessions in favour of the press and of unrestrained public meetings, without actually proposing measures for the purpose, although practically a greater license was allowed to journalism than had been allowed before, and the law restraining the press has been in a great degree suffered this year to sleep at Paris. He also withdrew for the moment his Army Bill in the shape in which it had been presented, and only renewed it again in the autumn, with a diminished scope and rigour, but in a form so severe as to have excited lively opposition in the Chamber, on the ground that it was too great a burden on the population, that it restricted marriage too long, that it created a force huge in appearance but useless for war, and that it placed nearly a million and a quarter of men at the sole disposal of the Emperor. The debate on the Address was also done away with, and so were the Ministers whose business was to talk, not to act. A machinery was arranged by which, when the Chamber—that is, the Government—thought proper to allow an interpellation, a question may be put as to the conduct of any important affair, and a really responsible Minister declares the views of the Government. So far as the experience of a few months extends, it seems a slight, but only a very slight, advance upon the old debate on the Address. We must, however, admit that, so far as external policy goes, the country had nothing to gain in substituting the views of the Chamber for those of the Emperor. He guided France with much adroitness through the perils of the Luxembourg affair. He was on the brink of a war without in the least wishing for war or thinking of it. To get Luxembourg for France seemed a nice little stroke of policy; so he offered to buy it. Holland was delighted to sell it. Count Bismark, so far as is known, saw no objection. But Germany did, and made its views apparent; and Count Bismark had to yield, and to say that France should not be allowed to buy Luxembourg. To this the Emperor was obliged to reply, that neither should Prussia be allowed to keep a garrison there; and as this was a challenge which Prussia was very ready to accept, war was inevitable had not the scheme of making Luxembourg neutral ground, under the guarantee of Europe, been arranged. The French army was not ready, and this possibly induced the French people and the army itself to be pacific for the time; and then no one at Paris could bear that the Exhibition should be a failure. The Emperor worked hard for peace, and when, after his return from Salzburg, he visited one or two of the great provincial towns of the north-east of France he was able to take a cheerful view of the prospects before him. "There were a few dark spots, but that was all." And France seemed tolerably calm, and things appeared to be going on in their ordinary even course, but all of a sudden there came a sudden burst of passionate feeling when the French, who had been humiliated by the United States and by Prussia, feared lest they were going to be humiliated by Italy also, and fairly dictated their own policy to the Emperor, upset schemes at which he had been at work for years, and made him play the part of the tyrant and enemy of Italy, and the frantic friend of the Pope.

In the late summer, Garibaldi attended a meeting of some of the most hot-headed, wild, foolish people on the Continent, which was called a Peace Congress, and which spent its time in declaring war against the Governments and creeds it most hated. It was broken up by the interference of the Catholic party; but before it had come to an end Garibaldi had, with his usual candour and indifference to consequences, announced to all his hearers that the time of action was at hand, and that he was determined to get up an expedition to Rome at once, with a general view of suppressing priestcraft and superstition, as well as of doing Italy a good turn. He went to Italy, organized his volunteers, sent them into Roman territory to reconnoitre, and was preparing to follow them himself when, on the 27th of September, he was arrested at Sinalunga by order of the Ministry of Rattazzi. He was, however, soon released and sent to Capra, where he was supposed to be effectually guarded; but he escaped to the mainland, and began in earnest that Roman expedition which has had such a wonderful and unexpected effect on his fortunes, and on those of Italy and France. For some

time it was believed that Italy and France were working together, for Rattazzi was universally supposed to have been thrust upon Victor Emmanuel by his big friend of the Tuilleries. At the beginning of the year the Ministry of Ricasoli seemed tolerably firmly established, for the last French soldier had just left Rome, and it was hoped that Italy, left to herself, might be on the eve of a brighter state of things. But troubles began, as they are apt to do in Italy, when ways and means had to be discussed. Scialoja, then Minister of Finance, brought forward a scheme for the sale of the Church property which, in the opinion of the majority of the Chamber, was far too favourable to the clergy, as it allowed a large portion of the proceeds in the lands sold to be invested in the funds for the benefit of the clergy and the maintenance of ecclesiastical institutions. Ricasoli dissolved, and had a nominal majority, but he could not get on; and had first to ask Rattazzi to join him, and then to retire in his favour. Rattazzi's Finance Minister, Ferrara, brought forward another scheme for the sale of the Church lands, which broke down because the bankers who had undertaken to negotiate it were intimidated or overpersuaded by the clerical party. Finally a Bill was passed which was thought by the Chambers sufficiently adverse to the clergy, and the sales began at once, and with great success. How far Rattazzi encouraged Garibaldi, although he arrested him, and how far the Emperor encouraged Rattazzi, although he protested against his conduct, cannot be known exactly, although it is evident from subsequent revelations that Rattazzi was a sort of middle-man, and that Garibaldi was virtually used, although probably reluctantly, as a means of finding out whether a violent solution of the Roman question was possible. The idea was that Rome would rise and the provinces would rise, and the Italian army would go in to restore order, and then France would say that it could not alter established facts. But this was only a vague idea. The Emperor always reserved the right of saying that the Italians should not go to Rome, and Ricasoli always reserved the right of disavowing Garibaldi. All depended on the advance of the Italian troops, in apparent disregard of France, at exactly the right moment. The moment came, in the opinion of Rattazzi, but he was thwarted either by the King or by others, who saw that France would not really permit the bold step to succeed, and that war must be the consequence. The hour passed by, the French brigade was ordered to start from Toulon, Rattazzi had to resign, and Cialdini was entrusted with the arduous task of forming a Ministry.

He failed, and he spent a week in failing; but why he failed, and what happened behind the scenes during that week until the Menabrea Ministry was formed, has never been disclosed. In the debate which took place a few days ago in the Italian Chamber, and which ended in a vote of confidence in the Menabrea Ministry being lost by a majority of two, all kinds of people gave explanations, which however explained very little, of all kinds of things, but no one ventured to reveal what happened in that memorable week. One thing, however, occurred visibly before the eyes of all men. Garibaldi, who was supposed to be a prisoner, came to Florence itself, set up a kind of independent government in a balcony, harangued the people, and calmly, without any one hindering or noticing him, got together his reserve of volunteers, and quietly crossed the frontier, took Monte Rotondo from the Pontifical Zouaves, and advanced to the neighbourhood of Rome. The Polhes brigade was immediately sent from Toulon, and, coming on Garibaldi at Mentana, inflicted on him an inevitable defeat after he had repulsed the Papal troops, and the French, although gaining little glory, had an admirable opportunity of trying the Chassepot rifles. Meanwhile Menabrea had sent the Italian troops across the frontier. They did nothing, and were never in the remotest way of doing anything; but it could just be said that they had crossed the frontier. After Mentana, it was pronounced that this tiny intervention had produced its effect, and the troops recrossed the frontier. What was to come next? The Emperor said that nothing could be more obvious. There must be a Congress. All Europe must meet, the Sultan and the Czar, and all other good judges, and they must settle how Rome and Italy were to be made happy. England, through Lord Stanley, sent the proper sort of cautious reply; and no Power was very eager except Hesse Darmstadt, which naturally thought it was the last time it would be ever asked to attend a Conference, and clutched at the opportunity, just as condemned criminals are known sometimes to make a last hearty breakfast. When, however, the French Chamber was opened, it was evident that France was in no mood for a Congress, whatever the Emperor might be. It was in vain that MM. Jules Favre and Ollivier stood up boldly for the rights of Italy; the wounded honour and unappeasable irritability of France under a succession of mishaps was not to be restrained. The cause of the Pope was made the cause of France, because it was thought that to back the Pope was to give a challenge to Italy and to Germany. Count Bismark was far too wise to allow Germany to be dragged into a war on a religious quarrel, but still the feeling that France must do something strong could not be overcome. M. de Moustier, who had reflected the sentiments of his master in a trimming speech, had to be thrown over. M. Thiers was master of the situation, the Government of the country was for the moment taken out of the hands of the Emperor, and M. Rouher was made to declare first that Italy should never have Rome, and then that by Rome was meant all the present Pontifical territory.

On the whole, the Italians may be said to have behaved with moderation under this unexpected blow; and their temper had been tried, not only by this change in the policy of France, but by the



language of extraordinary insult in which French Ministers had spoken of Italian Ministers, and by the audacious misstatements on which they had ventured in order to stand well with the French Chamber, although they must have known that in a very few days they would be confuted by documents in the possession of the Italian Government. Still Italy has been grievously wounded, and it is impossible that its thoughts should not turn towards the chances of war, which, if it seemed near a year ago, seems equally near now. Prussia has lost meanwhile the superiority it had over France in readiness to take the field, but it has far more than compensated for its loss by the astonishing advance it has made in incorporating Germany under its supremacy. The Parliament of Germany has become a reality; the difficulties that stood in the way of absorbing the States conquered last year have been overcome, and the States of the South have been placed entirely at the disposal of Prussia. The little hesitation that was displayed, especially by the Bavarians, was successfully surmounted by the threat to keep them out of the new Zollverein; and the feeling has displayed itself in the most unmistakable manner throughout every German State, that as against all foreign Powers, including not only France, but Austria, all Germany must be united, and place its troops and resources at the disposal of Prussia. Baden has asked anxiously to be allowed to join the Northern Confederation, in the representation of which the diplomatic representation of Prussia is henceforth to be absorbed. Count Bismark has judged that the time has not come for this, but he rests content, for he has made sure of all Germany, as the Emperor Napoleon found when he went to Salzburg to see whether he and his brother of Austria could not do something to checkmate Bismark in Bavaria and elsewhere. Nothing came of the Salzburg meeting except professions of friendship between Austria and France, and indeed the attention of Austria has been fully occupied this year with its internal affairs. Sadowa produced, among its other memorable consequences, a reconciliation between Austria and Hungary—Austria abandoning all its claims to treat Hungary as merely one of many Austrian provinces; and Hungary, through M. Déak, proclaiming that she did not pretend to be able to stand alone, and that she was ready, if a system of dualism, as it is called, were established, to place her fair contingent of troops at the disposal of the Emperor, and to bear her share of the public debt and public burdens of Austria. This arrangement has been happily carried into effect, and the Emperor was crowned King of Hungary at Buda-Pesth, in one of the most magnificent and imposing ceremonies of modern times. In Austria itself constitutional government has been fairly introduced, great reforms in the criminal law and in regulations for guarding public liberty have been commenced, the Concordat has been practically abolished, education taken out of the exclusive hands of the clergy, and a responsible Ministry after the constitutional type is on the eve of being established.

It is, however, the general opinion on the Continent that the real danger of war does not lie in the hostile attitude of France or Prussia or Italy, but in the measures which Russia has taken with such great activity to hurry on a new attempt to break up European Turkey. At home, she has this year pursued a system of merciless repression. She has determined that Poland shall be altogether blotted out. The history, the religion, even the language of the Poles is proscribed; and, in order to make the policy consistent throughout, she has even made her few and faithful German subjects in Livonia and Courland bow to the yoke of Russian uniformity. On the other hand, she has been equally eager in stirring up the spirit of nationality where it seemed likely to be of use to her. She had her Exhibition at Moscow as the French had theirs at Paris, but her Exhibition was merely an excuse for the general gathering of the representatives of the Slavonic nations, including even Bohemia, which she is willing to take under her wing. She holds Serbia and the Danubian Principalities in the hollow of her hand. She has sent a Russian princess to the Court of Greece, and it is entirely through Russia that the struggle in Crete has been prolonged. The Sultan has declined to admit the interference of the European Powers in his government of Crete, and at one time the successes of the Turkish troops and the destruction of the chief Greek blockade-runner seemed to promise an end to the Cretan question for the present. But Greece, backed by Russia, manages to keep the flame of insurrection alive, and no country can stand beyond a certain length of time the process of slow disintegration which Russia is continually applying to Turkey, and, in a minor degree, to Austria also. Unless the policy of Russia is changed in deference to such pressure as remote Powers can bring to bear, Austria and Turkey must before long go to war in order to exist. Thus every European State of any importance has its thoughts turned to war at the present moment, except perhaps England and Spain. The boast that there should be no more Pyrenees was uttered a great deal too soon. The Pyrenees are bigger than ever. Spain goes on in its own peculiar way, and in these days of supposed enlightenment is rapidly retrograding to the condition in which it was under the Inquisition. The Ministry of Narvaez has gone from bad to worse. It put down with ease a rising in Aragon and one or two provinces in the autumn, and has now established a military despotism entirely under the control of what it is very unjust to ordinary Roman Catholic priests to call the clerical party, for the clerical party in Spain merely means a clique of the silliest women and bigots that ever frightened a poor crowned sinner into trying to save her soul at the expense of other people.

On the other side of the Atlantic, the people of the United

States have gratified their thirst for new territory by the purchase of Russian America, and of two of the Danish West India islands. There are also rumours that the purchase of the great Spanish islands is to be arranged, and Mr. Seward does not conceal his opinion that at no distant day all the West Indian group of islands will, in one way or another, become American territory. In the internal politics of the States, the great event of the year is the revolution in public opinion displayed by the autumn elections, and immediately showing its consequences in the rejection, by an overwhelming majority, of the proposal to impeach the President. In the earlier months of the year Congress ruled the President with a rod of iron, and established, in spite of his earnest protests, the system of military government in the South, under the protection of which Conventions of black men were to be called together to tyrannize over white men under the forms of law. As the South was a conquered country it could offer no resistance, and Congress could establish negro suffrage in the district of Columbia over the veto of the President. But it could not control the decision of the great States of the North, and the decisive rejection by Ohio of negro suffrage showed the feeling of the North on the subject. In spite of a Bill intended to take away from the President all power of removing officials, the President managed to get one of his chief adversaries—Secretary Stanton—removed from the Cabinet, and General Grant appointed in his stead. Towards foreign Powers the Government of the United States has shown itself tolerably fair and moderate. On the eve of every election the arms taken from the Fenian marauders into Canada are once more stated to be restored to them, and the endeavour of the President to place the law of naturalization on a new basis may perhaps be ascribed, although a change is really necessary, to a wish to catch the Irish vote. Still, the attitude of the United States towards England has not been unfriendly. Although the subject of the *Alabama* claims has been kept alive, it has not been pressed; while the prudence and caution of Mr. Adams in not urging the alleged right of American filibusters to play at Fenianism in Ireland and England with impunity, has been so great as to call down on him the wrath of those more enthusiastic of his countrymen who think that every American should be at liberty to do anything he likes that may tend to destroy so absurd and Old-world an institution as the throne of Queen Victoria.

The Brazilian war seems drawing to a close through the exhaustion of Paraguay, and the Republics of the West coast, though nominally at war, have been left entirely unmolested by Spain, which has found enough occupation in setting up the rule of a sort of gilt gingerbread Inquisition at home. All the interest, therefore, that attaches in the history of the year to the American nations of Spanish origin is centred in Mexico. There the sad drama of the ill-fated Empire was brought to a tragic close by the execution of Maximilian at Queretaro on the 19th of June. The last French soldier left the country in March, and soon afterwards Puebla fell, Marquez, who had established himself in the city of Mexico, having failed to relieve it. The Emperor was shut up in Queretaro, and although Escobedo, who commanded the Republican besieging force, could not take the town, neither could the Emperor get himself and his tiny army out of it. At last, a miserable wretch named Lopez, who had received from the Emperor a constant succession of benefits, treacherously betrayed his master; and the unfortunate descendant of the Hapsburgs was brought face to face with death, having indeed the consolation that he was meeting it in a manner worthy of his race, but knowing that he had given his life in vain, that he had been grossly deceived by the clerical party, which had lured him to ruin, and that he had inflicted the worst of miseries on his capital by entrusting it to the bloodthirsty and rapacious Marquez. The Mexicans justified his execution both by political necessity and by the ill-judged order of October, 1865, which Maximilian had signed under the pressure of the French. But in Europe the deed awoke a general feeling of horror, although nothing could be done to repair or avenge the mischief, and Austria had to humiliate herself very much in order to recover the body of Maximilian. Soon after his execution the cities of Mexico and Vera Cruz capitulated, and thus the whole country once more passed under the rule of the Republic, and of Juarez, who has since been re-elected President, and who has taken some steps to convince the world that something like decent government may still be possible in Mexico.

With the exception of the Emperor Maximilian no person occupying any very prominent place in the eye of the world has passed away this year. France lost in M. Fould an able financier, and one of the most persistent advocates of peace and economy under an Empire profuse to recklessness of money. Marshal O'Donnell had once been a great name in Spain, and unlike most Spanish statesmen he at one period not only held office for several years consecutively, but managed to invest his unhappy country with something like a semblance of credit and prosperity. In England the deaths of persons of celebrity have been singularly few. Something less than an average bishop was lost in the Bishop of Rochester, and a more than average bishop in the Bishop of Lichfield; while Lord Justice Turner had been a useful public servant, and a sound though unimpressive Equity Judge. Literature has seen erased from its list of living writers Alexander Smith, who might be fairly reckoned among the minor poets by those who do not object to a feebly florid style; and Mrs. Austin, whose great command of English, noble aspirations, strong sense, and passionate pride in her husband's fame won her a high place in the esteem of

all who knew her and her writings. But the greatest name of those who are gone is that of Faraday, who was not only one of the first of scientific men, but who had that which is rare among scientific men—genius. In Lord Rosse, too, the English world of science had a loss that it will long deplore, for he devoted his life to his pursuit, and he achieved results which were due, not only to his station and wealth, but to his ardent love of investigation, and his great mechanical skill. The tendency of English men of science to idolize men of rank who condescend to know a little of that of which they know a great deal is too marked to permit contemporary history to pass over as a slight thing the death of a nobleman who was really scientific.

#### CHRISTMAS.

AT some not very distant period, if we may believe the followers of Comte, we shall be celebrating festivals of a new and improved Church. We shall be meeting in churches which point towards Paris as the new *Caaba* of the world. The statue of Humanity will occupy the holiest place, and seven chapels on each side of the nave will contain the effigies of the thirteen principal organs of the human initiation, the fourteenth being reserved for female saints. We shall cross ourselves by touching the three bumps which are the seats of love, order, and progress, or by pronouncing the sacred numbers one, two, three; and we shall devote the first day of the year to celebrating the synthetic feast of Humanity. If Christmas retains its hold upon human sympathies until supplanted by this new order of things, we need not be in any immediate apprehensions as to its decline. We may confidently leave its defence, so far as the religious element is concerned, to the many thousand eloquent gentlemen who have laboured during the past week to animate our faith as Christians. It is obvious, however, that there is another element in the festivities of the season which, whatever its origin, has little connexion with any theological system. It matters little whether ancient Pagans used to assemble in the winter for a conviviality suited to their tastes; but, if they did, we might plausibly ascribe a large part of the enthusiasm of the present day to the preservation of the flame which they originally kindled. At least the consumption of turkeys, plum-pudding, mince-pies, and other indigestible articles of food can scarcely be considered as a religious ceremony. In simpler times the two elements may have coalesced. Mr. Longfellow describes with his usual prettiness the revels of the monks of Croyland, and tells us how

They drank to Christ the Lord,  
And to each of the twelve apostles  
Who preached His holy word;

and how, as soon as the cup was empty, they managed to "remember one saint more." We have succeeded in separating religion more effectually from this world, and banishing it from our dinner-tables, if not in confining it to our churches. Our hymns have no affinity with rollicking drinking songs. The ancient mixture of farce and buffoonery with sacred things has gone for ever out of date. The combination was not stable, and in the course of time the component factors have worked themselves tolerably loose from each other. We may therefore consider the merely social part of Christmas without any prejudice to the more solemn celebration of the season, and dispassionately inquire whether its abolition would not on the whole be a benefit to mankind; for that it bears with it many annoyances is too obvious to require proof.

In such an inquiry the first question would be, what is the theory of Christmas which really flourishes in the mass of the English nation at the present day? A large class would unhesitatingly reply that it is one of the most accepted occasions for getting drunk. Though the answer is satisfactory so far as it goes, it fails to discriminate Christmas from other holidays, such, for example, as Good Friday. A more hopeful plan is to interrogate the various periodicals which profess to supply congenial food to the Christmas-loving public. We may take up, for example, our excellent contemporary the *Illustrated London News*, which is so carried away by the jovial spirit of the time that it can scarcely find room even to portray the scene of the Clerkenwell explosion. There is a grand coloured sheet of which we rather fail to interpret the symbolism, for it is called the "Heirloom," and consists chiefly of a large melon and some fine bunches of grapes. The other illustrations are much more to the point, and from them we can construct a tolerable sketch of an ideal Christmas as it appears to the imagination of the English middle classes. It is a reckless mixture of a large number of men and things so steeped in convivial associations that merely to name them is to call up a savour as of turkey and plum-pudding. It is easy enough to run over the catalogue of the properties which the dramatic representation of Christmas would require. A baronial mansion in the Elizabethan style, snowdrifts five or six feet in depth, serving men bearing in a boar's head stuck with rosemary, a yule-log of gigantic size, mistletoe hanging from the beams of a low ceiling, holly, snapdragon, ghost stories, prize oxen, fairy stories, pantomimes—any one who will ring the changes upon these words, and insert them into a tolerably appropriate narrative, may turn out Christmas literature of the most approved composition. The oddest thing about it is that the solid British public should be stirred into a sentimental mood by such faded ornaments of speech. It is difficult to understand how such conventional enthusiasm should be at all contagious. Very few of us

live in Elizabethan mansions; there is no snow at Christmas in at least three years out of four; boar's-heads have gone out of fashion except in two or three old college halls; nobody in his senses ever talks about yule-logs unless he is writing a Christmas story in a second-rate magazine, which few people in their senses do; our manners have become too refined for the use of the mistletoe; and we very much prefer reading the evening papers to the obsolete form of amusement known as gathering round the fire and telling ghost-stories. All the phraseology used is as conventional as the grin painted upon the clown's face; and one cannot help fearing that the rollicking geniality which it is supposed to indicate is equally unreal. There must, however, be a stratum in society which takes all this seriously, and warms its imagination by listening to talk about yule-logs and boar's-heads, as unfortunate beggars stare at the prize sheep which, with the help of holly sprigs, form a gratuitous exhibition in butchers' shops. They are probably the same people who are moved to tears by Mr. Dickens's Christmas stories. That estimable old gentleman Mr. Pickwick, whom we name with all possible respect, kept his Christmas in some such fashion at Mr. Wardle's. He professed enjoyment of the kissing under the mistletoe, the country dances, and other dreary stimulants to factitious joviality. It is true that he also took the much more effective stimulant of milk punch, and if any pardon were required for his weakness in that respect, we could find it in the miserable necessity of having to overflow with geniality in the proper form and time. After going through the depressing convivialities of a genuine old English Christmas, a man would be excusable for forgetting his sorrows in any attainable quantity of potent liquors.

It is, indeed, a comfort that there is at any rate a good substantial substratum of eating and drinking in every English festivity. The problem is, how to invest gluttony and drunkenness with a certain poetical halo. At Christmas, if we may believe the penny-liners, this is done by what they call "recollections of the olden time," that is to say, by a set of catchwords which pass current like a copper coinage of literature, and from which much use has long ago effaced the sharpness. Certain pretty phrases are stuck into the periodical writing, as the sprigs of holly are stuck into puddings; and instead of the ordinary stopgaps about Lord Macaulay's New Zealander and his like, we have references to baronial halls and the whole dreary yule-log business. Such merriment rather savours of the crackling of thorns, and represents the genuine article as much as the meal set out upon the stage resembles the real feast of which it is the conventional representation. If it really contributes to any one's happiness to stimulate his imagination by this visionary feasting, we of course can have no word to say against it. However tawdry may be the trappings which serve to set off the purely sensual enjoyment, they are better than nothing. It is, on the whole, better to get drunk in a public-house ornamented with holly than in a public-house with none, for it shows a certain rudimentary sensibility to æsthetic enjoyment. Our only complaint is that the surroundings of Christmas run so much upon long extinct custom, that we can scarcely fancy that they correspond to much genuine enjoyment. If we enjoyed our present dinners very cordially we should not want to talk so much about boar's-heads and yule-logs and other extinct accessories of feasting. We could wish that a limbo were provided into which yule-logs might be summarily dismissed, together with the daily accumulating masses of ready-made sentiment.

And yet, in spite of the too successful efforts of the penny-liner to make the whole affair disgusting, we admit that there is a good solid core of satisfaction about Christmas. "Far from us and from our friends be that frigid philosophy" which does not on the whole feel a certain touch of sentiment at the time. Various persons do all that they can to sicken one with the whole concern; to say nothing of waits and the various hunters after Christmas-boxes, and other admitted nuisances, there is the detestable yule-log jargon and the numerous lay sermons exhorting us to be genial, and smooth all difficulties with a good flow of unctuous sentiment. Moreover the whole machinery is too cumbrous; it is a good deal made of social custom which has survived into a time for which it is but partially suited. In days when people lived much further apart, when meeting at Christmas was a serious business, and the only relief to the melancholy monotony of a country winter, it was natural to indulge in an elaborate celebration which fell in suitably with the more stately manners of the time. To simplify life and to get rid of the pomp of unnecessary ceremonial should be one great object of civilized beings. We have learnt that nothing is more destructive of conviviality than a set resolution to be jolly on a given occasion. It is as great a mistake to say, Let us meet and go through a whole series of forms suitable to extreme joviality, as to ask a silent man in company to talk. A man so addressed only subsides into the profoundest gulf of silence; and the party which meets to be happy and sociable of malice prepense generally ends in the most dismal melancholy. Such dreary formalities as marriage-breakfasts, with a formal list of speeches, are disappearing for sufficient reason. In one case out of ten such a ceremonial may possibly provide a desirable vent for excited feelings; but when there is no excitement, and the performance has to be executed in cold blood, it is too trying for any human spirits. Thus the greatest danger of a Christmas party missing fire lies in the superstitious observance of festive ceremonies. A little holly may be allowed in the background because it is pretty in itself; but the less we have to do with yule-logs



and boars'-heads the greater is the chance that the whole concern may not end in irresistible bathos. When family parties meet at Christmas, or see the New Year in, they have a fair chance of being as pleasant as family parties can be; a subdued sense of the season may tend to bring out latent harmonies and keep the pet susceptibilities in the background; and a Christmas meeting may thus be guided successfully into something worthy to be called enjoyment, but on the condition of a careful abstinence from ostentatious observance of the set forms of joviality. There are, indeed, two considerable classes of people for whom no such qualification is needed. There are the very poor in workhouses and elsewhere, to whom Christmas means the present of a good dinner for once in the year, and for whom we can only wish that the custom may spread and flourish. And there is the whole infantile population, whose animal spirits are still so high that they are exhilarated instead of depressed by the invitation to go through some established form of conviviality. May they have every chance to enjoy their Christmas-trees and pantomimes and other pleasures of the season. May they over-eat themselves only as much as is necessary for their happiness; and, above all, may their amusements be carried out with a *minimum* of exactions upon the time and temper of their elders.

#### PLATONIC WOMAN.

IN the wearier hours of life, when the season is over, and the boredom of country visits is beginning to tell on the hardy constitutions that have weathered out crush and ball room, there is usually a moment when the heroine of twenty summers bemoans the hardships of her lot. Her brother snuffed her out yesterday when she tried politics, and the clerical uncle who comes in with the vacation extinguished a well-meant attempt at theology by a vague but severe reference to the Fathers. If the afternoon is particularly rainy, and Mudie's box is exhausted, the sufferer possibly goes further, and rises into eloquent revolt against the decorums of life. There is indeed one career left to woman, but a general looseness of grammar, and a conscious insecurity in the matter of spelling, stand in the way of literary expression of the burning thoughts within her. All she can do is to moan over her lot and to take refuge in the works of Miss Hominy. There she learns the great theory of the equality of the sexes, the advancement of woman and the tyranny of man. If her head doesn't ache, and holds out for a few pages more, she is comforted to find that her aspirations have a philosophic character. She is able to tell the heavy Guardsman who takes her down to dinner and parries her observations with a joke that they have the sanction of the deepest of Athenian thinkers. It is, we suppose, necessary that woman should have her philosopher, but it must be owned that she has made an odd choice in Plato. No one would be more astonished than the severe dialectician of the Academy at the feminine conception of a sage of dreamy and poetic temperament, who spends half his time in asserting woman's rights, and half in inventing a peculiar species of flirtation. Platonic attachments, whatever their real origin may be, will scarcely be traced in the pages of Plato; and the rights of woman, as they are advocated in the Republic, are sadly deficient in the essential points of free love and elective affinity. The appearance of a real Platonic woman in the midst of a caucus of such female agitators as those who were lately engaged in stumping with singular ill success the American States of the West would, we imagine, give a somewhat novel turn to the discussion, and strip of a good deal of adoring admiration the philosopher in whom strong-minded woman has of late found a patron and friend. Plato is a little too logical and too fond of stating plain facts in plain words to suit the Miss Hominy who would put the legs of every pianoforte in petticoats, and if the Platonic woman were to prove as outspoken as her inventor, the conference would, we fear, come abruptly to an end. But if once the difficulty of decorum could be got over, some instruction and no little amusement might be derived from the inquiry, which the discussion would open, as to how far the modern attitude of woman fulfils the dreams of her favourite philosopher.

The institution of Ladies' Colleges is a sufficient proof that woman has arrived at Plato's conception of an identity of education for the two sexes. Professors, lectures, class-rooms, note-books, the whole machinery of University teaching, is at her disposal. Logic and the long-envied classics are in the curriculum. Governesses are abolished, and the fair girl-graduates may listen to the sterner teachings of academical tutors. It is amusing to see how utterly discomfited the new Professor generally is when he comes in sight of his class. He feels that he must be interesting, but he is haunted above all with the sense that he must be proper. He remembers that when, in reply to the lady principal's inquiry how he liked his class, he answered, with the strictest intellectual reference, that they were "charming," the stern matron suggested that another adjective would perhaps be more appropriate. He felt his whole moral sense as a teacher ebbing away. In the case of men he would insist on a thorough treatment of his subject, and would avoid sentiment and personal details as insults to their intelligence; but what is he to do with rows of pretty faces that grow black as he touches upon the dialectic of Socrates, but kindle into life and animation when he depicts the sage's snub nose? Anecdotes, pretty stories, snatches of poetical quotation, slip in more and more as the students perceive and exercise

their power. Men, too, are either intelligent or unintelligent, but the unhappy Professor at a Ladies' College soon perceives that he has to deal with a class of minds which are both at once. A luckless gentleman, after lecturing for forty minutes, found that the lecture had been most carefully listened to and reproduced in the note-books, but with the trifling substitution in every instance of the word "Phœnician" for "Venetian." Above all, he is puzzled with the profuse employment of these note-books. To the Platonic girl her note-book takes the place of the old-fashioned diary. It is scribbled down roughly at the lecture and copied out fairly at night. It used to be a frightful thought that every evening, before retiring to rest, the girl with whom one had been chatting intended seriously to probe the state of her heart and set down her affections in black and white; but it is hardly less formidable to imagine her refusing to lay her head on her pillow before she has finished her fair copy of the battle of Salamis. The universality of female studies, too, astounds the teacher who is fresh from the world of man; he stands aghast before a girl who is learning four languages at once, besides attending courses on logic, music, and the use of the globes. This omnivorous appetite for knowledge he finds to co-exist with a great weakness in the minor matters of spelling, and a profound indifference to the simplest rules of grammar. We do not wonder then at Professors being a little shy of Ladies' Colleges; nor is it less easy to see why the Platonic theory of education has taken so little with girls themselves. After all, the grievance of which they complain has its advantages. The worst of bores is restrained by courtesy from boring you if you give him no cue for further conversation, and the plea of utter ignorance which an English girl can commonly advance on any subject is at any rate a defence against the worst pests of society. On the other hand, the ingenious confession that she really knows nothing about it can be turned by a smile into a prelude to the most engaging conversation, and into an implied flattery of the neatest kind to the favoured being whose superiority is acknowledged. Ignorance, in fact, of this winsome order is one of the stock weapons of the feminine armoury. The man who looks philosophically back after marriage to discover why on earth he is married at all will generally find that the mischief began in the *naïve* confession on the part of his future wife of a total ignorance which asked humbly for enlightenment. One of the grandest *coups* we ever knew made in this way was effected by a desire on the part of a faded beauty to know the pedigree of a horse. The pride of her next neighbour at finding himself the possessor of knowledge on any subject on earth took the form of the most practical gratitude a man can show. But it is not before marriage only that woman finds her ignorance act as a charm. Husbands find pleasure in talking politics to their wives simply because, as they stand on the hearthrug, they are displaying their own mental superiority. An Englishman likes to be master in his own house, but he dearly loves to be schoolmaster. A Platonic woman as well-informed as her husband would deprive him of this daily source of domestic enjoyment; his lecture would be reduced to discussion, and to discussion in which he might be defeated. To rob him of his oracular infallibility might greatly improve the husband, but it would revolutionize the character of the home.

It is difficult to see at first sight any analogy between the Puritanical form of flirtation which calls itself a Platonic attachment, and the provisions by which Plato excluded all peculiar love or matrimonial choice from his commonwealth. The likeness is really to be found in the resolve on which both are based to obtain all the advantages of social intercourse between the sexes without the interference of passion. In a well-regulated State, no doubt, passion is a bore, and this is just the aspect which it takes to a highly regulated woman. An outburst of affection on the part of her numerous admirers would break up a very pleasant circle, and put an end to some charming conversations. On the other hand, the quiet sense of some special relationship, the faint odour of a passion carefully sealed up, gives a piquancy and flavour to social friendship which mere association wants. Very frequently such a relation forms an admirable retreat from stormier experiences in the past, and the tender grace of a day that is dead hangs pleasantly enough over the days that remain. But the Platonic woman proper, in this sense, is the spinster of five-and-thirty. She is clever enough to know that the day for inspiring grand passions is gone by, but that there is still nothing ridiculous in mingling a little sentiment with her friendly relations. She moves in maiden meditation fancy free, but the vestal flame of her life is none the more sullied for a slight tinge of earthly colour. It is a connexion that is at once interesting, undefined, and perfectly safe. It throws a little poetry over life to know that one being is cherishing a perfectly moral and carefully toned down attachment for another, which will last for years, but never exceed the bounds of a smile and a squeeze of the hand. Animals in the lowest scale of life are notoriously the hardest to kill, and it is just this low vitality, as it were, of Platonic attachment that makes it so perfectly indestructible. Its real use is in keeping up a sort of minute irrigation of a good deal of human ground which would be barren without it. These little tricklings of affection, so small as not to disturb one's sleep or to drive one to compose a single sonnet, keep up a certain consciousness of attraction, and beget a corresponding return of kindness and good temper towards the world around. A woman who has once given up the hope of being loved is a nuisance to everybody. But the Platonic woman need never give up her hope of being loved; she

has reduced affection to a minimum, but from its very minuteness there is little or no motive to snap the bond, and with time habit makes it indestructible.

One Christian body, we believe—the Moravians—still carries out the principle of Plato's ideal state in giving woman no choice in the selection of a spouse. The elders arrange their matches as the wise men of the Republic were wont to do. A friend of ours once met six young women going out to some Northern settlement of the Moravians with a view to marriage. "What is your husband's name?" he asked one. "I don't know; I shall find out when I see him," she answered. But we have heard of only one State which realizes Plato's theory as to the equal participation of woman in man's responsibilities as well as in his privileges, and that is the kingdom of Dahomey. If women were to learn and govern like men, Plato argued, women must fight like men, and the Amazons of Dahomey fight like very terrible men indeed. But we have as yet heard of no military grievance on the part of injured woman. She has not yet discovered the hardship of being deprived of a commission, or denied the Victoria Cross. No Miss Faithful has challenged woman's right to glory by the creation of a corps of riflewomen. Even Dr. Mary Walker, though she could boast of having gone through the American war, went through it with a scalpel, and not with a sword. We are far from attributing this peaceful attitude of modern woman, inferior though it be to the Platonic ideal, to any undue physical sensitiveness to danger, or to inability for deeds of daring; we attribute it simply to a sense that there is a warfare which she is discharging already, and with the carrying on of which any more public exertions would interfere. Woman alone keeps up the private family warfare which in the earlier stages of society required all the energies of man. It is a field from which man has completely retired, and which would be left wholly vacant were it not occupied by woman. The stir, the jostling, the squabbling of social life, are all her own. We owe it to her that the family existence of England does not rot in mere inaction and peace. The guerilla warfare of house with house, the fierce rivalry of social circle with social circle, the struggle for precedence, the jealousies and envyings and rancours of every day—these are things which no man will take a proper interest in, and which it is lucky that woman can undertake for him. The Platonic woman of to-day may not march to the field or storm the breach, but she is unequalled in outmanoeuvring a rival, in forcing an entrance into society, in massacring an enemy's reputation, in carrying off matrimonial spoil. In war, then, as in education and the affections, modern woman has developed the spirit without copying the form of the Platonic ideal. After all superficial contrasts have been exhausted, she may still claim the patronage of the philosopher of Academe.

#### HORSEFLESH.

IT seems that the sect of horse-eaters is gaining ground. A feast which shocked even the hardened consciences of butchers has been held in this metropolis. Stalwart and greasy citizens, who thought nothing of writing out their bills quickly and adding twopence a pound, trembled at the proposed sacrilege of immolating the faithful friend and companion of man. Cooks held to the good old orthodox principles of their art, and despised the horse-devourers as heartily as the regular practitioners despise a homoeopath or the members of the true Church a heretic. The zeal of the rising sect has triumphed over these obstacles, and their victory is of good omen for all who would add to the very limited catalogue of animals which have at present the honour of supplying our tables. Oxen, sheep, and pigs, it is said, what more can man require? Nothing but pigs, sheep, and oxen. That a breach has been made in the walls of ancient prejudice must be a topic of unmixed satisfaction. Whilst we were sighing for the day—necessarily remote—at which a haunch of eland might grace the tables of the rich, here is a new fountain of supply springing up, as it were, under our very feet. Another chapter will have to be added to the history of horses. The noble creature who has won prizes in his youthful strength, and sunk in his old age to the Hansom cab, will no longer finish his inglorious career at the knacker's yard, but will rise like the fabulous phoenix to smoke upon our tables. To add a new meat to the articles of civilized consumption is almost as great a triumph as to invent a new pleasure.

The most curious thing about the proposed reform is the strength of the prejudice by which it was opposed. Assuming that horseflesh is really a savoury and nutritious food, why should any one object to eat it? The purely sentimental objection is obviously trifling. If, according to the established metaphor, it could be regarded as the introduction of the thin end of the wedge, as the first step in a progress which must ultimately land us in cannibalism, there would be substantial reasons for objecting; but the gulf between man and horse is still incomparably greater than that between horse and sheep. To venture upon monkeys might be rash; we should be, as it were, bridging the chasm, and might proceed through niggers towards the Caucasian race. But if we stop well on the other side of the quadrumanous genera, there need be no serious apprehensions as to the end of our career. Cases, indeed, may be put in which horse-eating would seem to indicate a hard heart. We cannot but feel a certain commiseration for the pony—the faithful servant of eighteen years—who bore his master up to London in touching unconsciousness that he was hastening to his own doom. Putting aside such accidental aggra-

vations of the feast, it is plain that the only objection to eating horseflesh is that mankind have not habitually eaten it before. Yet when we say "only," we are forgetting how powerful an objection that is. Although we have ceased to distinguish between clean and unclean meats, and are as ready to eat animals that don't divide the hoof as those that do, the prejudices connected with different kinds of food are as strong and unreasonable as if they were founded on a religious superstition. When it was part of an Englishman's duty, as expounded by Nelson, to hate the French as he did the devil, the most hideous feature in their national character was conceived to be the eating of frogs. The disgust with which the British public regarded another race, because they were more enlightened in the art of cookery than themselves, was truly characteristic, and is perhaps not quite extinct. We, again, have ourselves a reputation, which precedes us in countries where no other fact is known about us, for consuming raw beefsteaks. A mass of bleeding meat is offered to the English traveller in remote parts of Europe, as complacently as it would be tendered to a hyena. Nothing, in short, is more indelibly connected with the foreigner's ideal of any race than their national proclivities in the way of food. That Germans eat sauer-kraut and drink Bavarian beer is the first answer, and sometimes the only answer, to an inquiry from the ordinary Englishman as to the manners and customs of Fatherland. The Russians of popular belief are brought up upon train-oil; Dutchmen, according to the type of all their race, are supposed to drink brandy and water gaily; and Americans are rapidly becoming known more as the consumers of cocktails, cobbleries, and other compounds than as citizens of the United States. The lowest depth of human degradation is marked by the indulgence of certain Australian tribes in grubs, if the South American Indians who fill their stomachs with dirt do not touch a point still lower in the scale. We may admit that there is something really disgusting about this last habit; but the curious thing about these dietary prejudices is that for the most part they are purely arbitrary and senseless. If the Chinese eat puppy-pies—an act the false imputation of which is the bitterest possible insult to an English bargee—it is so much the better for the Chinese; they have one more source of innocent enjoyment. The English poor, again, lose a tangible benefit by their aversion to fish, and have nothing to show for it in return. The disgust may in some cases be caused by an erroneous belief that the rejected food is poisonous, but in the majority it is simply a violent, unreasoning detestation of any one who does anything which we have not been in the habit of doing. It is the belief that our own habits are part of the eternal order of nature, and that anything that differs from them is not only wrong, but disgusting. A gentleman who went to Paris after the peace of 1814 complained that the French soldiers had blue uniforms, which, he added, was absurd, "except in the case of the artillery or the blue horse." He believed, that is, that not only the rule, but the accidental exceptions, of the English practice were the standard to which all mankind should conform. It is a parallel case that we think all nations disgusting who eat any kind of fungus except the mushroom, and that they are desperately silly if they don't eat that; whereas nearly all kinds are equally healthy.

The extreme energy of these food antipathies is probably connected with another fact, which we have sometimes occasion to notice. None of our senses have a greater power in recalling mental associations than the sense of taste. Every one may probably recall instances within his own personal experience. There is a common instance which recurs every time we cross the Channel. The sight of a different style of architecture or dress, and the sound of a different language, remind us that we are in foreign parts; but the associations which come through the eye or ear are scarcely so vivid as those which assail us through the palate. A taste of a cutlet and a glass of *vin ordinaire* at the French refreshment-room transports our imaginations most effectually to the memories of past journeys, and enables us to realize most vividly the fact that we are once more out of England. Other tastes or smells will make us take an imaginary voyage to remote corners of the world, or back to the days of childhood. They vary with each person's individual experience, and it is, therefore, difficult to give instances of general application. It may be said that any one who as a boy has been treated to black doses, according to the terrible old fashion, might fly back to his childhood on the wings (to use a bold metaphor) of a little salts and senna with a magical rapidity. And any one who has devoured green figs, say, in the Italian valleys of the Alps, has it in his power to call up the pleasures of lounging upon the shores of Como or Orta whenever figs are again coming into season. There is something at first sight prosaic and humiliating in the strength of these stomachic associations, and yet they may supply raw material for the poet. We may find an instance in one of the most exquisite stanzas in the English language, which breathes the very essence of genuine poetry. In Keats's Ode to the Nightingale we read:—

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance and Provençal song and sun-burnt mirth!

That is to say, the poet revives the fading associations of mirth, and the country, and flowers, and so on, by the instrumentality of the taste of a cup of wine. The truth of the appeal will be felt by many who have not the power of calling into distinct consciousness such charming fancies; but the closeness with which associations cohere to certain smells and tastes is a matter of uni-



versal experience, and has no doubt been appreciated at this season of mince-pies. The truth would seem at first to open a whole new sphere to the culinary art. Why should a cook minister only to sensualists, and not appeal indirectly to our higher faculties? If cooks had the genius of Keats, might not a bill of fare be really a poem as well as a transitory gratification to our palates? An epic poem is probably beyond their art, as indeed it seems to be beyond the art of the present race of poets in sounds instead of tastes. But they might compose a sonnet, or at least a convivial song, by means of dishes. From this point of view the consumption of horseflesh would be of more importance than we can detect at first sight. With the ordinary dishes we can have few poetical associations. A pig or a sheep seems only to recall to us visions of our hideous butchers' shops, or at most of farmyards and pigsties; though even here, by the way, we must admit that Charles Lamb's essay upon sucking-pig opens possibilities which have been too much disregarded. But our associations with the horse are of a nobler nature. It should bring back to us visions of Epsom Downs, or of gallops across country, possibly of the Balaklava charge. Could a man eat a horse which had taken part in that deed of heroism without feeling some of the spirit which animated the immortal six hundred? When a savage eats part of the enemy who has opposed him in some well-contested fight, he believes that some of the bravery of his deceased antagonist passes through his stomach into his own organization. Beliefs become the proper material for poetry when they pass from this positive stage into the region of fancy, or of half-accepted beliefs; and on this principle we might please our imaginations by the thought that the gallant animal whose flesh we are assimilating had on former occasions shown all the virtues—and they are by no means trifling—which fall to the lot of the equine race.

The objections to this brilliant vision are, we fear, fatal to any wide application of the theory. A taste gives us a more intense, but a narrower, pleasure than a sight or a sound. As a rule, our minds stop at the fact that our food is nice or nasty. And this is the very fact that causes the occasional and accidental associations which it evokes to be so powerful. The coherence of the impression upon the senses and the mental operation is so intense, because it is unique. A particular sight or sound leads us off into innumerable trains of thought; but the taste is probably associated with some one or two past passages in our life, which it therefore recalls with undeviating accuracy. The taste of the mince-pie, for example, recalls dinners about Christmas time, and recalls nothing else. The sight of its outside may suggest innumerable reflections, because it is by the eye that we generally judge of the properties of any objects; and we may go off into trains of thought about its colour and its consistency, about paste in general, about the art of cooking, and so on, which are only indirectly connected with mince-pies. Again, the associations which a taste suggests are apt to be peculiar to the individual. We remember that we have tasted mince-pies at Christmas, but a Jew or a Mahomedan will be unaffected by the recollections which appeal to us. So, too, a particular food recalls to one man his school-days, to another a journey to foreign lands, and to a third some totally different train of thought. Hence the culinary poet cannot rely with certainty upon the materials of his art. The taste may be the same to every man, but the secondary or mental impression may probably vary in every particular case. Hence, as we have already seen, arises the disgust with which one class of people regards a kind of food which is duly appreciated by another. It has become associated with certain ideas of disgust or pleasure by a purely arbitrary process, the vigour of which is as remarkable as its total want of any foundation except an accidental association. We have not space to pursue this theory into any detailed applications, and we must end by commending it to the meditations of persons who have leisure for psychological investigation. One problem we may suggest for the special benefit of the horse-eaters, with the frank confession that we have not been able to solve it to our own satisfaction. It is a special felicity, as we know, of the English language, that meats have a different name from flesh; that ox becomes beef, sheep mutton, and pig pork. Would it be well to introduce a new name for horseflesh, which, in accordance with precedent, would be a name of French origin? The question is whether, by doing so, we should surround it with more pleasing associations. On the one hand, there is undoubtedly a sentiment that horseflesh is properly food for dogs, and we should turn the flank of this difficulty. On the other hand, horseflesh in a different sense has already a pleasing sound to large classes of Englishmen, and we might possibly avail ourselves by skilled management of this advantage. The problem is one which requires much reflection, for we know that the name of a thing has much to do with its acceptance.

## THE TWO SWORDS.

### II.

WE remarked in a former article that all the earlier theories with regard to the temporal and spiritual powers go on the supposition that the whole community is of one mind in religion. The theory of Dante looks on the Church and the Empire as two aspects of one society; a citizen of the Empire who was not also a member of the Church would be a contradiction in terms. Nor did the Old-English practice—for we cannot suspect our forefathers of a theory—ever contemplate the possibility of a man who

should willingly accept the jurisdiction of the Earl, but conscientiously refuse the jurisdiction of the Bishop. In those days the existence of dissent was hardly a practical question, and men troubled themselves but little with questions which were not practically urgent. None rejected the universal creed save those who here and there claved to the old idolatry, and the old idolatry was rigidly forbidden. Cnut would have made short work of any stiff-necked follower who had, on the principles of toleration, pleaded for leave to worship Odin according to the dictates of his conscience. In the great later time of change, when difference of religious opinion was the great fact of the day, the legal duty of a loyal Englishman was simply to accept the religion of the reigning Sovereign. A good subject under Henry the Eighth accepted the mass without the Pope; under Edward he eschewed both; under Mary he took back the mass and, after a while, the Pope to boot; and under Elizabeth he gave both of them up again. The law on religious matters was always changing, but the doctrine was not yet broached that any class of people could, on conscientious grounds, obtain an exemption from the law. Wherever the spiritual power was placed, in the Pope or the King or the Bishops, or anywhere else, no one doubted that it extended over every human creature in the land. In the Tudor theory a Bishop was reduced to be little more than a magistrate acting by commission from the Crown. But his jurisdiction, within its own province, could be as little refused by any subject of the realm as the jurisdiction of any other magistrate. His Court might be narrowly watched by one temporal tribunal and be made subject to an appeal to another; but within the limits thus allowed it, it had authority over all persons within the realm, and its sentences might involve civil as well as ecclesiastical penalties. The spiritual sword might be held in mere vassalage of the temporal ruler; still it was a real sword, and could be freely used to smite any man in the realm. The whole legislation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries goes on the principle—the very principle of Dante—that Church and State are the same society, and that the dissident of any sort is an offender against the State who ought to be chastised by civil penalties. The original toleration of William the Third is simply an exemption. The general principle of the illegality of Dissent is in no way given up; only such Dissenters as are willing to comply with certain conditions are exempted from the penalties which otherwise would be the regular result of their Dissent. Those who will not comply with those conditions are left to the ordinary operation of the law. A line is still drawn beyond which toleration does not extend; the Unitarian, for instance, reaps no sort of benefit from the concession. Henry, Edward, Mary, Elizabeth each imposed a creed on their subjects, and punished any departure from that creed. William did the like; the creed which he prescribed was a laxer one, but it still remained penal to depart from it. Or, to speak more accurately, his legislation first presented a creed for everybody, and then winked at deviation to a certain extent, but only to a certain extent. The identity of Church and State here receives a very serious practical blow, but the theory is not touched.

In fact, our whole system of legislation and legal language goes on the old principle that the Church of England is, and must be, co-extensive with the people of England. Dissent legally exists, and is legally acknowledged; it is often necessary in legislating on mixed subjects to recognise the fact that there are different religious communions in the land; but no one would find it out from any purely ecclesiastical legislation or any purely ecclesiastical process. When we legislate directly about bishoprics, chapters, parishes, anything of the kind, we legislate just as if a rival Bishop or priest were as impossible now as it was in the fifteenth century. We ignore all churches, all orders, all spiritual functions of any kind, save those of the spiritual body which is still held to be co-extensive with the temporal body of the nation. The jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts is narrowly watched by the civil courts, but nobody is exempted from their jurisdiction, and we suspect that they might still, if they chose, make themselves not a little annoying without sinning against the letter of the law. A tradition which once was true has been handed down to times in which it is no longer true. The Queen is Supreme Governor of the Church, because she is Supreme Governor of the nation, and the Church and the nation are the same. Parliament legislates for the Church, not only by reason of its inherent omnipotence, but also because it is the Legislature of the nation, and the Church and the nation are the same. But all this while we know perfectly well that the Church and the nation are not the same. Many members of the nation are not members of the Church, and the law upholds them in not being so. We have in fact, after so many hundred years, come back to the state of things which existed for the first few years after the first preaching of Christianity. Our different religious bodies do not differ so widely, but the principle of the thing is exactly the same, as when some men in Kent worshipped Christ and others worshipped Woden, and when King Æthelberht had the sense to tolerate both.

In this state of things, the legislation which was meant for one object serves another which is quite different. A traditional way of speaking and acting, handed down from times when the Church and the nation were one, has, now that the Church and nation are no longer one, an effect which strikes different minds in different ways. In the eyes of one set of people, one religious community out of several is picked out to be exalted and privileged to the prejudice of the others. In the eyes of another set of people, one religious community among several is picked out to be interfered

with and shackled in its action in a way in which none of the others is. Each of these views is in a certain sense true. The worldly statesman will probably say that the state of things described by each is not only true but wholesome. As in most other cases, a state of things which on the whole works well has come about through a variety of historic accidents. The position of the Established Church may be logically indefensible, the grounds on which it is commonly attacked and commonly defended may be alike historically false; still there it is; it exists; it has come to be what it is through the ordinary operation of historical causes; and, being what it is, it does its main work very well, better probably than if it were reformed according to the notions of either extreme class of objectors.

At the same time it is not to be denied that some of the results of the existing system are very odd. Ireland is of course a totally different case from England, as in Ireland the endowed and privileged Church is the Church of the minority, a Church whose existence is a memorial of the conquest and degradation of the mass of the people. Still the case of Ireland is only the general case of an Establishment exaggerated, perverted, reduced *ad absurdum*, or whatever we may please to call it. In Ireland, as in England, one religious body is picked out for privilege or for bondage as we may choose to call it. The late manifesto of the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops is something which we could not conceive proceeding from any class of men except one in their peculiar position. It could be put forward only in a land where there is an Established Church, but by persons who were not members of that Church. Take away whatever in it is either distinctly Irish or distinctly Roman Catholic. Conceive both its tone and its matter very much sobered down. Still such an open denunciation of the Government of the country could hardly have been put forward in any other state of things. It is not the sort of document which would be put forth in times when Church and State really acted as two forms of one society. It could not be put forth in the times when the State had absorbed the Church, or when the Church seemed likely to absorb the State, say under Henry the Eighth or under Charles the First. In either of these cases it could not emanate from the heads of the National Church, and no rival body was allowed from which anything could emanate. We need hardly say that it could not have been put forth by the prelates of an Established Church like our own. But it is just as impossible to be put forth by any body of prelates, Roman Catholic or Protestant, in a country like the United States, where all creeds are on a perfect level. It is possible only in a state of things where one Church is dominant, but where a rival Church exists. In past times the only case where anything of the sort would have been possible would have been during the great struggles between the Church and the Empire, and even then it would have been difficult to get the adhesion of the whole Prelacy of any one nation to a document of the kind.

From the fiercest of all manifestoes turn to the mildest—to the Pastoral which lately came forth from the Bishops assembled at Lambeth. It is equally hard to see why that assembly should have been so fiercely abused on one side, or why so much good should have been expected from it on the other. But anyhow it gives us an useful lesson in the relations of the spiritual and temporal powers. Some people seemed to fancy that it was a wicked and presumptuous thing in the Bishops to meet at all; others seemed to think that, when they met, they would be able to do something. Both notions were alike unreasonable; it was in the nature of their position to be able to do whatever they pleased, provided they did not try to do anything. It was impossible that anything on which the assembled Bishops agreed could have any kind of authority, for the simple reason that certain of them belonged to a Church which, having once been co-extensive with a nation, is dealt with as if it were co-extensive with the nation still. There seems nothing to hinder the Episcopal Churches of Scotland and the United States from agreeing to establish some common authority whose decisions shall be as binding as the decisions of the highest authorities in those several Churches are now. That is to say, its decisions would be binding on the consciences of those who accepted its authority. But the Church of England cannot, even if it wished, join in any such fraternity, because, having once been the nation, all its actions are regulated by the national authority. It cannot join in free action with other bodies with which it is in full spiritual communion, because it can be legislated for only by a body many of whose members are not in communion with itself.

It is natural for zealous Churchmen to look on this state of things as a hardship. It is equally natural for men who take a more general view of things to answer that the National Church is now an instrument of vast national good, far greater than it could be if its action were more unshackled. The real hardship comes out in the colonies. There, where there are no traditions of past times, no old foundations and endowments, nothing of any sort to destroy or disturb, it does seem strange that all sects should not have, just as in the United States, a fair field and no favour. Considering the variety of judgments which the highest legal authorities have pronounced as to the colonial Churches, we may be excused for not knowing what the law on such matters is. But why should there be any law at all? Why should the notion of the Royal Supremacy, which belongs only to an utterly different state of things, be brought into the question? Why should the civil power, either in England or in the colonies, interfere with ecclesiastical disputes at all, except when civil

rights are incidentally touched? The civil power must exercise the jurisdiction which the heathen Emperor Aurelian exercised between two rival parties of Christians. If there be a piece of ground covered by a building called Natal Cathedral, the civil court, and the civil court alone, must determine in whom the freehold of that piece of ground is legally vested. The courts of the State of New York must, in the nature of things, exercise the same jurisdiction if two rival rectors and congregations should dispute the possession of Trinity Church, New York. Further than this, it is not easy to see why there may not be a dozen Bishops and Deans at Natal, consecrating, excommunicating, and depriving as they think good, the civil power simply taking care that no man's civil rights shall be wrongfully touched by any of their acts. Why should a Bishop at Natal or Cape Town have any Royal Letters Patent at all? The legal decision seems to show that such letters cannot confer any coercive jurisdiction like that of an English ecclesiastical court, that they cannot in fact give to the holder the full powers of an English Bishop. For this purpose they are useless, and for purely spiritual purposes they are needless. The Bishops of Edinburgh and New York are recognised as such by those persons in Scotland or in New York who conscientiously admit their spiritual authority; to every one else they are nobody, entitled to nothing beyond the decent respect which any right-minded person will show to a respectable minister of religion of any kind. What reason is there on either side why the Bishops of Natal and Capetown should not be satisfied with exactly the same position? In such a state of things it would seem natural that the Two Swords should be kept perfectly distinct; let the spiritual sword be wielded with all freedom, provided only that it be forged of metal so tempered that its edge cannot inflict the slightest temporal wound.

#### PAUPERISM IN THE EAST OF LONDON.

WHATEVER else is proved by the letters and discussions on East-end distress which each winter brings us, they certainly prove very clearly that there is a London about which the ordinary Londoner is utterly ignorant—we mean the London beyond Aldgate Pump. The very term East-end, indeed, is one of those convenient nouns of multitude that serve to mass together the silk-weavers of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, the dock-labourers of Stepney and Limehouse, the shipbuilding yards of Poplar, and the chemical manufactories of Bow. In a population of over a million of people it is obvious that there must be a thousand gradations of occupation, of habits, of resources which would confound the benevolent persons to whose view the East-end is but the casual ward of the metropolis. All that such people know of it is summed up in the annual winter's cry of distress. Christmas after Christmas brings the same appeal to public charity, the same plea of want of employment, of starvation, of death. Every year the appeal is more generously responded to, but the cry grows louder with the response. Charity—benevolence, that is, with other people's money—has become the winter business of the East-end. The clergy multiply their staff of district-visitors, their soup-kitchens, and their coal-tickets. The shopkeepers see no reason why the golden shower should fall only on clerical Danes, and organize committees for receiving and dispensing it. With so many hands ready to distribute, it is no wonder that the cry for resources to fill them grows louder and louder. One benevolent Association announces that it will want 2,000*l.* a month, another proposes to raise 50,000*l.* for the winter, a journal of some note suggests that the amount shall be doubled. There are at last some signs that the increasing extravagance of the relief proposed is beginning to startle those who were among the first to suggest it. Even the *Times* hints at caution, and condescends to remember the existence of the New Poor-law. It is certainly time to remember it when an indiscriminate and profuse system of almsgiving is undoing all the good which the law has done, and reviving the pauperism which its purpose was to destroy. For it is not so much poverty that is increasing in the East as pauperism, the want of industry, of thrift, of self-reliance—qualities which the legislation of thirty years ago has ever since then been with difficulty producing among the poor, but which melt and vanish in a couple of winters before the certainty of "money from the West."

The Poor-laws, we are told, are on their trial; and, in the extreme instance of East London distress, it is more than hinted that the trial is going against them. The rates, already oppressive, cannot be raised without reducing the poorer ratepayers to the level of pauperism; the administration of relief is harsh and inefficient; the Guardians themselves are unfit to cope with an emergency of an unusual character. It is plain on the very face of the question that sweeping charges such as these are simply illustrations of the confusion we have referred to, which muddles up the different districts of the East-end into one uniform mass of degradation and poverty. There is as great a difference between the rating or the administration of the Poor-law in one locality and another as there is between a parish in the East and a parish in the West. Grant, however, that the Poor-law is on its trial; before condemning it in favour of the old system of pauperizing almsgiving it is surely necessary to put it fairly on its trial. It can hardly be said that this has been even attempted. The greatest defect, for instance, of the whole system in the East-end lies in the composition of the Boards of Guardians. We are not going to



meer at shopkeepers, or to deny that, taken as a whole, the administration of the Poor-law in the districts we are speaking of has been fairly efficient. But it must be owned that it has signally failed in winning public confidence or respect. The Guardians, in fact, do their best to destroy both. Week after week charges of peculation, of favouritism, of fraud ring across the table of the Board; meetings break up in disorder, after hours of noisy squabble. Occasionally a Guardian resents the vigilance of the medical inspector by threatening him with a personal castigation in the hall. A recent trial before the Court of Queen's Bench threw a somewhat unpleasant light on the inner harmony of the Board of Bethnal Green. The Master of the Workhouse was charged with a series of gross improprieties, and in the course of the investigation into these charges the Guardians seem to have amused themselves with a charming exchange of libels, which ended in an appeal to the law. We are, of course, not in the least concerned with the question whether one Guardian was bribed with a loan of money from the Master, or whether another was rightly called a "mountebank" and a "sweep." But it is obvious that scenes like these—and they are of weekly occurrence—are not calculated to win the confidence of the public in a system which Boards such as this administer. But their social composition, were they ever so well conducted, would deprive them of the sympathy of the poor. No class is so thoroughly hostile to the actual wage-receivers as the lowest of the middle-classes, and it is from this stratum that the bulk of the East-end Guardians are drawn. It is not that they are naturally cruel, but that they are in their daily life brought into hourly conflict with those they employ, and they bring the habits of their life to the Board-room. Mingled with this, too, there is a great deal of sheer ignorance. It would be impossible, for instance, to understand why the local vestries are so unanimous in opposing the inspection of lodging-houses, if one did not read in their debates that vestrymen exist who believe that overcrowding "keeps people warm in the cold weather." Still, what is wanted is not so much a transference of their functions to other hands as the introduction of an element of higher social and intellectual character; and this Mr Hardy's Bill proposed to effect by placing in the hands of the Government the right of nominating a certain number of members on each Board. No provision in the Bill seemed more important, or was welcomed with greater applause, but the quiet influence of the Guardians, exercised through the pressure of the Metropolitan members, has sufficed to neutralize the intentions of the Legislature. Not an ex-officio member has been named, and the Boards meet the emergency of the present winter with the same personalities, narrowness, and ignorance as before.

It is singular that, so far as the East-end is concerned—for we believe ex-officio Guardians have been nominated in the West—the Government should have abstained from taking the one great step which its own legislation enabled it to take towards a better administration of the Poor-laws. But no change in the staff of administrators would diminish the actual pressure of the distress, and it must be owned in justice to the present boards that the task they have to discharge is an almost impossible one. We are not going to discuss here the vexed question of the equalization of rates; but it is no wonder if, cooped up as it were helplessly with their own poverty, East-end Guardians stand aghast at the increase of their burdens. The winter has not as yet been a worse one, nor in some ways so bad a one as its predecessor, but it comes weighted with the accumulated pauperism of the past year. We take but a single instance, and that the worst. Bethnal Green is, of course, in the van of the distress; and in Bethnal Green the rate for the present quarter is eighteen-pence in the pound, while the rate for the next quarter is expected to reach one and nine-pence, or even two shillings. Legislation, political as well as social, has added to the existing difficulties of their position. The personal payment of rates, for instance, whether ultimately destined to succeed or not, is at present a total failure. In Mile-End there were 1,600 cases of appeal or excuse, and the collectors report that the rate simply cannot be got in. In Bethnal Green, where the houses compounded for were more than three-fourths of the whole, the mass of the new ratepayers refuse absolutely to pay. Much of this difficulty is no doubt merely temporary. The landlords have everywhere taken advantage of the change to raise the rents, and the artisan class are certainly able as a body to contribute far more than they actually do to the burdens of the locality and the State. For the present, however, their attitude increases greatly the difficulties of the Guardians; while Mr Hardy's Bill of last Session has for the moment doubled their expenses. It transferred, indeed, the charges of the sick and insane to the common fund, but the proposals for union with adjacent districts with which it was accompanied have broken down, while the Poor-law Board is urging on the Guardians the necessity for increased expenditure in new schools, separate infirmaries, and dispensaries. The cost of these erections is necessarily large. The Infirmary for St. George's in the East will probably cost 30,000*l.*; the outgoings for the various buildings needed in Bethnal Green will fall little short of 50,000*l.* No one disputes the excellence of Mr Hardy's Bill, or the necessity for this temporary expenditure; but, though temporary, it falls at a most unlucky time.

It is possible that the great exigency of the case has in fact pressed itself on the attention of the Government; and, without building too much on the cautious expressions of Lord Devon, we may perhaps be warranted in expecting some effort for the relief of dis-

tricts such as those which we have named. The full development at any rate of the resources of the present Poor-law is necessary before we can say that it is fairly on its trial. Certainly it is necessary before we can decide that it has failed. For the truth ought to be faced, that the acknowledgment of its failure practically throws us back on the old system of almsgiving which the new Poor-law purposed to supersede, and whose effects in pauperizing vast masses of our population we can hardly yet have forgotten. We cannot ourselves echo the boast of Archbishop Whately that he had never given a penny to a public beggar, but the boast was founded on a true conception of public benevolence. What is now being done is to restore the doles of the middle ages. The greater number of the East-end clergy have converted themselves into relieving officers. Sums of enormous magnitude are annually collected and dispensed by them either personally or through district-visitors, nine-tenths of whom are women, and the bulk silly and ignorant women. A hundred different agencies for the relief of distress are at work over the same ground, without concert or co-operation, or the slightest information as to each other's exertions, and the result is an unparalleled growth of imposition, mendicancy, and sheer shameless pauperism. Families avowedly refuse to "lay by" in summer because they know that with winter money will flow down from the West. What is really being effected by all this West-end liberality is the paralysis of all local self-help. There are few spots in the East of London where some large employers are not reaping enormous fortunes from these very masses of the poor whom they employ. Upon them primarily should rest the responsibility of relieving this distress. But these, and the ground landlords to whom this very pressure of population brings wealth, have little motive for exertion in the face of this "money from the West." The tradesmen could do something at least, as they proved in the Cholera Committees of a year ago. There are, in fact, considerable local resources, but they can only be obtained by a large system of charity, based on local contributions and dispensed by local agencies. Incomparably the best form which public benevolence could take would be the supplementing the funds which the Boards of Guardians now devote to out-door relief; large committees, covering the same area with the Poor-law district, might co-operate with the Guardians by the relief of cases which their funds were inadequate to meet. The large Cholera Committees which we have referred to worked admirably in this way, eliciting local aid, directing the attention of the neighbourhood to the condition of the poor, discriminating, as none but those acquainted with the actual circumstances of a neighbourhood can, between real poverty and confirmed mendicancy.

Bodies of this kind would practically meet and supply the acknowledged defects of the present system—defects which it is far easier to acknowledge than to remedy. They would seek out those cases of retiring distress which the Guardians themselves own to be the most deserving of relief, but which, in fact, never come before the Board. An infusion of Poor-law officials into their ranks would bring the experience of the Guardians to bear on all cases of confirmed pauperism or mendicancy, while it would enable the Board to recommend for supplementary relief such cases as, from legal impediments, it was unable adequately to support. A more difficult class of cases, those arising from the character of the Labour Test, would fall within its scope. The necessity of a labour test of some kind is beyond question, but it is to be wished that some test could be found which would not permanently degrade the applicant. Oakum-picking and the stone-yard, it is alleged, do this; and there are some trades—the shipwrights, for instance—who would refuse to admit again within their ranks, or to work with, one who had thus qualified himself for parochial relief. As yet we have heard of only two Committees which have been formed on the definite principle, not of superseding, but of supplementing the action of the Poor-laws—one in Mile-End Old Town, which embraces the poverty-stricken district of Stepney; and a second in Bethnal Green, which has originated in the benevolence of Miss Burdett Coutts. The organization which is beginning in Poplar starts on a different basis. There an appeal to public benevolence is openly supported at the Board of Guardians, on the express ground that the Guardians would thus be enabled to throw all distressed needlewomen on these new resources. We are convinced that attempts such as these to shuffle off the local burden of the rates, under the pretence of alleviating poverty, will end in checking the course of public charity altogether. But with the basis of operations which we have sketched out, and an official audit of accounts, we think that an organization of this kind might usefully supplement the system of the Poor-laws. Unless some step of this sort be taken, each winter will accumulate pauperism for the next, and the East of London will be turned into a vast preserve for the benevolent efforts of charitable people of the Mrs. Jellaby type, like the benevolent gentlemen in the *Times* who announced their intention of charging the masses with a loaf in one hand and a bundle of Ryle's tracts in the other.

#### ROAST BEEF.

ONE can conceive of some Japanese visitor to England puzzling himself this week over a very difficult question suggested to him by his observation of our manners and customs. All over the world on Christmas-day, all the British race that can get roast beef, or anything at all like it, make a point of dining upon it. *Omnes eodem cogimur.* Christmas is a bovine festival.

The day and the dish are inseparably connected in idea, and we may be quite certain that there is not a colonist or wanderer, not a soldier, sailor, or adventurer in any part of the globe, who has not made his little effort to keep up the culinary tradition. In an age when the doctrine of nationalities is rising into prominence, and when all politicians and historians are going about distractedly endeavouring to arrive at some clear idea of what a "nationality" is, it is pleasing to be able to feel that the British nationality at all events can everywhere be identified and described by what it eats, or wishes to eat, on Christmas-day. Perhaps the true definition of a nation may be that it is a collection of individuals who take a pride, on solemn occasions, in eating the same thing. If this included nobody else except ourselves, it would at all events include the Jews; and a definition of nationality which applies with perfect truth to as many as two several instances is by no means to be treated with contempt. Englishmen and Englishwomen cannot be said to have any uniformity about their habits or language or dress or origin or religion. No English county is like another, and none of the country districts seem to be inhabited by the same species of human beings as the large towns. The Cockney and the Yorkshire farmer speak a different tongue, and think with a different sort of brains. It is difficult to believe that the agricultural labourer belongs to the same national type as the squire whose hares and pheasants he purloins, and for whom, under the new Reform Bill, he will be expected to give his vote; or that the young Oxford parson and his gaping audience are connected by any tie of blood or family. The ancient Greeks used to be capable of being classified by the temples they built and the gods whose honour they kept up. But the Briton cannot identify his fellow-countrymen even in this way. Some of them believe one thing, some another, and the religious convictions of a large number are so very minute as scarcely to be worth mentioning. It is therefore a consolation, to all those who are prepared to believe in the British nation and in its grand destinies, to observe that the British nation is not a mere dream or delusion, like so many other nationalities; that it has, on the contrary, something tangible about it; and that it manifests its individuality by eating one common dish at Christmas.

How much of the character of English Christmas joviality depends upon the dish, and how much is the result of aboriginal stolidity and good temper, is a question which will be disposed of differently by the admirers and the antagonists of Mr. Buckle. The author of the *History of Civilization* pleased himself and disturbed the pious world by insisting that the history of nations was enormously influenced by their food. And, after all, beef and beer must have had a great deal to say to the result of the battle of Waterloo. Perhaps the fifteen decisive battles of the world—or sixteen, if that is the right number, including Sadown—would never have been won if the sixteen victorious armies had gone without their breakfast on one eventful morning. A soldier is a machine which requires incessant coaling. Give him his fuel regularly, and he will do any work that is wanted of him; but the Austrians in 1859 and the French in 1815 are a proof that the military vigour of an army is at the mercy of its commissariat. It is not impossible that all history, all philosophy, and all morality may be accounted for by examining carefully what nations and individuals respectively eat. A vegetable diet can hardly, in the long run, be expected to produce heroes. "Tell me where you dine," says the old proverb, "and I will tell you what you are." A more unerring index of disposition would be to find out what a man dined upon. If all men fed alike, and fed well, the world would be a Paradise of virtue and happiness. It is only when the pressing wants of nature are satisfied that it becomes possible, or even desirable, according to Aristotle, to lead a purely intellectual life, and it is as difficult perhaps to be virtuous as it is thought to be to jest upon an empty stomach. Nobody who knows anything of human nature would hesitate to believe that the man who has had his roast beef is by so many degrees nearer to the conception of a good and excellent citizen. Vice begins in hunger, and moral worth in repletion. Christmas accordingly is, *prima facie*, the time for good behaviour; and roast beef, in a material sort of way, may be said to represent the great cause of piety and goodness. It is certainly not unsuggestive of the idea of national stability. There must be something in the fact that, not in England only, but elsewhere, the English character and roast beef are supposed to have much in common. The Continental hotelkeeper, as a species of compliment to English tourists, presents his *table d'hôte* every Sunday with what he imagines to be the national viand of the Bulls; and the comedy notion of an English gentleman is still, both in the Parisian and the provincial theatres, that he is a person who will devour large quantities of raw roast beef at the very shortest notice. The Englishman's beef, the Frenchman's frog, the German's sour-kraut, and the Russian's fat, are always considered by general public opinion to form fitting appendages of any national costume, and to suggest characteristic tastes and habits quite as authentic and obvious as the blubber of the Esquimaux. When the world becomes one family, it will doubtless feed out of the same dish; and increased facilities of locomotion have a tendency to assimilate at one and the same time both national character and national diet. It is impossible to predict with certainty what in the long run will be the effect on the British morals of unlimited importations of light French claret; but it is to be hoped that our national rivals on the other side of the Channel will not take to beer and beef just as we

are going in for French cookery and French vintages. If so, the disadvantage at the next battle of Waterloo may be ours. The political or historical importance of adhering to a settled system of edibles and liquids cannot be overrated. Port and Toryism have been, for instance, beautiful in their lives, and it appears that they are fated to expire together. Inductions ought always to be slowly trusted; but it is at any rate evident that Mr. Gladstone's wines and Mr. Gladstone's opinions are contemporary productions, fitted for a popular taste and a cheap market.

There is nothing particularly odd in the fact that eating and drinking at Christmas time should form so prominent a feature in every domestic entertainment. In the first place, eating is a sort of symbol of family unity. The great family bond all over the world is identity of meals. Birds of a feather—it may be asserted safely—peck together. We have been brothers, says the Eastern proverb, we have eaten from the same table. It is very natural that a household should fall back on eating and drinking as the final and most satisfactory sign of complete reunion, and end by doing what they did when they began life. Nothing reminds us so forcibly perhaps of our youth as eating. The happiest hours of infancy and childhood are devoted to the operation; the history of our young appetites, like the history of our young affections, is full of tales of stolen and illicit pleasures, of brief delights, and of delicious excess. Roast beef and plum-pudding to the middle-aged and the sober-minded are only moderate luxuries, but they recall to us vividly the days when to eat largely was to enjoy a pure and unmixed happiness. But there is something more than this at the bottom of the idea of Christmas roast beef. Christmas is a religious as well as a domestic anniversary. And it is very curious to think how at all times and in all places eating and religion have gone hand in hand. The reason is that religion, from the earliest Pagan ages, has usually been a centripetal force. It has bound men together, preserved old ties and old associations, and been, according to circumstances, the uniting principle of the family or the tribe or the State. Common feasts have been uniformly a characteristic ceremony in every creed, heathen or Christian, the only difference being that the Christian feast is of a nobler and a more cosmopolitan character. In most countries religion has been synonymous with the principles of fraternity; in its lower forms it has established caste; in its higher forms it has promoted or developed either patriotism or philanthropy. It is a social tie, and as such has often found itself connected with social gatherings and social festivity. English people are occasionally reproached with an incapacity to be charitable except after dinner. Charitable institutions, it is said, find it no easy matter to get on without an annual banquet; societies and corporations which are the most convivial are also perhaps the most philanthropic and the most bountiful. *In vino caritas* would make quite as good, if not quite as classical, a Latin proverb as *in vino veritas*. But, after all, the true reason is not that wine has a tendency to loosen the strings of the purse as well as of the tongue, or that the heart is warmest when the stomach is full. A more sensible as well as a kindlier account of post-prandial charity is that a dinner is a tie which binds most practical enterprise together. It is the very soul and essence of all association. And, earthly and sensual as it may seem, a charitable dinner is, at all events, a more honest and high-minded proceeding than a charitable bazaar. As for Christmas merry-making, it is clear, from all experience and observation, that it is not only consistent with, but actually productive of, liberality and kindness to the poor. The truth is that the same frame of mind which disposes us to be kindly to our neighbours also inclines us to enjoy the good things of life. Geniality is at the bottom of both. More kindly things have been done by epicures than by stoics, by *bons-vivants* than by vegetarians, by men full than by men fasting. A blazing fire and good wine make men virtuous as well as happy. Comfort at home is twin sister to charity abroad. And we may be excused for entertaining a shrewd suspicion that if ever the time comes when all the world is Scotch, when there is no Christmas, no holly, no snapdragon, and no solemn ceremonial of roast beef and plum-pudding on Christmas evenings, the first people who will suffer will be the poor. The French may, if they please, celebrate the dying year with painted *bons-bons* and other fantastic frivolities of that sort. No bonbon-box ever inspired a single human being with any sentiment that was not purely frivolous. Roast beef, on the other hand, inspires the very noblest sentiments, and leads to the most generous actions, or else it belies its traditional character; and the national flag itself is scarcely a more important symbol of nationality than our one Christmas dish.

#### MR. GRANT DUFF AT PETERHEAD.

MR. GRANT DUFF is an excellent example of the application to politics of the principle of division of labour. He has made the outdoor work of a member of Parliament especially his own. An estimate of him founded on Hansard would be altogether imperfect; the real man is only seen in the remarkable addresses to his constituents with which he relieves the dullness of autumn and early winter. In one respect, no body of electors in the kingdom is so well off as those of the Elgin Burghs. Other places may come in for greater oratorical displays, or for more important and suggestive announcements of future policy. But no



member takes the same systematic pains with his constituents as Mr. Grant Duff. His addresses are evidently meant as a real contribution towards their political education. He sets himself the task of making contemporary events intelligible to every listener. How far he succeeds it is impossible to determine without the aid of a Commission of Inquiry; but if the electors go away with no more accurate notion of what the world is doing than they had on entering the room, it is certainly not the fault of their representative. Perhaps it is this didactic character of Mr. Grant Duff's speeches that leads us to like him best when he takes foreign affairs for his subject. In his knowledge of home politics he has equals and superiors, but there are few men who know so much of so many countries. It is one advantage resulting from the isolation in which England, partly from circumstances and partly from choice, has of late lived, that it enables us to form a truer estimate of the proportions of Continental affairs than was possible when the measure of everything was its influence on our own interests. In this way the devotion to non-intervention which has intensified our insularity of action may perhaps have tended in some degree to relax our insularity of thought and feeling. It is certainly desirable that some such change should take place. England cannot count upon keeping permanently aloof from the concerns of her neighbours; and, if ever our present attitude of abstention is abandoned, it will be a solid gain if we have so used the interval as to be able to intervene to good purpose. A judicious foreign policy must be an instructed foreign policy. There is no fear that increased acquaintance with Continental politics would make Englishmen more inclined for war than they are now. On the contrary, they have usually been in most danger of getting mixed up in contests which do not concern them when they have known least of their merits. In politics enthusiasm is too often the child of ignorance; and as men grow more familiar with the history and bearings of a foreign war they usually come to question the correctness of their first conclusions upon it. Unfortunately, this increase of wisdom is frequently identified with a clearer apprehension of which is the winning side, and Mr. Grant Duff's selection of instances, taken by itself, does not supply anything to check this unheroic tendency. "We have lost much influence," he tells us, "by the absurd line which we have taken on many foreign questions. We lost something by the Austrian sympathies of a large section of London society in 1859. We lost much more by the frantic way in which so many influential people took part with the South in the American quarrel. We made matters still worse by the silly anti-German ebullitions of 1864, and it is well known that it was 'more good luck than good guiding' that prevented some of our public men committing themselves to the Austrian side in last year's conflict." In each of these cases it will be seen that Mr. Grant Duff ranges himself, in imitation of Providence, on the side of the strongest battalions. That he did so all along is highly creditable to his political foresight, but we are not satisfied that even that "clearer comprehension of the real state, aspirations, and ideas of foreign countries" which he justly desiderates "on the part of influential men and bodies of men" in England, would necessarily have made them as serenely philosophical as himself. As regards one of his instances, the popular feeling in this country was, it is true, mainly determined by a profound want of acquaintance with the facts. The strong Danish sympathies which actuated most people in 1864 could never have existed unalloyed if the attitude of Germany upon the question had not been wrongly regarded as one of absolutely unprovoked aggression. But, in the other cases, the feelings with which Mr. Grant Duff finds fault were the result of an intelligent appreciation of facts. Men who disliked the Italian war of 1859, or still more the German war of 1866, did so, for the most part, because they disliked the precedent set in the first year, and followed in the second, of attacking a neighbour without any just provocation. No amount of knowledge as to the "state, aspirations, and ideas" of Italy or Germany would have changed such a conviction as this. In like manner those who took part with the Confederate States were not always those who knew least about the question. To superficial observation, perhaps, the rights of the quarrel seemed to be with the North. There was no apparently adequate cause for secession, and the South had the immense disadvantage of being in arms to defend slavery. Men who looked further into the dispute might see that, in the radical divergence of political principles which the civil war disclosed, the cause of the slaveholders was really the cause of constitutional liberty; but this conclusion was arrived at because, not in spite, of that gift of "insight" which Mr. Grant Duff rather hastily assumes will lead its possessors to adopt opinions identical with his own. We are all too much disposed to take for granted that if we could only put heads on men's shoulders they would turn out to be so many reproductions of ourselves. But then this common anticipation is exactly the kind of delusion to which so accomplished a politician as the member for Elgin might have been expected to rise superior.

Upon most points, however, Mr. Grant Duff proves that he possesses that rare but most necessary qualification for any one who would write or speak on foreign politics—the power of keeping his expectations distinct from his wishes. Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of this in his address at Peterhead is put into the form of a quotation. "A friend of mine," he tells us, "who, although a Parisian and one of the most distinguished men of letters in France, has had exceptional opportunities of knowing what people think in the provinces, is always warning me

against being too sanguine" as to the progress of Liberal ideas in France. "'Do not deceive yourself,' he says; 'they say down there that all these fine and true things, which here and in Great Britain are the common property of all, are only the *ideas of the advocates of Paris*.'" If Englishmen had only taken this fact into account a few weeks back, they would have spared themselves a great many predictions that have already been falsified by the event. We do not sufficiently appreciate the immense political difference between the cities and the rural districts of France, or the increased weight that the Imperial system has given to the peasantry, the one really Conservative force in the country. The recent demonstration in the Corps Législatif has forced us to recognise it, though even this perhaps is less significant than the fact that all the provincial journals which are inspired by the Minister of the Interior have been instructed to represent M. Rouher's declaration as the spontaneous utterance of the Government; but the discovery has come upon most people by surprise, and they will probably forget it before the next occasion comes for profiting by the recollection. It is not wonderful, however, that Englishmen should have fallen into an error from which Signor Rattazzi did not escape. That acute politician has actually shipwrecked his relations with the Emperor Napoleon from not making proper allowance for the deflection in the Imperial policy caused by this influence. He knew, as Mr. Grant Duff observes, "the private sentiments of the Emperor upon the Roman question," and upon this knowledge he acted. He did not know the sentiments of one great section of the French people, nor take into account that rulers who have a dynasty to provide for must show a prudent economy in the indulgence of their personal fancies.

To follow Mr. Grant Duff through all the subjects which he touched upon at Peterhead would be to treat of the politics of all Europe. Perhaps the best of the fifteen separate sections into which his address is divided is that which deals with Russia and Poland. Mr. Grant Duff has little sympathy with the latter country and a good deal of sympathy with the former; but this does not prevent him from seeing that the Polish question will turn up again some day, and that the occasion of its doing so will probably be the inordinate ambition of Russia. He is one of the small number of Englishmen who have recognised the real importance of the Slavonic Exhibition of last summer. "The gathering at Moscow was small in comparison with that at Paris," but its political significance was probably "far greater than that of its cosmopolitan rival." During the first half of this year the Slavonic provinces of Austria were full of Russian agents; and the proceedings at Moscow had much more of a political than of a commercial or artistic character. It is clear that to no European Power would the preaching of identity of race as the foundation of unity of government be so profitable as to Russia. All her most coveted conquests are largely inhabited by people of Slavonic descent, and there is something extremely ominous in the semi-official recognition which the Pan-Slavist agitation has now for the first time received at St. Petersburg. The Russian Government is not apt to forget old quarrels, and the substantial satisfaction of an increase of territory would certainly not be lessened by the reflection that it was gained at the expense of Austria. The fly in the Slavonic ointment, the nucleus round which whatever elements of opposition to Russia may hereafter develop themselves in the Slavonic races, will naturally group themselves, is Poland. As such, Poland may yet be an important weapon in the hands of Austria, or of any other Power to whom it is an object to put a curb upon Russian aggrandizement. This seems the only part which is left for the Poles to play, and they certainly will not fail in it for want of sufficient rehearsals. Her people are very Jews in the article of nationality. Under whatever form of government they find themselves, they seem equally resolute in only submitting to it so far as they are obliged, or as they see that it will serve their purpose. Whether, as in Posen, they are steadily protesting against incorporation into the North German Confederation, or, as in Galicia, constantly threatening to withdraw from the Reichsrath, the one aim of their corporate action is to keep aloof from all amalgamation, whatever immediate advantages it may promise. If any one disbelieves in the possibility of such a policy on the part of Russia as would bring all these considerations into instant and vigorous play, he cannot do better than correct his scepticism by reading Mr. Grant Duff's pamphlet.

#### THE FRENCH ARMY BILL.

THE two powerful armies whose rivalry for the championship of the Continent taxes so severely the resources of their respective countries are constituted on very different bases. The Prussian system, invented at a time when a national army could have only a surreptitious existence, started with the condition of making soldiers in the most speedy and economical, as well as unobtrusive, way. The small army which the first Napoleon permitted Prussia to maintain was the mould through which all the able-bodied youth of the country were passed, entering at one end as recruits, and coming out at the other as trained soldiers, to resume their career as citizens. In this way the whole nation was formed into a great reserve, not of men merely, but of troops; and was capable, at the expense only of maintaining a small permanent force, of expanding the army in time of war into such hosts as Prussia brought into the arena at the close of Napoleon's career. This system, which, extended in 1860, produced the immense force that last year broke the power of Austria and

roused the jealousy of France, is no less simple than effectual. The recruits annually required to maintain the active army serve three years with the colours, and then pass into the reserve as citizen soldiers, ready to rejoin the ranks at the first summons. At the end of four years in the reserve they are transferred to the Landwehr, subject only to certain calls for exercise like our own militia, but still liable to serve in the field. This Landwehr consists, furthermore, of all the youth not required annually for the active army, who after a term of years become (as well as those who have passed through the reserve) members of a second Landwehr body, with fewer duties and a more remote liability to active service. Finally, the Landsturm, or last reserve, enables the Government to retain the power of calling these men to the field so long as their services are likely to be of any value to the State. Hasty, perhaps imperfect, training, and very protracted liability as citizen soldiers, are the characteristics of the Prussian system.

The French system divides the conscripts of the year into two bodies by lot. One of these, after many deductions on various grounds of exemption, goes at once to join the active army, remaining in its ranks seven years. A very different lot awaits the others, who go through the training allotted to the reserve, remaining at home in their own departments, and joining depôts of instruction for three months the first year, two the second year, and one the third. Both classes at the end of their service are released from their military obligations to the State, and are merged in the general population. The French system thus produces an active army composed largely of old soldiers, and a reserve of militia; and, in order to bring a given force at once into the field, it maintains more men in the ranks than the Prussian, withdrawing, in the same degree, a greater proportion for a longer time from the pursuits of peace.

Startled into a sense of insecurity by the events of last year, the Emperor at first proposed to augment his forces by an extension of the existing system. Instead of an annual contingent of 100,000, the whole class of youths attaining the prescribed age were to be drafted for service; and after spending the required time in the army or reserve, the soldier was to pass into a third class of force, the Garde Nationale Mobile, which was to be further composed of all those who had made good their claim to exemption, and the members of which were in fact citizens subject only to serve in time of war. Making each of these forces to consist nearly of 400,000 men, the Emperor calculated on maintaining a present army and reserve of 800,000, to be augmented to 1,200,000 at need. And, as concessions to the non-military interests of France, the period of service was to be six years instead of seven, and marriage was to be permitted in the reserve after five years. But, on the other hand, the annual contingent of 100,000 was to be raised to 160,000. These conditions, amply as they might fulfil the Emperor's expectations by sustaining his prestige and defying rivals to cope with him, pressed too hard on the people, whose interests, especially in absolute monarchies, often differ materially from those of their rulers. Hitherto the conscription, so distasteful, so fraught with bitter memories—that "tax of blood," as a General of the old Empire termed it—had been sweetened by the element of uncertainty. The contingents had always greatly exceeded the number of recruits wanted, and each youth who advanced to draw his lot had, up to the last moment, a considerable chance of escape. But now there was to be no escape; everywhere the people repeated that there would be now in the military lottery no good numbers. The industry of the country, too, so greatly stimulated under the present Empire, cried out against a measure so hostile to it, and the general voice of the nation was adverse to the maintenance of so large a permanent force. Whatever the Emperor's faults as a statesman, he has frequently evinced the inestimable quality of readiness to profit by experience, and to abandon positions which he finds untenable. Seeking afresh the means of augmenting his forces without placing himself in opposition to the country, he was led inevitably to imitate in its main principle the system which, by its startling triumph, had so disquieted him, and to substitute for the project he had contemplated one by which all his recruits should be trained as quickly as was consistent with efficiency, and then restored to the career of industry, subject to the calls of war; the system, in fact, of a young army backed by a reserve of old soldiers, which Marshal Soult pronounced to be good for France, and which common sense affirms to be good for all nations who desire to combine strength with economy. In proportion as the time spent under the colours is shortened, the expense to the country, both in money and in the loss inflicted on industry, is diminished. But, on the other hand, if the term of service falls short of that which is necessary to train the soldier thoroughly, the saving may be effected at a disastrous sacrifice. It becomes highly important therefore to ascertain the period necessary to render the recruit a thorough soldier, not merely a proficient in drill and the use of his weapon, but in habits of discipline and subordination, in aptitude for the shifts and contrivances, as well as the rules, of military life, and in the sense of being one of a class detached and apart from the citizen in sentiments, traditions, and aspirations. The Prussian system gives three years to the process; the French proposes five. It was with regard to this question that the Count de la Tour, in the present debate on the Bill, speaking of the superiority of a trained army over one composed of men half-soldiers, half-citizens, said, "There is not one of our Generals who, if he were consulted, would not prefer to encounter 100,000 Prussians rather than 100,000 English, let the valour

of the Prussian army be what it may." No doubt the Count was right; the fully trained is always better than the half-trained army, and we believe five years rather than three to be the period in which the soldier reaches the full pitch of efficiency, and is so fixed in his military habits that he may be remitted to citizen life with the certainty that he can resume them whenever called on, and will rejoin the ranks as efficient as when he left them. On the other hand, every year spent under arms beyond what is necessary to accomplish this end is wasted, since the place which might be filled by one learning his trade is occupied by one who has already learnt it, and the country loses a defender. It is possible that in seven years—the present period of service in France—a soldier does not deteriorate. But when this is much exceeded, as in our service, the soldier grows wearied with the long, unchanging routine in which there is nothing new to interest him, and no advancement to stimulate him; his mind narrows to his groove, his strength and capacity for bearing hardship diminish, and when, as in the case of our re-engaged soldiers, we give them increased pay, and accept the burden of their wives and families, we are too often paying an increased price for a deteriorated article.

Such are the reasons which induce many experienced soldiers in France to advocate a short period of service, and to discourage re-engagement. But there are other considerations which tell more powerfully in the scale of civilian logic. The soldier who after long service takes his discharge at thirty is too often unfitted for a new career, and becomes useless to society, perhaps a burden to it; whereas five years in the ranks, far from disqualifying a man for industrial pursuits, will often superadd to his natural faculties a sense of order, and habits of punctuality, of subordination, and of rigorous execution of a trust, which render him more valuable in any calling than he was before. At twenty-four or five, an age when civilians are emerging from apprenticeship, he has still an industrial career open to him, often with advantages greater than if he had never quitted it. The new Bill, then, fixing nine years as the total period of service, sends the soldier for the first five of these to the active army, and for the remaining four to the reserve. And, as a concession to the interests of population, he may legally marry in the last two years of this second period, while at the end of it the State has no further claim on him. The Garde Nationale Mobile is to be composed, not, as in the former scheme, in great part of soldiers who have served their allotted period in the army or reserve, but of conscripts who have escaped the draft by virtue of one or other of the conditions of exemption, and of volunteers who have completed their compulsory service. The duties of this force, the term of service in which is five years, are fixed by law. It is to act as the auxiliary of the regular army, in garrisoning fortresses, defending coasts and frontiers, and maintaining internal order. It can only be called into activity by a special law, and its liabilities to service in time of peace are little more than nominal, far less than those of our militia. The annual contingent will remain as at present at 100,000, but it will be differently distributed. All deductions made for exemption, about 76,000 will remain; of these, 63,000 will go to maintain the active army, and 13,000 to the reserve, which will, of course, be augmented by the first class after five years. In this way it is calculated that the army will consist of 415,000, and the reserve of 330,000, being an increase over the present forces of 120,000. And behind these will stand the new reserve of the National Guard, numbering 486,000.

Such is the project which the Government submitted to a Committee, who have proposed certain modifications in it. They prefer eight years' total service to nine, allotting three instead of four to the reserve. This alteration, supposing the numbers of the army and reserve to remain unchanged, would entail the drafting of a larger annual contingent, 110,000 being necessary, where 100,000 would otherwise suffice. Nevertheless, they think the importance of limiting the time during which a soldier is liable to be recalled to the ranks, and consequently rendered unsettled as a citizen, so great as to compensate for the disadvantage, and they believe that the peasantry will be more favourably impressed by the idea of the diminution of the term of service than by the chances of escaping the draft altogether. They propose, too (a change warmly disputed by the Government), that the soldier of the reserve shall be permitted to marry in the last three, instead of the last two, years of his service. They allege that enforced celibacy ought to be diminished, on the double ground of population—the ratio of increase in which is so low in France compared with other countries—and of the welfare of the soldier himself, to whose industrial pursuits a wife to take care of his home is often an indispensable adjunct.

Able statesmen and experienced soldiers have joined in the debate on the Bill, and we recommend a perusal of their speeches to all who are interested in military affairs among ourselves. They will there see set forth from all points of view—those of the monarch, the general, the statesman, the patriot, the man of business and the man of peace—what is to be said about the raising and maintaining of armies. Much of all this is applicable to our own case, and it is, or might be, of the greatest advantage, in considering our own military reforms, to watch the ideas, motives, and processes at work across the Channel. Granting at once the difference between armies raised, the one by conscription, the other by voluntary enlistment, the one of which is liable to long and distant colonial service, the other to nothing worthy of the name—there are still the broad grounds for combining efficiency with economy to be studied in both cases. And, as we are under the obligation to render enlistment as attractive as



possible, a system which can raise such hosts as that contemplated in France, without violent opposition from the people, must offer, on that ground, points specially worthy of study. The main feature which it possesses in common with that of Prussia, we have often recommended for imitation by ourselves. The great obstacle to its adoption here consists, not perhaps so much in the difficulties created by our colonial service, as in the false criterion of efficiency by which our troops are estimated, and consequently trained, in time of peace. This standard, assuming matters of small detail and routine to be primarily important, causes those officers who have been long habituated to it to object to any measure which would deprive them of that machine-like product of detail and routine—the old soldier; and when prejudices of this kind are rooted, and common to a class, they constitute a formidable obstacle to reform. On its own merits also we recommend a perusal of the debate, in which, unlike our own Parliamentary discussions on military affairs, the orators are not dilettanti addressing, through the House, their own constituencies, nor officials crammed for the occasion with undigested facts, but men who have really been at the pains to understand their subject, and who deal with it in a practical spirit.

## REVIEWS.

### BURKE ON THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.\*

THERE are two ways in which the theories of Burke may be regarded in such a manner as to invest them with a certain degree of unity. In his *Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old* he observes of himself, "I believe, if he could venture to value himself upon anything, it is on the virtue of consistency that he would value himself the most. Strip him of this, and you leave him naked indeed." This observation we think was both sincere and just. It would be quite possible to take the broadest expositions of his views—those, namely, which are to be found in the *Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*, and the *Reflections on the Revolution*—and then to show, by a comparison of them with his earlier works, that there was a true consistency in the whole of his political speculations, and that the apparent contrast between the earlier and the later ones was apparent only. There is, however, another way of considering the subject, which, if less systematic, is on the whole more instructive. It is to take his works in that which is at once their natural and, with very few exceptions, their chronological order also, and to collect from each division of them the principal doctrines which he taught upon political and moral subjects. It is this second plan which we propose to adopt. One advantage of it is that the nature of the classification which it implies is self-evident. Considered in reference to it, Burke's works fall into two great divisions—those which preceded, and those which related to, the French Revolution. As we observed in a former article, the speeches and writings on Indian affairs form a separate and special department, which, though eminently characteristic of the man and of his genius, throw less light than either of the other sets of writing on his theories and principles. Postponing, then, for the present, any notice of his writings on the French Revolution, we propose on the present occasion to state, and to some extent discuss, his theory of the English Constitution as it is developed in his earlier speeches and writings.

As we showed in our former article, none of Burke's earlier writings contain any systematic statement of his political views. He was, indeed, from first to last, a pamphleteer; and his principles have to be collected from the particular occasions in reference to which they were originally stated, much in the same manner in which legal principles must be collected from reported cases. Like almost all the principal writers on what may broadly be called the orthodox side in the eighteenth century, Burke was a utilitarian of the strongest kind. In a significant passage in the treatise on the Sublime and Beautiful, he speaks of "our reason, our relations, and our necessities" as the proper basis of "the science of our duties," and treats the theory of the beauty of virtue as "altogether visionary and unsubstantial." In the *Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old*, he says, "Political problems do not primarily concern truth and falsehood. They relate to good or evil. What in the result is likely to produce evil is politically false; that which is productive of good is politically true." Whenever he has occasion to refer to the American quarrel, he utterly refuses to enter upon the abstract questions which were so eagerly discussed at the time about the right of taxation. In his speech on conciliation with America he says:—"I am resolved this day to have nothing at all to do with the question of the right of taxation. Some gentlemen startle—but it is true; I put it totally out of the question. It is less than nothing in my consideration." So, in the speech on American taxation, he says:—"I am not going into the distinctions of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions; I hate the very sound of them." Custom and practice are "the arguments of States and kingdoms." A passage in the Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol may stand as typical of much else which might be quoted:—

I was persuaded that government was a practical thing made for the happiness of mankind, and not to furnish out a spectacle of uniformity to gratify the schemes of visionary politicians. . . . It is melancholy as

well as ridiculous to observe the kind of reasoning with which the public has been amused in order to divert our minds from the common sense of our American policy.

And after referring to the abstract discussions which had taken place on liberty, natural rights, and the like, he says:—

Civil freedom, gentlemen, is not, as many have endeavoured to persuade you, a thing that lies hid in the depth of abstruse science. It is a blessing and a benefit, and all the just reasoning that can be upon it is of so coarse a texture as perfectly to suit the ordinary capacities of those who are to enjoy and of those who are to defend it.

Expediency is thus the basis of all his speculation, and the first rule of expediency is to set out from existing facts, and to take all measures whatever with respect to them. This, as every one knows, is the keynote of a great part of the *Reflections on the French Revolution*, but perhaps one of the most striking illustrations of it is to be found in his speech on Fox's East India Bill:—

I do not presume to condemn those who argue *à priori* against the propriety of leaving such extensive political powers in the hands of a company of merchants, . . . but with my particular ideas and sentiments I cannot go that way to work. I feel an insuperable reluctance in giving my hand to destroy any established institution of government upon a theory, however plausible it may be.

So fond is he of precedents, that in the speech on Conciliation with America a great part of the argument consists of an almost servile application of the precedents of Ireland, Wales, Chester, and Durham, which he concludes with these words:—

Above all things I was resolved not to be guilty of tampering, the odious vice of restless and unstable minds. I put my foot in the tracks of our forefathers, where I can neither wander nor stumble. Determining to fix articles of peace, I was resolved not to be wise beyond what was written; I was resolved to use nothing else than the form of sound words, to let others abound in their own sense, and carefully to abstain from all expressions of my own. What the law has said, I say. In all things else I am silent. I have no organ but for her words. This, if it be not ingenious, I am sure is safe.

It would be easy to fill pages with extracts from his works on the sacredness of possession and prescription. In his later works, indeed, the glorification of these two words becomes a sort of mania. In a letter to Mr. afterwards Baron, Smith on Popery in Ireland, he says:—

All the principal religions in Europe stand upon one common bottom . . . humanly speaking, they are all prescriptive religions. They have all stood long enough to make prescription, and its chain of legitimate prejudices, their mainstay.

Such being the foundation of all Burke's political theories, it is not surprising that he should have idolized the English Constitution, as it afforded him the very *πολιτεια* which was, in his view, the first condition of all political speculation. In the present day, indeed, his language on the subject, well-known as it is, has come to look affected and almost absurd. Take, for instance, the famous expression in the speech on Economical Reform:—"I come next to the great supreme body of the civil government itself. I approach it with that awe and reverence with which a young physician approaches to the cure of the disorders of his parent." The first subject touched upon under this solemn heading is the Board of Green Cloth, and the first recommendation is that the Royal tables should be supplied by a contract, made by the Steward of the Household and approved by the Treasury, so that, to use Burke's own illustration, the turnspit in the King's kitchen might no longer be a member of Parliament. Awe and reverence are not exactly the feelings which would occur to a young physician if it became his melancholy duty to suggest to the revered author of his being the propriety of taking a blue pill, and of being a little more careful in his diet. Still, whatever may be thought of the manner in which Burke expressed his views on the subject, it can hardly be doubted that the practical consequences which he drew in the first part of his career from his general conception of the Constitution were generous and reasonable; and it is equally true that they were the direct consequences of his general view that the constitution of a nation was something which a wise man would take as he found it, and from which he would derive as much practical advantage as possible. The great illustrations of this are his writings in relation to America, in comparison with which his expositions of the popular character of the House of Commons, of the merits of party government, and of the distinction between the position of a representative and that of a delegate, are almost insignificant. It may appear paradoxical to assert that the greatest constitutional writings of our greatest constitutional author were those which did not relate to England itself, but it is nevertheless perfectly true. Burke's estimate of the character of the Constitution shows itself in the clearest light when he regards the Parliament of Great Britain in its imperial capacity; and, in tracing its relation to dependencies, takes occasion to point out the nature of the sovereignty which it exercises, and the limitations to which that sovereignty is subjected by its own nature. Indeed, if the matter is carefully considered, it will appear that this must be so from the nature of the case. Constitutional questions, if fully thought out, are all questions, not of law, but of power. Legal questions are those which can be decided by a common superior according to a fixed rule, but the question whether such and such functions belong to the Crown, to the House of Lords, or to the House of Commons, cannot possibly be decided by reference to a common superior because no person fills such a position. If neither party will give way, they can be decided only by an appeal to force, by a *coup d'état* in one shape or another—the deposition, it may be the

\* Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. London: 1815.

execution, of a King, or the turning the Parliament out of doors by an armed force. This is also true of questions arising between different legal bodies, such as imperial and subordinate Legislatures. In these cases a dispute as to the limits of the powers possessed by the different bodies can be decided by civil war only, if the parties insist. Such was the case of the American colonies, and of the American civil war of 1861. Such, in substance, was the case of Ireland in 1782; such might well be the case of Canada at the present day, if the English nation were ever to be absurd enough to allow such a question to arise. All constitutional questions being questions of power, and not of law, it is obvious that in practice they may be divided into two classes. On the one side we have questions which arise between the different depositaries of the sovereign power—questions between the King and the Parliament, or between the Parliament of Great Britain and the Parliament of Ireland, or the nation's representative bodies in the colonies. On the other side we have questions between the sovereign power and its subjects. Questions of the first order *sound*, as lawyers would say, in civil war. Questions of the second order *sound* in revolution. In questions of the first class the substantial issue, when reduced to its simplest terms, is, Which branch of the Government is at a particular time, and for a particular purpose, the strongest? In questions of the second order the substantial issue is, Whether the existing Government shall or shall not continue to exist as a government? All the questions to which Burke addressed himself during the earlier part of his life were questions of the first order, and he treated them, as every one would now admit, with conspicuous wisdom. The question which he had to deal with towards the close of his life was a question of the second order; and his great mistake appears to us to have been that he treated it in precisely the same way, and on precisely the same principles, as those on which he had treated the questions which came before him at an earlier period, although the two sets of questions were fundamentally different. His fault was, not that he was inconsistent, but that he was too consistent—that he did not know how to apply new principles to a new case.

Reserving for future consideration the second part of his works, let us now dwell a little on the less noisy, but far wiser, part of his career. It is, as we have already observed, difficult even now to read his utterances on the subject of America without shame and sorrow, mixed to some degree with surprise at their having been so entirely without effect. No doubt the subsequent course of events has enabled us all to be wise upon the matter at a very cheap rate; but when we read his arguments the wonder is how any one could ever be so insane as to doubt their soundness. Here, he said, is a collection of nations separated from you by several thousand miles of ocean, invested by your legislation with forms of government which are, at least apparently and *prima facie*, all but independent. They have, through their constituted authorities, resolutely refused to allow you to tax them, and it is impossible to distinguish the principle upon which they proceed from the principle upon which you in England avowedly base the right of the House of Commons to hold the purse-strings of the nation. They are, moreover, one of the sturdiest races in the world. "From these six capital sources—of descent, of form of government, of religion in the Northern provinces, of manners in the Southern, of education, of the remoteness of the situation from the first mover of government—from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up." Why knock your heads against such a stone wall as this for no conceivable motive except a sort of metaphysical point of honour? Why not learn the lesson which the whole of your own history teaches, that to break down such a spirit by mere military force would, if possible, be most pernicious? It is worth observing that Burke's speech on Conciliation with America contains no direct opinion as to the success which would attend an appeal to force. Six years before, in his *Observations on a Late State of the Nation*, he had expressed a very decided one. To enforce obedience to the Stamp Act, "every province in America must be traversed, and must be subdued. I do not entertain the least doubt that this could be done. We might, I think, without much difficulty have destroyed our colonies. This destruction might be effected probably in a year, or in two at the utmost." This earnest dissuasion from the use of force is coupled with another appeal of at least equal importance. It is the famous appeal against the purely legal view of the question, which, of course, could regard the Americans simply as persons guilty of high treason by levying war. In the Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol two years afterwards, when the war was in full progress, he insisted on this point still more forcibly. An Act had been passed for punishing the naval forces of the Americans as pirates. Burke denounces this on the ground that "the Act does not (as all laws and all equitable transactions ought to do) fairly describe its object," which, he argues, was to superadd moral degradation to legal guilt. He not only contends that in the soldiers and sailors who obeyed the orders of their own local Government there was no moral guilt at all, but he adds that, under the circumstances, it was an abuse of the criminal law to look at a civil war in the light of a rebellion:—

Lawyers, I know, cannot make the distinction for which I contend, because they have their strict rule to go by. But legislators can do what lawyers cannot, for they have no other rules to bind them but the great principles of reason and equity and the general sense of mankind. . . . If we had adverted to this we never could consider the convulsions of a great empire, not disturbed by a little disseminated faction, but divided by whole communities and provinces and entire legal representatives of a

people, as fit matter of discussion under a Commission of Oyer and Terminer. It is as opposite to reason and prudence as it is to humanity and justice.

Further on he insists with extraordinary force on the monstrous and unnatural perversion of common sense which found matter of pride and glorification in the trifling and now almost forgotten successes that occasionally fell to the share of the Royal troops, and which flattered national vanity by the satisfactory reflection that Englishmen by birth, blood, language, and religion were slaughtered successfully by German mercenaries:—

It is not instantly that I can be brought to rejoice when I hear of the slaughter and captivity of long lists of those names which have been familiar to my ears from my infancy, and to rejoice that they have fallen under the sword of strangers, whose barbarous appellations I scarcely know how to pronounce. The glory acquired at the White Plains by Colonel Rahl has no charms for me, and I fairly acknowledge that I have not yet learned to delight in finding Fort Kniphausen in the heart of the British dominions.

It would be easy to multiply these quotations. Our special object in making them is to show what Burke understood by the Constitution and constitutional principles. He understood by the Constitution the aggregate of the public establishments of Government, and by constitutional principles those maxims which experience showed to be necessary to their harmonious working. As we have seen in the extracts just given, he rightly regarded these questions as belonging to a sphere above that of positive law, and by which in some cases the rigour of positive law might be suspended and corrected. In short, he viewed the whole State, including not merely the Government of Great Britain, but the Government of the British Empire, as a vast and intricate whole, the different parts of which must, if they were not to fall into fatal and inextricable confusion, keep an eye continually on each other, and play with extreme care and attention each its own part in one great drama. We have shown how he applied this theory to the case of England and America by preaching to the British Parliament the utmost possible respect for the Colonial Governments, and for the "fierce" people which they represented. But it is a sort of presumption to speak for Burke in any words but his own. The following extract gives his theory of the Constitution of the British Empire as shortly and brilliantly as possible. It is his answer to the argument that if America is said not to be free because it is not represented, England is not free because Manchester, &c. are not represented:—

Is it because the natural resistance of things, and the various mutations of time, hinders our government, or any scheme of government, from being any more than a sort of approximation to the right, is it therefore that the colonies are to recede from it infinitely? When this child of ours wishes to assimilate to its parent, and to reflect with a true filial resemblance the beauteous countenance of British liberty, are we to turn to them the shameful parts of our Constitution? Are we to give them our weakness for their strength, our opprobrium for their glory, and the slough of slavery which we are not able to work off, to serve them for their freedom?

The colonies are to have their own place, and the British Parliament is to have its place. It is the local Legislature of Great Britain, and also has "her nobler capacity . . . her imperial character, in which, as from the throne of heaven, she superintends all the several inferior Legislatures, and guides and controls them all without annihilating any."

His treatment of the relations between England and the American colonies is certainly the best illustration of Burke's conception of the Constitution. His theory on the subject might readily be further illustrated from the well-known expositions, to which we have more than once referred, of various domestic constitutional questions. In each of these cases the question arose of the relation to each other of different members of the Government, and in each the solution is found by considering what, with a view to the general advantage of the country, that relation ought to be considered to be, precedent being regarded as the best possible evidence as to what is generally advantageous. Party government, for instance, is treated in this way. It may be regarded as a bad and factious thing, but it is implied in the theory of Parliament:—

For my part I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them to be of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends and to employ them with effect. Therefore, every honourable connexion will avow it is their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution with all the power and authority of the State. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for those situations. Without a prescription of others they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things, &c.

Moreover, so it was done in former times. Lord Sunderland, Lord Godolphin, Lord Somers, and the Duke of Marlborough formed parties. It is, however, needless to accumulate illustrations. No one who is at all acquainted with Burke's writings will hesitate to accept what we have stated as a fair account of his method of political inquiry, and of his conception of the nature of a Constitution. What is to be said of its value? There can hardly, we apprehend, be two opinions as to its value, so long as the foundation on which it rests remains unimpaired. If political power is, in point of fact, parcelled out in a State between a variety of different bodies, or in an empire between a number of different governments, and if it is on the whole desirable that this arrangement should be continued, it is almost an identical proposition that it is also desirable that each member of the company should act his own part in the play, that there



should be as little quarrelling as possible, and that every actor should on all occasions have an eye rather to the general effect than to his own personal glorification. It is also clear that, so long as it is wise to keep up that distribution of political power which makes the Constitution, experience will be a more instructive guide as to the best way of adjusting the relations of the various parts to each other than any express rules; and it ought to be added in favour of Burke that, at the time when he wrote, the state of things, both in the British Empire and in Great Britain, was such that it could not be said to be unwise to take the view of the empire and of the nation which he actually took. All this, however, is to be taken in connexion with a totally different set of considerations to which Burke never refers at all. Constitutions are made for empires and nations, empires and nations are not made for constitutions; and as the social condition of Great Britain and of the various members of the British Empire changed, it was absolutely essential that the Constitution, both of the Empire and of the nation, should change also. With regard to the Constitution of the Empire, it may no doubt be plausibly (to say the very least) contended that Burke was perfectly right, not merely in his general theory, but also in his application of it to particular facts. Ordinary common sense and justice might no doubt have averted the American war, and delayed for a time, the length of which it is impossible to guess at with any appearance of plausibility, the formation of the United States. How this would have affected England and the world at large it is impossible to say, but it would beyond all doubt have had a powerful effect of some sort on the French Revolution. One of the impulses which occasioned the outbreak at that particular moment would have been wanting. The Conservative party in the colonies would have been immensely powerful. In short, if it ought to be the effort of an English statesman at all times and in all places to promote the comparative force as well as the positive welfare of the British Empire, the course which Burke insisted on was the right one. Constitutionalism would have had a triumph such as never rewarded any other principle or system in this world if the thirteen colonies had parted from the Mother country upon friendly terms, and had become foreign nations easily and gradually.

The imperial side of Burke's policy was no doubt its strong side. The relations between the inferior and the dependent parts of an empire must always be principally of the constitutional kind, unless the empire is an exclusively military one; but in the internal government of a nation it is barely possible that so complicated and intricate an arrangement as that of which Burke was the great prophet and poet should be otherwise than exceptional. Political institutions must depend upon the social condition of the country to which they belong. They must also be based upon principles which may be true or false, and it is equally impossible to secure the permanence of any state of society, and to prevent for ever, on mere grounds of immediate expediency, the discussion of fundamental principles. Such changes and such discussions are fatal to constitutions. They must and do modify them, and the only question is whether the modifications shall be more or less abrupt, and more or less violent. In a future article on Burke's writings on the Revolution we propose to follow up this subject.

#### LADY BOUNTIFUL'S LEGACY.\*

SINCE the time that the rain of hints and complaints about household troubles set in some weeks back, during the dry and dull season of the newspaper year, it has never ceased to pour books of domestic management and thrift. The British housewife seems in danger of being carried away by the torrent of literature which has been set running for the benevolent purpose of sustaining and refreshing her in her somewhat dreary and monotonous round of duty. When so many public benefactors have vied with each other in the office of instructing, warning, and encouraging our mothers of families, we should hardly expect the occasion to escape the notice of Mr. Timbs, a writer so various in his sources of knowledge, and so indefatigable in turning up the thing wanted at the right moment, as to entitle him to some sort of share in the panegyric passed of old upon another painstaking and useful collector of literary odds and ends—

"Plague on't," quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,  
"Whatever I forget you learn."

Mr. Timbs's book does not pretend to enrich the world with any peculiar wealth of new and ingenious maxims or recipes. Yet it seems to go beyond most other recent manuals of the sort in the very complete way in which it goes over the surface at least of domestic management, and the amount of useful matter that, with a good deal of occasional twaddle, the writer has culled from his multifarious reading. The special tastes of the compiler are to be traced in the spice of antiquarianism which he has thrown into his general medley of contents. We have not simply a summary of the arts of cookery or domestic medicine, or similar housewifely gifts and accomplishments, in the abstract. These virtues are personified for us, as the title-page implies, in the concrete typical model whom we owe to George Farquhar's almost forgotten play. Lady Bountiful was the representative of a class by which that period seems to have been peculiarly characterized—that of strong-headed and benevolent dames, set over families of wealth and distinction. She stands as the fitting helpmate of the fine old

English gentleman. A scent of feudalism lingers in the atmosphere of domestic and charitable life during the last century, which has passed away in these days of corporate organization and of the united action of classes. Nor is the paragon whose name has passed into a household word the mere fanciful creation of the dramatist. There lived, as Mr. Timbs is at the pains to particularize, a whole group of well-born ladies in the seventeenth century who were conspicuous for the head and heart with which they ruled their households, taught and trained their children and servants, tended the sick, relieved the needy, comforted the afflicted, and supported the dying, without abating one jot of social dignity or domestic state. Foremost among these was Lady Warwick, born Lady Mary Boyle, seventh daughter of the first Earl of Cork. The Countess regularly diverted a third at least of her pin money to charitable uses, feeding the poor in great numbers, and providing good bread and beef twice a week for the indigent of four parishes. Equally defiant of the laws and maxims of modern economists, her neighbour, Lady Alice Lucy, emulated the Countess's good deeds, selling corn at reduced prices to the poor, and applying her simple chirurgery to all who needed it. The Countess of Arundel was likewise a great doctress, turning her house almost into an hospital, and disposing annually of as many as threescore dozen sheepskins in plasters alone. This good lady was conspicuous for wearing nothing better than cheap black stuff, never using a looking-glass, or changing fashions for forty years. Lady Langham made her "poor man's purse" her inseparable companion. Lady Maynard overflowed with deeds of charity, and with Lady Vere, who never flagged in benevolence up to the age of ninety, "never thought she had done anything worth commending." Good Mrs. Walker, wife to the Earl of Warwick's chaplain, kept quite a little court of charity, being waited upon on high days, such as the wedding anniversary, by "three coronetted heads, and others of the best quality next to nobility," the centre of the banquet being a dish of commemorative pies which on the last occasion rose to a goodly pyramid of thirty-nine, "all made by the hand which received a wedding-ring so many years before." The journal of Elizabeth Woodville before her marriage with Sir John Grey furnishes some curious evidence of the extent to which, three centuries ago, ladies of quality entered personally into the duties of the kitchen, the still-room, the dairy, and the farm—"made a poultice for Rachel, who had scalded her hand, and sent Robin with a penny to get her something comfortable from the apothecary's." Gervase Markham, in his *English Housewife*, has left us an equally minute record of the "inward and outward virtues which ought to be in a complete woman." The list of modern female accomplishments is not likely, we suppose, to be swollen by the antique list of the "stillatory," or that of the "ollitory," as the herb-garden was called. The mysteries of "brewing tarragon, and French sorrel, and purslane, and chevril, and dill and clary," and the like simples must have died out with our great-grandmothers. What mistress of the house can now distinguish between "new milk-cheese, nettle-cheese, floater milk cheese, and eddial or aftermath cheese"? Are there literary ladies who, like charming Mrs. Evelyn, married at fifteen, "are infinitely delighted to meet with in books the achievements of heroes, the calmness of philosophers, and with the eloquence of orators," yet withal never "above the cakes and stilling and sweetmeats, and such useful things"? Happily for the aspiring damsels of these days of dinners *à la Russe*, there is no need to follow the dutiful precedent of Lady Mary Wortley Montague in taking lessons three times a week from the carving-master, that she "might be perfect on her father's days," at the cost of having to eat her own dinner by herself an hour or two before. These examples of Arcadian simplicity or saintlike self-abnegation are things of the past, and it is for antiquaries like Mr. Timbs to hold them up to the wonder of a lax and indulgent generation. Our writer at the same time knows well how to mingle the useful with the curious. His book will be found to keep alive much of what is best worth preserving of the maxims and recipes of bygone ages, while incorporating much of the latest and ripest fruits of modern science and observation. This blending of the youth and age of domestic wisdom is very well shown in the chapter on the "Progress of cookery and housewifery." We have notices of culinary literature from the *Form of Cury*, or *Roll of English Cookery*, compiled about the year 1390, by the master cooks of Richard II., together with rich and curious bills of fare at high feasts of yore. There is the *menu* of the installation banquet of Nevil, Archbishop of York, in the reign of Edward IV., at which the *pièces de resistance* were 80 fat oxen, 6 wild bulls, 1,004 wethers, 300 hogs, and as many calves, with poultry, game, and minor delicacies without number to match. Besides these ordinary articles of fare we come upon such strong and rare dainties as "8 seals and 4 porpoises," a fact which shows that philosophic gastronomers, with exceptional powers of stomach, existed before Mr. Frank Buckland. On hardly less lordly and profuse a scale was the expenditure of the *Northumberland House Book* in the early days of the sixteenth century, though in winter the guests were restricted mainly to salt fish and salt meat, and even knights had a fresh table-cloth but once a month, and ate chiefly with their fingers. Raglan Castle, in Charles the First's time, was the scene of scarcely less magnificent feasting, albeit with advancing refinement; and the revels at Wrest, the seat of the Earl of Kent in Bedfordshire, form the subject of a glowing record by the courtly poet Carew. These Barmecide annals come down to her present Majesty's State reception at the reopening of the Royal Exchange. The list of

\* *Lady Bountiful's Legacy to her Family and Friends*. Edited by John Timbs. London: Griffith & Farran. 1867.

mighty effects or strange subtleties in the culinary art ranges over Shakspearian hints at "adders' heads and toads carbonadoed," and Milton's "gris-amber steaming," down to the "whole hog barbecued" celebrated by Pope, and the hundred-guinea dish of M. Soyer. The most skilful and erudite of modern cooks might be puzzled how to serve up an *entremet* with "magisterial-of-pearl." Even to "roast a round of butter" would probably be as inexplicable to most of our readers as it was to ourselves before we ran through the recipe under that head given by Mr. Timbs as one of the curiosities of a cookery book written by a lady somewhere about a hundred years ago.

It is not, however, upon the oddities or extravagances of the past that Mr. Timbs has expended the whole or the chief part of his energy and erudition. The subsequent chapters are made up of a thousand useful hints upon matters of everyday life, suited to the needs and usages of all sorts and conditions both of men and women. Even upon the most trite of subjects *Lady Bountiful's Legacy* may be found to yield some topics for fresh study and reflection. In connexion with "Early Rising and Sleep," the researches of recent pathology have brought within the writer's view several suggestions which may be of service in the pursuit of health, whether of body or mind. The recent application of the doctrine of polarity to the phenomena of sleep, fanciful as it may appear to some, is one of those novelties which may well invite attention, enforced as it is by the potent instance of the philosopher to whom we owe its introduction. It may possibly be found a real boon to the sleepless:—

It has lately been ascertained that the position of the bedstead has much to do with avoiding sleepless nights. Some years ago, it was announced to the Scottish Curative Mesmeric Association, that persons wishing to secure sleep should lie with their heads to the north, and not on any account with their heads to the west. A physician at Magdeburg, Dr. Julius von dem Fischweiler, who died lately, asserts in his will, that his own great age (109) is entirely to be ascribed to his constant habit of sleeping with his head towards the north, and the rest of his body in a direction coinciding as closely as possible with that of the meridian—that is, with his heels to the south. From persisting in this habit, the learned doctor considered that the iron contained in our system, finding itself in the direction of the magnetic currents, which are continually flowing over the surface of the globe towards the north pole, becomes magnetized, and thus increases the energy of the vital principle. Still there is this condition: "Let the body incline as often as possible during the day quite flat on the ground"—a rule of difficult observance in every-day life. The question, "How should the bed be placed?" has been practically taken up in the journal entitled *The Builder*, where we find the following testimony in reply to some remarks made by the editor:—

"Years ago I suffered much from nervous irritation, and consequent loss of sleep. I fancied that I slept better in certain rooms than others; and, after trying to ascertain why, came to the conclusion that a great deal depended upon the position of the bed.

"For twenty-five years and upwards I have had my bed placed with the head to the north, or as near that point as I can; and if I cannot have it north, I place it north-east, with as much north as I can get. When I sleep from home, I pull out the bedstead from the wall and turn it to the desired point as nearly as I can, finding great advantage. Many of my friends, knowing my fancy, take care to put me in a room with the bed in the right position. They smile at my whim; I sleep, and smile at their unbelief.

"The experience of a man who has lived to the age of 109 is, to a person already predisposed to believe, conclusive; and to any poor fellow who cannot sleep, this hint is worth the trial. I trust that those who do try may find it as successful as it is with me."

Hints upon the management of fireplaces and stoves, in connexion with warmth, ventilation, and safety, can seldom be out of place. Of these Mr. Timbs gives us a sensible chapterful, interspersed with records of strange and memorable conflagrations. The progress of the art of lighting, the use of gas for light and cookery, recipes for making incombustible dresses, for keeping water-pipes intact and water sweet and wholesome, for guarding against adulteration of food, for checking the waste of the kitchen, and the soaring of butchers' bills—these and countless other bits of economical lore will be found touched upon in this copious *omnium gatherum*. The choice of food in relation to the seasons and the nutritive properties of different viands, the planning of dinners and various fashions of serving them, the care of the wine-cellar, the store-room, and the preparation of drinks of divers kinds afford scope to many a useful hint. Upon the topic of bread-making there is, if nothing particularly new, something at least to interest those philosophers and philanthropists who are disposed to stake the regeneration of mankind, physical and moral, on the substitution of brown bread for white. The chapter on the Toilet, if falling short of the requirements of exorbitant vanity, may be not without use to such as are content with what lies within the healthy scope of the cosmetic art as a handmaid to nature and good taste. There is much plain sense concerning "cookery for the poor"; and the advice with which the book concludes, touching "domestic service," including the social and legal relations between master and mistress and servants, may be turned to good account both above and below stairs.

#### RAWLINSON'S ANCIENT MONARCHIES.\*

MR. RAWLINSON has now completed his valuable work. In the third and fourth volumes we approach nearer and nearer to the times of history, and pass gradually from the dim and tantalizing information of tablets and cylinders, or the still more doubtful stories of strangers writing at a distance centuries

after the events, to the evidence of records speaking an intelligible language, and sometimes contemporary. The third volume is devoted to the Median and Babylonian monarchies. The fourth volume contains the account of the Persian Empire, and brings us down to what are, in comparison with what has gone before, modern times. The Persian Empire closes the series which Mr. Rawlinson has undertaken to describe, and he speaks of it as the "Fifth Monarchy." There is something odd in the inevitable juxtaposition of ideas suggested by the application of the name to Persia; but perhaps the title of the work itself is too exclusive in suggesting that there were no other monarchies of the ancient Eastern world but those familiar to us by their contact with the Hebrews and Greeks.

Mr. Rawlinson has placed within the reach of English readers all that we as yet know of those great fabrics of Eastern power of which the names are so familiar to us, and which affected more or less directly the history in which we are most interested. They are vague and shadowy, even with our best knowledge; but up to the appearance of Mr. Rawlinson's work there was no complete or systematic account of them in English, except the translation of the uncritical work of Rollin, and the notes—valuable and interesting, of course, but fragmentary and undeveloped—of Niebuhr's Bonn lectures, translated by Dr. Leonhard Schmitz. Mr. Rawlinson has taken the subject in hand fully and comprehensively, and with the advantage of discoveries which are new since Niebuhr. The great stride made in philological science, the Assyrian researches, the astonishing recovery of the lost ciphers by which we are able to read contemporary inscriptions in languages hitherto lost, have turned the attention of scholars more hopefully to subjects on which we hitherto had only the imperfect or unchecked accounts of the Greeks, and have furnished materials for fresh investigation. Gradually, too, a great amount of fresh geographical knowledge has been accumulating. It is seldom that a country is satisfactorily known from the report of one traveller; it needs a succession of them, to complete and correct one another, to make our knowledge exact, and to make us feel at home with it. We have long known more of Palestine and Jerusalem than of the seats of Assyrian and Persian power; but we are finding out even now how imperfect our knowledge was of the Holy Land and city. Mr. Rawlinson has bestowed particular care on the geography of his subject. He has taken great pains to lay side by side the ancient notices with the best and most recent data furnished by modern travellers, whose works are beginning to increase in value as they themselves go better prepared for exploring, and knowing more distinctly the questions on which their answers are wanted. The vague fringe of unmeaning names, with Latinized terminations, of savage mountaineers or desert nomads surrounding such an empire as the Persian, becomes in his hands more definite, if not always more intelligible. He is fully alive to the characteristic features of a country, to its scenery and general aspect to the eye, and to the political or military significance of its conformation. On all these points Mr. Rawlinson has been indefatigable in interrogating the most intelligent and trustworthy eye-witnesses; and his book contains a very full and distinct, and sometimes picturesque, description of the local stage of the history which he relates.

It is more easy to be sure of our ground in describing the present condition and physical peculiarities of Assyria or Media, or even in sketching the outlines of their mechanical knowledge or art, than in describing the course and assigning the causes of their political revolutions. Mr. Rawlinson has done his best. He has placed clearly before us the best sustained and the most probable results of the careful inquiries and comparisons of the last few years. But for the early history we must be content to feel that we are still but groping. There are a certain number of points of more or less importance tolerably well made out, points where independent authorities check and confirm one another. Then comes the work of connecting them, and putting them into their real places, and so finding out their true significance; and here we come on gaps of total darkness, and even where the attempt to make out the story from the indications seems reasonable and probable, there is an inevitable air of artificial and precarious construction which makes it difficult for us to feel that it is more than an ingenious guess. It may be that it is not so much want of fair evidence as of ethical sympathy and that accompanying knowledge which clothes character with life; but it is impossible, as it seems to us, to feel in reading about Sargon or Sennacherib as we do in reading about even the most obscure beginnings of Greek history. It is like reading about the names and actions of Greeks and Romans in the preliminary portion of middle age chronicles. But however little we know or are able to realize of the men whose names figure in the annals or inscriptions of these times, we are able to trace general movements and results. The history of these Five Great Monarchies is the history of a struggle, continuous when once begun, between two civilizing tendencies originating in races more or less ethnically different, and marked by features which within certain limits are distinct. It was the struggle between the populations of the great valley plain of the two rivers and those of the adjoining highlands. Chaldeans, Assyrians, and Babylonians, whatever their origin and composition, had taken the impress of the Semitic type, which had become dominant among them; the Medians and Persians were true Aryans. And it was long a doubtful battle which were to give the law to the other. The great river population had the start in the arts of life, and, as usual, proved stronger for the time than their mountain neighbours. Nineveh and Babylon,

\* *The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World.* By George Rawlinson, Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford. Vols. III. and IV. 1865—1867. London: John Murray.



with their wealth, their mechanical skill, and a foundation of moral power and obstinacy besides, were to the Aryan tribes of the north-east what Rome was to the Teutonic barbarians. After imperfect conquest and doubtful control, the inherent superiority of character and intellect of what seemed the less civilized race prevailed. But the inferiority in civilization was only superficial and temporary. The Teutonic element had in it the germs of a more magnificent and expansive civilization than even that of Rome which it displaced or absorbed. And the Aryans whom we know by the names of Medians and Persians, though not perhaps so tough and persevering in character as their lowland neighbours on the banks of the great rivers, and though without the original capacity for plastic and imitative art, and perhaps for mechanical inventions, which seems characteristic of Assyrians and Babylonians, were larger in mind and higher in moral ideas, and more adapted for the growth and changes of true civilization. Nothing in the Persian monuments seems to match the wonders laid bare beneath the mounds of Nineveh. But there are two things noticed by Mr. Rawlinson which give a measure of the difference between the two kinds and tendencies of civilization. The Aryan Medians and Persians discarded the Assyrian system of writing, with its three or four hundred signs, composed sometimes of fourteen or fifteen wedges, for a phonetic alphabet of some thirty-six signs. They saw the advantage of the Western mode of writing words over the earlier one which still survives in China. The history of this change is of course unknown; but the conclusions gathered from the facts that we have are thus stated by Mr. Rawlinson:—

On the whole it is perhaps most probable that the Medes were unacquainted with letters when they made their great migration, and that they acquired their first knowledge of them from the races with whom they came into collision when they settled along the Zagros chain. In these regions they were brought into contact with at least two forms of written speech, one that of the old Armenians, a Turanian dialect, the other that of the Assyrians, a language of the Semitic type. These two nations used the same alphabetic system, though their languages were utterly unlike; and it would apparently have been the easiest plan for the new comers to have adopted the established forms, and to have applied them, so far as was possible, to the representation of their own speech. But the extreme complication of a system which employed between three and four hundred written signs, and composed signs sometimes of fourteen or fifteen wedges, seems to have shocked the simplicity of the Medes, who recognised the fact that the varieties of their articulations fell far short of this excessive luxuriance. The Arian races, so far as appears, declined to follow the example set them by the Turanians of Armenia, who had adopted the Assyrian alphabet, and preferred to invent a new system for themselves, which they determined to make far more simple. It is possible that they found an example already set them. In Achaemenian times we observe two alphabets used through Media and Persia, both of which are simpler than the Assyrian; one is employed to express the Turanian dialect of the people whom the Aryans conquered and dispossessed; the other to express the tongue of the conquerors. It is possible—though we have no direct evidence of the fact—that the Turanians of Zagros and the neighbourhood had already formed for themselves the alphabet which is found in the second columns of the Achaemenian tablets, when the Arian invaders conquered them. This alphabet, which in respect of complexity holds an intermediate position between the luxuriance of the Assyrian and the simplicity of the Medo-Persic system, would seem in all probability to have intervened in order of time between the two. It consists of no more than about a hundred characters, and these are for the most part far less complicated than those of Assyria. If the Medes found this form of writing already existing in Zagros when they arrived, it may have assisted to give them the idea of making for themselves an alphabet so far on the old model that the wedge should be the sole element used in the formation of letters, but otherwise wholly new, and much more simple than those previously in use.

Discarding then the Assyrian notion of a syllabary, with the enormous complication which it involves, the Medes strove to reduce sounds to their ultimate elements, and to represent these last alone by symbols.

The other point is even more important. The ultimate Aryan victory carried with it the victory and diffusion of a higher religious faith, so much higher than that which it replaced as to make the change really one of the great religious reformations of the world, and one of the distinct steps in its religious advance. The religious ideas of the religion which we call Zoroastrian, represented in the Zendavesta, which were those of the Aryans who at last overthrew Babylon, strike us even now with astonishment, and almost awe, when we compare them with the debased idolatries which we attribute indiscriminately to the world outside of Judaism, and which of course to a great extent prevailed in it. In the Semitic or quasi-Semitic rivals of the Medes and Persians, they had gained a predominance. The religion of Babylon, as of Nineveh, was, according to all appearance and all descriptions, a gross nature-worship. On this coarse and immoral religion, possibly itself a corruption, the spiritual faith of Zoroaster came as an enormous advance in the direction of truth. It was as real a purifying agent, opening and disseminating higher views, as Judaism itself; and we need not be deterred from thinking its system beneficial, or even as providential as the diffusion of Judaism, because it was imperfect, and could not resist degeneration. Like other religious reformations, it made its mark on the world, and then yielded to alien and corrupting influences. The religion of the earlier portions of the Zendavesta became involved, Mr. Rawlinson tells us, first in speculations which introduced into it that sharp dualism which we always identify with it, but which, he thinks, was not one of its original features; and, next, it took into itself, by one of those compromises not uncommon in the history of religions, what was originally a hostile and rival system, the fire-worship and priestly caste of the Magi. As time went on, and the Persian kings became rulers of nations with gods and religions new to them, the common tendency prevailed, and the fashion of new objects of worship and rites of service threw into the shade, more or less, altogether or only for a time, the religion which

their forefathers had brought with them. Still, the basis of the religion remained, in spite of its foreign admixtures or overloading corruptions. The sacerdotal and material spirit of Magianism which first blended itself with Zoroastrianism in the more refined Medes, was for a long time kept at bay with a kind of puritanical fervour by the simpler Persian tribes; and when the Persians became a conquering race they made war against idolatry and burnt temples with the iconoclastic intolerance of Mahometans or Huguenots. Cyrus and Darius Hystaspis seem to have been as hostile to Magianism as Edward VI. and Elizabeth were to Popery; yet Magianism in time made its way, and became a recognised and important power in Persian religion. The Persians would not, at first at least, accept idols from the Assyrians, but they accepted religious symbols. And at last Artaxerxes Mnemon, the conqueror of Cunaxa, took up the worship of a Babylonian Venus, and set the fashion of a new devotion, in which he naturally had imitators. Mr. Rawlinson, following the researches of Haug and Professor Westergaard, has given a very good account of the probable development of the religion of the Persians. He differs from the first in the way in which he regards Magianism, as a foreign and in itself hostile element, gradually blended with the creed of Zoroaster, and in time assuming in it the position of a priesthood:—

Two phases of the early Iranic religion have been now briefly described—the first a simple and highly spiritual creed, remarkable for its distinct assertion of monotheism, its hatred of idolatry, and the strongly marked antithesis which it maintained between good and evil; the second, a natural corruption of the first, dualistic, complicated, by the importance which it ascribed to angelic beings verging upon polytheism. It remains to give an account of a third phase into which the religion passed in consequence of an influence exercised upon it from without by an alien system.

When the Iranic nations, cramped for space in the countries east and south of the Caspian, began to push themselves further to the west, and then to the south, they were brought into contact with various Scythic tribes inhabiting the mountain regions of Armenia, Azerbaijan, Kurdistan, and Luristan, whose religion appears to have been Magism. It was here, in these elevated tracts, where the mountains almost seem to reach the skies, that the most venerated and ancient of the fire-temples were established, some of which remain, seemingly in their primitive condition, at the present day. Here tradition placed the original seat of the fire-worship; and from hence many taught that Zoroaster, whom they regarded as the founder of Magism, had sprung. Magism was, essentially, the worship of the elements, the recognition of fire, air, earth, and water as the only proper objects of human reverence. The Magi held no personal gods, and therefore naturally rejected temples, shrines, and images, as tending to encourage the notion that gods existed of a like nature with man—i.e., possessing personality—living and intelligent beings. Theirs was a nature-worship, but a nature-worship of a very peculiar kind. . . . The Magian religion was of a highly sacerdotal type. No worshipper could perform any religious act except by the intervention of a priest, or Magus, who stood between him and the divinity as a Mediator. . . . The Magi were a priest-caste, apparently, holding their office by hereditary succession. . . . When the Arian tribes, pressing westward, came into contact with the races professing the Magian religion, they found a sacerdotal cast all powerful in most of the Scythic nations.

The original spirit of Zoroastrianism was fierce and exclusive. The early Iranians looked with contempt and hatred on the creed of their Indian brethren; they abhorred idolatry; and were disinclined to tolerate any religion except that which they had themselves worked out. But with the lapse of ages this spirit became softened. . . . The result which supervened upon contact with Magism seems to have been a fusion—an absorption into Zoroastrianism of all the chief points of the Magian belief, and all the more remarkable of the Magian religious usages. This absorption appears to have taken place in Media. It was there that the Arian tribes first associated with themselves, and formally adopted into their body the priest-caste of the Magi, which thenceforth was recognised as one of the six Median tribes. It is there that Magi are first found acting in the capacity of Arian priests.

When the more orthodox and primitive Persians became the ruling race, Magianism was looked on with something of the feeling with which the Covenanters looked upon Prelacy; but after some bloody reverses it won its way:—

Magism was really, it is probable, an older creed than Zoroastrianism in the country where the Persians were settled; but it now, for the first time since the Persian conquest, began to show itself, to thrust itself into high places, and to attract general notice. From being the religion of the old Scythic tribes whom the Persians had conquered and whom they held in subjection, it had passed into being the religion of great numbers of the Persians themselves. The same causes which had corrupted Zoroastrianism in Media, soon after the establishment of the Empire, worked also, though more slowly, in Persia, and a large section of the nation was probably weaned from its own belief, and won over to Magism, before Cambyes went into Egypt. His prolonged absence in that country brought matters to a crisis. The Magi took advantage of it to attempt a substitution of Magism for Zoroastrianism as the religion of the State. When this attempt failed, there was no doubt a reaction for a time, and Zoroastrianism thought itself triumphant. But a foe is generally most dangerous when he is despised. Magism, repulsed in its attempt to oust the rival religion, derived wisdom from the lesson, and thenceforth set itself to sap the fortress which it could not storm. Little by little it crept into favour, mingling itself with the old Arian creed, not displacing it, but only adding to it. In the later Persian system the Dualism of Zoroaster and the Magian elemental worship were jointly professed—the Magi were accepted as the national priests—the rites and ceremonies of the two religions were united—a sacerdotalism not unusual in the ancient world, blended into one two creeds originally quite separate and distinct, but in few respects antagonistic; and the name of Zoroaster being still fondly cherished in the memory of the nation, while in their practical religion Magian rites predominated, the mixed religion acquired the name, by which it was known to the later Greeks, of "the Magism of Zoroaster."

It is curious to see joined in one phrase the names of two systems in themselves so deeply opposed as, in Mr. Rawlinson's view, were those of the Magians and Zoroaster. But the latter, still holding the place of honour, really maintained, also, no unimportant power:—

Thus, as time went on, the Persian religion continually assimilated itself more and more to the forms of belief and worship which prevailed in the

neighbouring parts of Asia. Idolatries of several kinds came into vogue, some adopted from abroad, others developed out of their own system. Temples, some of which had a character of extraordinary magnificence, were erected to the honour of various gods; and the degenerate descendants of pure Zoroastrian spiritualists bowed down to images, and entangled themselves in the meshes of a sensualistic and most debasing nature worship. Still, amid whatsoever corruptions, the Dualistic faith was maintained. The supremacy of Ormazd was from first to last admitted. Ahri-man retained from first to last the same character and position, neither rising into an object of worship, nor sinking into a mere personification of evil. The inquiries which Aristotle caused to be made, towards the very close of the Empire, into the true nature of the Persian religion, showed him Ormazd and Ahri-man still recognised as "Principles," still standing in the same hostile and antithetical attitude, one towards the other, which they occupied when the first Fargard of the Vendidad was written, long anterior to the rise of the Persian power.

And Mr. Rawlinson points out the sympathy which appears to have sprung up between the Jews and the Persians as soon as they came in contact; nor is it too much to infer that the combined influence of two independent systems of higher religious thought must have contributed to the progress of the world:—

Considering the general failure of unassisted reason to mount up to the true notion of a spiritual God, this doctrine of the early Arians is very remarkable; and its approximation to the truth sufficiently explains at once the favourable light in which its professors are viewed by the Jewish Prophets, and the favourable opinion which they form of the Jewish system. Evidently the Jews and Arians, when they became known to one another, recognised mutually the fact that they were worshippers of the same great Being. Hence the favour of the Persians towards the Jews, and the fidelity of the Jews towards the Persians. The Lord God of the Jews being recognised as identical with Ormazd, a sympathetic feeling united the peoples. The Jews, so impatient generally of a foreign yoke, never revolted from the Persians; and the Persians, so intolerant, for the most part, of religions other than their own, respected and protected Judaism.

A glance at Mr. Rawlinson's map shows that the Persian Empire was something very different from anything that had gone before it, and that it was the first essay at those vast systems of organized Governments of different nations under one centre which have become familiar to us since. Stretching from the Hellespont, Cyrene, and the Cataracts of the Nile, to the Sea of Aral and the sources of the Siberian rivers, to the Punjab and the mouths of the Indus, it was yet not a mere aggregate of countries, but a system of definite provinces. Of more recent Powers, it perhaps most resembles Russia in its special religious character, in its mingled severity and tolerant magnanimity, in the character of its civilization, in the menace which for a long time it held out to a higher cultivation and to Western liberty, and in the way in which it so readily took into its service the Western mind which it sought to crush and enslave as a whole. Again, a glance at Mr. Rawlinson's map, and a comparison of the little tongue of land which contained the battle-fields of Greek liberty with the Empire of the Great King, is more eloquent than any account could be of the struggle between the two antagonists.

#### A CENTURY OF BIRMINGHAM LIFE.\*

PLATO divided mankind into those who have eyes and those who have none, and said that, while explorers of the former class see what comes before them in the course of their travels, because they bring eyes to see it, travellers of the latter class return home as wise as they went. He meant that our real acquaintance with the persons or events or places we are outwardly mixed up with depends on our previous training and capabilities for appreciating them as they are. The most powerful telescope is useless if the focus is not rightly adjusted to the eye. Of the thousands of Englishmen who are to be met with every summer in all parts of the Continent, how very few know anything of the history or habits or beliefs of the people whose faces they have been staring into for weeks or months! This is a trite remark as to our intercourse with foreigners; but it may sound like a paradox to say that it applies equally to our knowledge of large sections of our own countrymen. The fact is that we all live in a little world of our own, and most of us know next to nothing of what lies outside the charmed circle wherein we move and have our being. The literary, the scientific, the political, the religious, the fashionable worlds represent so many distinct centres of life and thought, which absorb the exclusive interest of a vast proportion of their votaries, and mainly occupy the attention of many more. Of course the lines cross one another, and there are some men who belong to two, or even more than two, of these little worlds at once. But the limited range both of human faculties and of human life prevents this from being the rule. And it is curious, if we come to dwell upon the fact, to see how completely ignorant we often are of the habits and feelings and principles of those whom perhaps we meet in society every day, but who are none the less living in a wholly different sphere from our own. There are many-sided men, no doubt, to be found, and they give to social intercourse one of its greatest charms. But they are undeniably the exception. It would be almost as difficult for the reigning beauty of a London season to enter into the interests of a keen politician, or for either of them to grasp the standpoint of the rival combatants in the Colenso or Ritualist controversies, as it is for an educated Englishman to realize the mental processes of a South Sea islander. And this, to come to our immediate point, is true in a modified sense of particular places, inhabited by men of the same blood with

ourselves and governed by the same laws, though it is less true now than it was a century or half a century ago. What does an ordinary Londoner know about the denizens of what he has learnt, somewhat slightly, to call "the provinces"? There is a separate public opinion of Liverpool or Birmingham, based on a number of local traditions and peculiarities, of which the tourist, who devotes a few hours or days to inspecting their dockyards and factories, knows nothing. It is indeed the tendency of modern civilization, with its increased facilities for locomotion and communication, to break down the barriers both of "provincial" and national idiosyncrasies; but its operation is slower than we are apt to imagine, and the cosmopolitan idea is never likely to attain an exclusive domination.

Such considerations explain and justify a work like Mr. Langford's *Century of Birmingham Life*, recording in minute detail the local history of one of our chief seats of manufacturing enterprise, since "the little hardware village of 1741" grew to its present dimensions, with more than 200 miles of streets, 60,000 houses, and 350,000 inhabitants. His method of quoting *verbatim* "advertisements, paragraphs, and reports," instead of summarizing their contents, so that the book is mainly composed of extracts, makes it tedious reading for all who do not approach it with the interest of a Birmingham man for his native town. But it is the right method to pursue in "a chronicle of local events" intended primarily, we presume, for purposes of reference. The opening sketch of the earlier history of Birmingham will command a wider interest. We are told that the name of *Bermingham* was derived from the patronymic *Bern, ing or iung*, the race or tribe, and *ham*, a Saxon word for home. It was, according to this theory, the homestead of the sons of Bern or Beorn, the Saxon form of the Biorn of Norse Sagas. The vernacular "Brummagem" was the mere vulgarism of a later patois. In *Domesday Book* the place is called Bermingham. There is some reason to believe that it was the site of a Roman station, and remains of the old Roman road can still be traced in the neighbourhood. It will be seen from this that Birmingham is one of the most ancient towns in England. There is, however, a gap of five centuries and a half between the record in *Domesday Book* in 1086 and the next mention of the town, by Leland, in 1538, when it had already become famous for its street called "Dirty," inhabited by "smiths and cutlers." Fifty years afterwards Camden visited Birmingham, and speaks of it as "swarming with inhabitants and echoing with the noise of anvils, for here are great numbers of smiths." Two centuries later, again, in 1777, Burke calls it "the great toy-shop of Europe"—a reputation which it still retains. Unfortunately, it was not less famous at one time for producing dies for base coin, and hence "Brummagem" and counterfeit came to be convertible terms. Mr. Langford assures us that, with one "fatal" exception, to be mentioned presently, Birmingham has always been Liberal in its politics. The town was taken, sacked, and burned by Prince Rupert's army in 1643, and a description of the event given by a Roundhead citizen of the day is still extant in a tract entitled *Rupert's Burning Love to England*. The author of this narrative was a Mr. Porter, "an earnest, God-fearing Puritan, who even for money would not make swords for the Royalists," and whose example, in this respect, Mr. Langford is anxious to commend to "some living manufacturers." We do not know whether the Papal Zouaves have got any of their swords from Birmingham, but everybody has heard of Chinese idols being exported from thence. Birmingham, to its credit, was one of the first places to take up the Sunday School movement as early as 1784, and a Mechanics' Institute was opened in 1826, three years only after the original commencement of the system. The Grammar School founded by Edward VI., and which attained high distinction under the head-mastership of the present Bishop of Manchester, is too well known to require further notice here.

Those who wish to follow Mr. Langford through his elaborate chronicle of Birmingham events from 1741 to 1791, contained in the present volume, must be referred to the book itself. We cannot do more than indicate one or two salient points. Mr. Langford has evidently discharged with painstaking care and research the laborious task he has imposed on himself as a labour of love. There are, however, some strange inaccuracies both in the text and the extracts, whether due to the carelessness of author or printer we cannot undertake to say. Thus, at p. 487 we have "amicus Plato, magis amicus veritas"; and at p. 491 the well-known line of Lucretius is quoted, in the heading of an ode to Dr. Priestley, "Tantum religio potui sadere bonorum. Luco." Some very curious facts as to the manners and customs of our forefathers ooze out in the course of the narrative. Will it be believed that in the year of grace 1771—within the lifetime, that is, of some aged people who are still among us—a negro boy was publicly sold by auction at Lichfield? Such, however, was actually the case, as will appear from the following advertisement:—

November 11, 1771.—To be Sold by Auction, on Saturday the 30th day of Nov. Inst., at the House of Mrs. Webb, in the City of Lichfield, and known by the Sign of the Baker's Arms, between the Hours of Three and Five in the Evening of the said Day, and subject to Articles, that will be then and there produced (except sold by private Contract before the Time), of which Notice will be given to the Public by John Heeley, of Walsall, Auctioneer and Salesman. A Negro Boy from Africa, supposed to be about Ten or Eleven Years of Age. He is remarkably strait, well-proportioned, speaks tolerably good English, of a mild Disposition, friendly, officious, sound, healthy, fond of Labour, and for Colour an excellent fine Black.—For Particulars enquire of the said John Heeley.

\* *A Century of Birmingham Life; or, a Chronicle of Local Events, from 1741 to 1841.* Compiled and Edited by John Alfred Langford. Vol. I. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1868.



Two years later a proceeding is recorded which shows that Frenchmen have something to say for themselves when they talk of Englishmen selling their wives at Smithfield. The *Annual Register* chronicles with unimpassioned brevity the custom then prevalent of leading a woman with a halter round her neck through a toll-gate, paying toll for her as for a horse, and then selling her.

"August 21, 1773, Samuel Whitehouse, of the parish of Willenhall, in the county of Stafford, this day sold his wife, Mary Whitehouse, in open market, to Thomas Griffiths, of Birmingham, value one shilling. To take her with all her faults.

"Signed, Samuel Whitehouse and Mary Whitehouse.

"Voucher, Thomas Buckley of Birmingham."

The parties are all exceedingly well pleased, and the money paid down as well for the toll as purchase.

To the general reader the account of the "Church and King" riots at Birmingham in 1791 will probably be the most interesting portion of the volume. Mr. Langford is justly severe on the "ignorance and bigotry of the masses at that sad period," but we doubt if the masses are much less inflammable now when their passions or prejudices are roused. Certainly there is a striking similarity between the hideous scenes recorded as occurring on four successive days of July, 1791, when the triumphant mob was employed in assaulting the houses and persons of all the Unitarians and other Dissenters they could get at, and what occurred only last summer in the same town, when Murphy was lecturing there. That in the one case Dr. Priestley and the Dissenters were the objects of their fanatical fury, and in the other case the Irish Catholics, does not affect the disgraceful character of the proceedings. From one point of view the Priestley riots were less wholly inexcusable, for some provocation, as Mr. Langford admits, had been given by the opposite party, and the horrors of the French Revolution were fresh in everybody's mind at the time. Even such men as Pitt and Burke lost their heads in the contagion of the general panic. Nor can we agree with our author that the Tories enjoyed by any means a monopoly of personal invective. The following lines from an attack on Dr. Priestley by a barrister, Mr. J. Morfitt, are, indeed, pungent enough:—

In vain dost thou affect the tender bleat  
Of bleeding innocence: we see the wolf,  
Hungry and grim, that, should the shepherds sleep,  
Would leap the fence and desolate the fold.  
No wonder thy audacious hands assail  
All earthly dignities, that dare invade  
Heaven's awful constitution; wrest the crown  
Eternal from the Pow'r that gave thee breath,  
Thus loudly to blaspheme, contemner vile  
Of what is sacred deem'd in earth and heav'n.  
Bridle thy dragon lips, "nor let thy smoke  
Ascend for ever." "Troubled ocean," cease  
Thy factious foam, nor "cast up" endless "mire."

And Mr. Morfitt's rhyme is no milder than his blank verse, as a short extract will show:—

Yet Priestley, Faction's darling child,  
Enjoys this sanguinary scene,  
And celebrates, with transports wild,  
The wrongs, miscall'd the rights, of men.  
But Britons still united sing,  
Old England's glory, Church and King.  
Thy puritanic spleen assuage,  
Polemic Priest! restrain thine ire!  
Nor with such idle, idiot rage  
Against the Church thy pop-guns fire!  
For Britons will united sing,  
Old England's glory, Church and King.  
Of trains of powder preach no more;  
Vain is thy force, and vain thy guile;  
To God and Kings their rights restore,  
Nor This blaspheme, nor Those revile!  
For Britons will united sing,  
Old England's glory, Church and King.

But in the violence of their frantic glorification of the worst excesses of the Revolution, and their fierce hatred of all who opposed it, the Liberals of the period seem to have been quite a match for their rivals. The following specimen, taken from "a spirited song," as Mr. Langford calls it, written for "the Anniversary of the French Revolution," may suffice to illustrate the kind of language popular with those who called themselves "friends of liberty":—

Let Burke, like a bat, from its splendour retire,  
A splendour too strong for his eyes;  
Let pedants and fools his effusions admire,  
Enrapt in his cobwebs, like flies;  
Shall piracy and sophistry hope to prevail,  
Where reason opposes her weight,  
When the welfare of millions is hung in the scale,  
And the balance yet trembles with fate?  
But 'tis over—high Heaven the decision approves—  
Oppression has struggled in vain:  
To the Hell she has formed Superstition removes,  
And Tyranny bites his own chain.  
In the records of Time a new era unfolds—  
All nature exults in its birth—  
His creation benign the Creator beholds,  
And gives a new charter to Earth.

The timid, tender way in which the Birmingham rioters of 1791 were dealt with by the law may be gathered from a contemporary anecdote of a gentleman out hunting with Mr. Corbett's foxhounds, who was so sure of killing the fox that he cried "Nothing but a Birmingham jury can save him." In conclusion, we must

thank Mr. Langford for the pains he has bestowed on an unambitious but not unprofitable field of labour. We shall look with interest for the appearance of his next volume.

#### MR. YONGE'S HORACE.\*

WITHOUT the slightest wish to disparage or undervalue the nursing-mother of those who, according to the best authority, "won the battle of Waterloo," one may boldly aver that Eton's past productions in the way of classical editions have been far from memorable. The evidence before the Public School Commission went some way towards accounting for this, and a study of the blue-book suggested a hope that, among other reforms, a reform in the school text-books might in time follow. Looking at the calibre and antecedents of the masters, there could be no doubt that—given the needful leisure, freedom of action, and remuneration—they had amongst them the capacity for turning out books which, in point of ability, scholarship, and research, might hold their own in a wider world than Eton. And indeed it was time that this should be done. An edition of a Latin poet, which not many years ago had the Eton imprimatur, recurs to our memory as a mere cento of barren husks and stale crumbs. It is no unkindness to recall the past as a strong antithesis to the present. A more complete change for the better than that which we welcome in Mr. J. E. Yonge's *Horace* could hardly be imagined. In a volume of average octavo size he has given us a scholarly edition of the whole of *Horace*—such an edition, in truth, as will not only excellently suffice for the pupil's need, but will also adorn and supplement the library of the veteran in classical studies. With a worthy zeal to efface past shortcomings, and to enhance the repute of the great seminary to which he owes his nurture, he has laid himself out to embody and utilize the floating Horatian lore with which the Eton atmosphere is traditionally charged; and, in doing this, he has not only repaid to Eton the debt of a fond alumnus, but has also asserted (better late than never) the claims of this country to match the Continental editions of *Horace* with one of native manufacture. Until now it is strange how little we have produced that is worthy of the name; our great manipulator of *Horace*—Bentley—having rather exhibited his characteristic audacity in the liberties he took with the text of MSS. than made good his title to have edited and explained his author.

The soil, therefore, beneath which Mr. Yonge had to seek an intellectual spring (as easy to find at Eton, he declares, as the natural springs on the high commons adjacent) has the advantage of being in a great measure virgin soil, and he deserves the full credit of having opened "a channel to draw off the ready rills into the vale of literature." His work affords abundant proof that he has taken no one-sided views of his subject; and that, having been allowed free play, he has aimed at supplying such food as may be suitable alike to the tiro and the mature scholar, to the literary loungee as well as the exacter critical student. Conceiving rightly that of all classical authors *Horace* most illustrates, and is most illustrated by, his contemporaries and successors, and further that in an English *Horace* there is ample field for "beautiful and instructive parallelism" from our own literature, "whether as a help to vivid and expressive translation, or as a link in the world of letters, and an evidence of the reaction and play of thought," Mr. Yonge has given such prominence to these two features in his edition as to supply what has been hitherto a desideratum. To give an idea of the debt which such successors as *Ovid* and *Persius* owe to the thoughts and phraseology of *Horace*, or to quote the passages where he has taken his cue from *Lucretius*, would be to ransack Mr. Yonge's notes, and to lay under contribution a store as inexhaustible as that of an orchard in an apple county. This exercise in parallelism is invaluable to the individual Latin student, but does not admit of adequate illustration within our limits. The light thrown on *Horace*, the help afforded to a due appreciation of him, by our English poetic literature, is a more attractive topic, and one which seems to be peculiarly Etonian. Nor can the value of this study be rated too highly in the present day, when, owing either to the prevalence of "athletics," or the enlargement of the educational curriculum in the direction of "ologies," public-school boys are apt to content themselves with a too slender knowledge of the literature of their own country. Apposite and choice parallels, such as adorn Mr. Yonge's notes, may tend to lead some readers to the fountains whence they are drawn, and may invite them, when these are found, to more copious draughts. In the poems of *Gray* they will learn how discriminating, though large, a use that chosen pupil of Eton made of the storehouse to which she introduced him. His "Ode for Music," for example, borrows its eighth stanza from the first stanza of *Horace's* supplics to *Licinius Murena* (Ode II. x. 1, "Rectius vives," &c.); his "Progress of Poetry," III. 3, exquisitely reproduces the main ideas of the lines, "Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum," &c. &c., in Ode IV. ii. 25. These, and manifold other debts to *Horace* lovingly repaid by the author of "Lines on a Distant View of Eton College," Mr. Yonge has pointed out with much taste and discrimination. But he has not limited himself to a single poet, or age of poets. It is remarkable how many parallels he cites from *Shakespeare*, *Ben Jonson*, and the Elizabethan poets and dramatists, from the fastidious

\* *The Complete Works of Horace*. Edited by the Rev. J. E. Yonge, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton, and late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co. 1867.

Milton, and from the pages of Cowley; while from such later poets as Cowper and Wordsworth he culls imitations as unmistakable as they are happy. The paradoxical expression of Epist. I. xi. 28, "Strenua nos exerceat inertia," is the source of Cowper's

Who borne about  
In chariots and sedans know no fatigue  
But that of idleness.

The reflective vein of Epist. I. ii. 43,

At ille  
Labitur et labetur in omne volabilis ævum,

is caught up and variously repeated in Wordsworth's *Fountain* and in Tennyson's *Brook*. But the wider a classical reader's range of English poets reaches, the more alive will he be to the debt which grave and gay, didactic poets and butterfly songsters alike, owe to their Horace. While two of Keble's lines in the *Christian Year* (SS. Philip and James),

Learn to quit with eye serene  
Thy youth's ideal hour,

are clearly traceable to Horace's "Quisquis ingentes oculo irretorto Spectat acervos," Od. II. ii. 23, "Anacreon" Moore will be found to have borrowed from Od. I. xxv. 17-20 ("Læta quod pubes," &c.) a thought embodied in one of his national airs ("Flow on, thou shining river")—

And tell her this, when youth is o'er,  
Her lone and loveless charms shall be  
Thrown by upon life's weedy shore,  
Like those sweet flowers from thee.

It is this affluence of illustration which to our thinking constitutes a classical *édition de luxe*; and it would be hard to mention a passage in Mr. Yonge's Horace that might have been paralleled and has not been. We might perhaps suggest to him two lines from the Corsair's song at the opening of Byron's *Corsair*—

Let him who crawls enamoured of decay  
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away, &c.—

as being something more than an accidental coincidence of thought with Epode XVI. 37-8—"Mollis et cæspes Innominata perprimat cubilia." It may be doubted, too, whether, except in cases of singular taste and beauty, the drafts of prose writers on Horace deserve notice. One gets a laugh, but that is all, out of Mr. Yonge's illustration of the classic figure "zeugma" as it occurs at Sat. I. i. 3, "Vivat, laudet," by means of a passage from one of Sydney Smith's Moral Philosophy Lectures. Could the humourist have foreseen that he was thus to be "put in a book," he would have brushed up a sentence which Mr. Yonge cites for peculiarity of idiom, but which is really a rich specimen of slipshod. "No one would laugh to see a little child fall, and would be shocked to see such an accident happen to an old man, or his father." Whose father? The old man's, if we are to be guided by grammar. Apart, however, from a few such superfluities, the parallelistic feature is one of the chief charms of the volume before us, and is calculated to be of great service to young students seeking to construe Horace with taste and neatness, as well as to translators, who, next to a clear understanding of the original, will find their best equipment in a large acquaintance with the English poets who are most indebted to him. But this is far from the only notable feature of the work. As a sound exponent of grammatical peculiarities, and a critical discriminator of the value of conflicting commentaries, Mr. Yonge merits, for the most part, very high praise. His research has been extensive and thorough; and the results of it he has laudably aimed at bringing within manageable compass. Hence his edition satisfies without wearying, and elucidates poetic thoughts and expressions without descending to prosiness. Many scholars cling to Latin notes, as admitting of more conciseness and compression than English. But such editors as Mr. Yonge show that, by careful digestion of matter, it is possible to refute the notion that English notes are necessarily prolix. Keeping this aim in view, he renders Horace doubly enjoyable; and, while he is succinct, he never leaves us in the lurch through lack of decision. A great help to this is his independence of judgment. Though, as a rule, he attaches much weight to Orelli, we find him as early as the first ode of Book I. differing from that authority on the explanation of "Nec partem solido demere de die" in v. 20. Orelli would connect this line with those that follow, and with the Italian "siesta," but Mr. Yonge refers it chiefly to the preceding verse, and the "cups of old Massic." His citation of Ode II. iii. 6-13 seems to prove that the "siesta" is not the leading idea of the verse in question; and this gains confirmation from the reflection that, as the old Roman "cena" was not till near nightfall, it was drinking, and not sleeping, to which the poet referred as entreaching on the day's work. On the other hand, Mr. Yonge rightly approves Orelli's interpretation of Od. I. vii. 7, "Undique decerpam fronti præponere olivam," which he takes to mean, "To bind round the brow an olive wreath won from every part of the legendary lore about Pallas and her city." This is surely better than Bentley's explanation, that "undique decerpam olivam" was "an olive tree stripped of leaves by every poet," although Mr. Conington's translation seems to favour the latter.

In another passage in the Odes, III. xxv. 12—  
Lustratam Rhodopen. Ut mihi devio  
Ripas et vacuum nemus  
Mirari libet—

Mr. Yonge disapproves of Orelli's punctuation, which removes the full-stop after "Rhodopen," so as to make "ut" dependent on "non secus," which is contrary, as Mr. Yonge abundantly shows,

both to precedent and analogy. To his argument that though "ut," as well as "ac," may be found after "perinde" and "pariter," these words do not coincide with "non secus" in construction, because they cannot take "quam" after them, he adds another not less cogent—namely, the short, nervous, abrupt structure of the whole ode. Indeed, the rule of his editing appears to be in conformity with the Horatian motto—

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;

although, while thus preserving independence, he does not make independent judgment a cloak for scanty research. His whole work shows a careful weighing of authorities, and of course on some points scholars will be found excepting to his interpretations. We recognise the force of his reasons for adopting Lachmann's reading at Ode III. xxiv. 4, "Terrenum omne tuis et mare publicum," instead of the old reading, "Tyrrhenum omne tuis et mare Apulicum." "Terrenum," as he shows from Livy xxiii. 19, is a generic technical term for "land"; and "publicum," as applied to "mare," stands for "common," "unprivileged"; so that we should construe "though you should invade with your rubble all the land and sea, which is open to all." To the other readings there are objections as to structure, quantity, and fitness. "Omne" seems to be out of place; Apulicum, with the first syllable short, is unheard of; and Apulia was not a coast or country of favourite resort. We agree, too, with Mr. Yonge's reasons for preferring "alveo" to "æquore," in Od. III. xxix. 34. On the other hand, there are passages—e.g. Epist. I. vi. 51,

Merceam servum, qui dietet nomina, lavum  
Qui fodiect latus et cogat trans pondera dextram  
Porrigere—

where, though he seems to think the question settled, there is room for great difference of opinion as to the interpretation. Orelli's reference to a Pompeian fresco convinces Mr. Yonge that what is meant here is, a candidate for popular favour, after a hint from the "nomenclator" at his elbow, stretching his hand across the counter, or over the scales and weights piled on it, to shake that of some shopkeeper or other. The use of "ponderibus" for "weights," in Sat. I. iii. 78, hardly authorizes the artificial interpretation here of "trans pondera." Acon's interpretation, which makes the candidate stretch out his hand across the obstructions of the Roman streets, though unnoticed by Mr. Yonge, is, to say the least, as obvious. We prefer to both of these Gesner's explanation, "ultra æquilibrium sive libramentum corporis" (referring to the candidate getting off his balance in his efforts to be popular), not only on the strength of the parallel in Lucet. VI. 574, "prolapsa suas in pondera vires," but because Lachmann and Munro, differing elsewhere as to that passage, seem both to accept "pondera" in this sense here. Recurring to the Odes, we wonder that in L. xvii. 9, Mr. Yonge should have preferred the reading favoured by Orelli, "Nec Martiales Hædiliæ lupos" ("Hædiliæ" being supposed to be a hill in the neighbourhood), to the, for once, extremely probable correction of Bentley, "hædulenæ"; more especially as the scholiast Acon gives the latter reading, and interprets it "hædorum septa."

These, however, are debatable points, and it is satisfactory to find an editor using independently the light which research and acumen afford him. This keeps him from endorsing, though he notices, Mr. Parry's theory that, in Ode I. ix. 11, "Deprecantes" means "ceasing to rage"; it enables him to see that "idem," not "medius," is the predicate in II. xix. 27-8, "Sed idem Pacis eras mediusque belli" (you were the same in the midst of peace and war); and it helps him, at Epode iv. 16, to explain "Othone contempto" by the supposition that, whereas Otho's scheme aimed at excluding all but "ingenui et cives" by a property qualification, his aim was defeated when wealthy base-born adventurers took their seats against the spirit of his law. At Sat. I. iv. 8 he happily illustrates the use of "emuncto naris" by the parallel expression "purgatam aurem," Epist. I. i. 7; and alongside of his text his system of pertinent marginal references is as valuable a feature as it is in Mr. Hayman's *Odyssey*.

Now and then, towards the close of Mr. Yonge's annotations, a minor obscurity has been overlooked. In Sat. I. iii. 88-9 the fate of a debtor unable to pay up his interest is said to be

Amaras  
Porrecto jugulo historias, captivus ut, audit.

The usual interpretation is that the usurer took out his interest in dunning the histories he was writing into his debtor's ears. Banking nowadays may go along with scholarship, but were the pursuits of literature compatible with ancient usury? Mr. Yonge throws no light on the point; but, in default of a better sense, we should refer the words to the luckless debtor's being doomed to listen with neck outstretched, like a slave's for execution, to the usurer's bitter tales or precedents about other debtors. A note would not have been amiss on the peculiar construction, "Cessatum ducere curam," Epist. I. ii. 31. Any slight omissions, however, are amply atoned by the succinct exactness with which most collateral matters are discussed. We may point to the notes on Ode I. x. 11, "Voce dum terret," and Ode I. xxxiii. 1, "Ne doleas," as samples of the thorough treatment of grammatical questions; and to the introductions to each poem, which manfully deal with every difficulty of history and biography. An excellent map of Italy at the beginning of the volume is a sort of promise, well kept in the body of the work, that the geography of Horace is not neglected.

As to orthography, Mr. Yonge affects modern fashions. He prints "arduist" for "ardui est," and is inclined to prefer



"honustus" to "onustus." This is very trying to those lingering prejudices of conservatism to which the past year has been giving the coup de grâce. Were we minded to be spiteful, we might suggest more exactness in every-day printing as a matter of greater importance. In Epist. I. i. 95 one does not expect to find "ridens" for "rides," nor at 104 "prava sectum" for "prava sectum"—an ellipse of "manu" being, we suppose, out of the question. In the next epistle, at v. 66, "pelleum" is printed "pallium;" and in Epist. I. vii. 55, we have "redit et narret" for "redit et narrat." But we are too grateful for an English edition of Horace which outdoes in point of taste, succinctness, and happy copious illustration every other English edition, that of Maclean's not excepted, to be critical about two or three microscopic specks on the sun. Such genuine fruits of the scholarship of Eton and King's will serve to swell, by an accession of disinterested voices, the old refrain of "Floreat Etona."

#### AMERICA AS SHE IS.\*

THE American Constitution is at this time passing through a severe and critical trial, the issue of which none can pretend to foresee, and of the magnitude and significance of which many even of those who profess the keenest interest in American progress appear to be in great measure unconscious. From the language of those especially who have made the institutions of the States the subject of eager and indiscriminate panegyric, we might suppose that they are wholly unaware that the present course of Federal legislation involves a great and momentous, even if it prove to be merely a temporary, change in the character and working of those institutions. They write and speak of the political contests of the day as they might have done of the party struggles of 1850; as if the Constitution were still in unquestioned force and vigour, and as if the policy of Congress were undoubtedly legal and its measures certainly valid. They ignore altogether the progress of a revolution at least as important and extensive as would have been the severance of the Southern States from the Union, and the total departure of the hitherto dominant party, in the spirit and the letter, from the expressed intentions of those who founded the Union and framed the Constitution. And as the great majority of Englishmen interested in politics take their notions of American affairs at second-hand from English journals, reviews, and books, there prevails a general misconception, or a very inadequate conception, of the nature of recent changes and existing conflicts in that country. Under such circumstances we heartily welcome the endeavour of a writer who has taken some pains to understand his subject, and who has acquired a personal acquaintance with American society and politics, to do for us, in regard to the America of to-day, what M. de Tocqueville did for Europe in respect to the America of the last generation, and what Mr. Trevelyan accomplished in regard to the Constitution as it stood before the election of Mr. Buchanan, and the commencement of the revolution of which the Confederate war was but a single phase. We do not dream of comparing the work of Mr. Jennings with either of those we have named, in respect either of originality, of completeness, or of value. He himself would be the first to deprecate so damaging a comparison. But we may say that the work before us gives a substantially correct and tolerably complete view of the practical state of American politics. It is a temperate, impartial, and thoughtful estimate of parties, principles, and social character; and if it does not add much to the knowledge of those who have studied American politics at first-hand, and if it contains many propositions from which we more or less dissent, it will contribute much to the correction of prevalent popular errors, and will mislead no one who considers attentively, not only the author's special inferences, but his general views, and the evidence on which they are based.

According to Mr. Jennings, the violations of the Constitution which have been so rife since 1861, and the disappointment of which all the better sort of Americans are, and must be, conscious, in no way affect the reverence and admiration with which the sacred document is regarded. Much of this we suspect to be conventional; some of it may be accounted for by that habit which Mr. Jennings describes as general among Americans, of attributing to the Constitution, not only the virtues it has displayed and the good it has actually achieved, but also the political merits and the practical blessings which they conceive naturally to belong to it, and expect one day to realize. We entertain no doubt that the open and insolent contempt manifested by the Radical majority in Congress for a fundamental law so esteemed by the nation, has had its share in provoking the late reaction. The people tolerated unconstitutional measures during the war, on the principle *ne quid detrimenti respublica caperet*, and might have permitted considerable usurpations on the part of Congress as necessary to the reconstruction of the Union on a secure basis; but they were displeased and alarmed to find the Constitution avowedly set aside, as imposing no restraints on the will of a dominant faction.

We do not quite agree with Mr. Jennings in his assertion that the framers of the Constitution did, in fact, prepare and render necessary the sectional struggles and civil war by which the question of State rights has been set at rest, by leaving the Constitution purposely vague and indefinite on points which had afterwards to

be decided by the sword. There was a party conflict in the Convention itself, and the Federalists were compelled to yield very much that they desired to carry; and the consequence is that their production bears all the natural indistinctness of a compromise. But, on every point which could have been foreseen as a probable source of strife, the Convention were tolerably explicit. They thought, as Mr. Jennings shows, that no danger of encroachment by the Federal Government on State rights was possible, because they conceived themselves to have made the former completely the creature of the latter. They did discuss the question whether or not a State could be coerced by force, and the Federalists themselves repudiated the idea. They did not insert the negative in the Constitution because it was understood that the Federal Government possessed no powers but such as were therein expressed. They did, therefore, pronounce by anticipation against the course taken by Mr. Lincoln. And they did provide a tribunal by which the question might have been legally settled. But the plain truth is that the case arose in a form which they could not have contemplated. That State rights should become the dominant idea of the South, and Federalism of the North, they could not expect; indeed such was not the case till long after the death of Washington; and it required such a sectional division to bring the question to the arbitration of the sword. If in 1812 Massachusetts was on the verge of secession, if in 1860 half the North thought secession technically legal, we cannot blame the men of 1788 for not foreseeing that by 1860 the doctrines of Federalism would have become dear to Massachusetts as involving the supremacy of a Northern majority, and that in 1861 the North would draw the sword to prevent secession. We think that no one who knows the history of the Convention that framed, and of those that adopted, the Constitution—reluctantly, and after important amendments—can doubt how the jurists and legislators of that time would have resolved the questions of 1860. They would have said, "The North has nothing to do with Southern institutions, and the perpetual discussion, agitation, and menace of interference on the question of slavery are a violation of the spirit of the Federal compact. North and South have equal rights and interests in the Territories. In seceding, the South is breaking a treaty, of which one clause states that the Union shall be perpetual. But the Southern States must judge for themselves how far the systematic violation of that compact by Northern citizens justifies its final repudiation; and in any case the Federal Government neither can nor ought to go to war to coerce unwilling Confederates to remain in the Union." Such was the solution which the "Fathers" would have given to the problem they are accused of evading; and we doubt not that they would have held that it was given by implication—and of course it would not be given expressly, as the Constitution would not provide for secession—in the fundamental law which they had framed as the perpetual security of the rights alike of States and Union, of majorities and minorities.

To the great change which the issue of the war, even more than the war itself, has wrought in the aspect of American politics, Mr. Jennings is fully alive. It was impossible but that such change should ensue. The Constitution of America has this signal peculiarity, that real sovereignty—absolute power—is lodged nowhere. No authority to override or alter the fundamental law is vested in any existing body; the only entity possessing such a power is a potential one—a majority of three-fourths of the States, which may or may not exist when it is required to act. And as the theory on which the war was waged assumed that the seceding States—nearly one-third of the whole—were still in the Union, it followed that when the war came to an end, and the conquerors had to give legal form to the decisions of the sword, the only power which could legally do so was non-existent. Usurpation, then, in some quarter was practically inevitable; and usurpation once begun, there could be no assignable limit to the encroachments of the power which should prove the stronger. During the war, that power had been the Executive; after the war, most men, and the President among them, seemed to conceive that it was still in the Executive that the true strength of the Federal Government resided. Our author shows that up to this time the President had always been the prominent and preponderant power in that Government; but he conceives that this predominance was accidental and not inherent, and that in a contest with Congress the President is really helpless. In another passage, however, he shows a truer appreciation of the state of the case. Mr. Johnson was defeated because the people were with Congress, and against him. And even so he would not have been overpowered had the Constitution worked as its framers expected. They required a majority of two-thirds in each House to override the veto, intending that the President should be able to restrain any legislation that had not the support of an overwhelming preponderance of popular opinion. As the popular vote was but eleven to nine against him, his veto ought to have prevailed. It was overruled through the worst vice of the American representative system—that distribution into constituencies returning one member each which gives to a diffused majority, however small, a virtual monopoly of the representation. Eleven-twentieths of the people obtained fifteen-twentieths of the representation. It is plain that, but for this fault, Mr. Johnson would have been able completely to checkmate the policy of Congress; and that, despite this fault, a President who shall be supported by a minority of the nation so distributed as to command more than one-third of the States—and therefore of the Senate—will always be able to hold his own in a conflict with the Congressional majority. The weakness ascribed to the office by Mr. Jennings consists only in this—that the President,

\* *Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States.* By Louis J. Jennings. London: Murray. 1868.

like any other person or power in America, is ultimately powerless against the will of the people. At a future period we may possibly find Congress as little able to cope with a popular President as an unpopular President has proved to resist Congress.

The Federal Legislature is for the moment the ruling power in the land. It has crushed State rights; it has humbled the Executive; it has defied the Judiciary; it has trampled on the Constitution. But nothing that it has done has in it the character of security or stability. Its acts have been undoubtedly illegal; and if hereafter they should become unpopular, they may be swept away more quickly and more easily than they have been accomplished. Therefore in the existing polity of America nothing is certain, nothing reliable; and according as revolution proceeds or reaction sets in, the next phase of its history may be, on the one hand, a policy of consolidation and centralism inspired by the views of New England, with a protective tariff and a perpetual "negro question" as vexatious and as dangerous as that of slavery, or, on the other, a system of local government and *laissez faire* in which Southern and Western influence will preponderate, free trade be conceded to the agricultural interests of the country, and the organization of industry on a footing consistent with the principles of emancipation be left to those who best understand the conditions of the problem, and whose fate depends on its solution.

Not the least interesting and useful portions of this volume are those which describe the actual state of American society and politics in respect to many of those points to which European democrats are wont to refer with peculiar admiration, and, we may add, with peculiar ignorance. What Mr. Jennings remarks upon the exceptional conditions of American democracy is perfectly true, and, though often repeated, perhaps needs to be again enforced upon those who are unwilling to remember it. The working-classes of America are exceptionally well to do, and exceptionally loyal and contented, not because they live under a Republican government, but because they have access to an unlimited extent of fertile land; and therefore wages, on the whole, can never fall below the amount which a man could earn from 160 acres of rude and uncleared, but virgin, soil. Nevertheless, there are Trades' Unions and Trades' Union murders, strikes, and outrages, there as here; nor are they less frequent in the land of liberty and equality. Native Americans for the most part exercise their political privileges intelligently and with competent knowledge. But a very large element of a different character is infused into the electoral body—lawless, corrupt, violent, ignorant; a disgrace and a nuisance of which Americans are keenly sensible; and this consists of the immigrants from Europe, and especially from Ireland—the very people for whom the admirers of American institutions claim at home the privileges of which they have shown themselves unworthy in America. Drunkenness, bribery, and fraud prevail at American elections to an extent at least as great as they have reached in England; if bribery be less common, personation and trickery are far more so. And whereas corruption is wholly unknown in Parliament, and jobbery even in our municipal bodies is restrained within very narrow limits, direct bribery is a recognised and most potent influence in Congress, in regard to all measures in which individuals or classes have a pecuniary interest, and in the State Legislatures and city corporations corruption and dishonesty of every kind are practised on a gigantic scale, and almost without concealment. Of New York we need only say that the whole of the city government is one monstrous scheme of public robbery, shameless beyond belief; and that at Albany, among other more familiar forms of plunder, Bills are brought in simply that they may be bought off, at an enormous price, by those whose interests they endanger. But New York is only a little worse than her neighbours. Mr. Stevens bears witness to the corruption of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, and to the fact that the place of Senator from that State was not long ago actually purchased from the legislators. And it is beyond question that large sums of money have been spent by the various manufacturing interests in buying support in Congress for the extravagant protective tariff by which they are secured against foreign competition. These are facts which it surely behoves the admirers of America not to pass over in silence when they draw comparisons to her advantage between Transatlantic democracy and the limited suffrage and aristocratic Parliament of England.

There are other subjects, less familiar to the general reader, upon which some new light is thrown by Mr. Jennings's observations. America has the credit of an educational system far superior to our own, and she deserves at least the admission that she has made provision for the almost universal education of her people. But then that education is very superficial, very narrow, and very well calculated to aggravate the worst political faults of the American—his personal and national conceit, his misreading of history, his ignorance of all countries but his own, and his contempt of all rights and laws but those of America. Much admiration has been lavished upon the voluntary system of the American Churches. The author shows us its dark side in half-starved ministers, in stipends so low as to repel all education, refinement, and ability from the pulpit, and in the offensive intrusion of the coarseness and passion of party politics into religious worship—sermons preached by Mr. Beecher against the advocates of reunion and conciliation, and prayers publicly uttered by the chaplain of Congress for the overthrow and humiliation of the President. Even in domestic morality we are compelled to see that praise has been awarded where it is not deserved. The commonest and least atrocious form of that which is especially called

immorality is no doubt rarer in America, where men are in excess, than here, where half a million of women are doomed to celibacy by mere redundancy of numbers. But worse evils, almost unknown among us, prevail to a fearful extent; and in Puritan New England itself the protests of professional men, and the childless homes or small families of a great proportion of the comfortable classes, bear testimony to the havoc which French tastes and French morality have made among a race who once prided themselves as devoutly as Englishmen could do on their domestic virtues and appreciation of domestic happiness. In brief, this volume will serve to make clear to the general public what has long been evident to those who had not taken their estimate of men and things at second-hand—that ignorance of facts has had quite as much to do with the admiration of America expressed by a few ardent sympathizers as with the anti-American prejudices still prevalent among the majority of Englishmen.

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—No. V.

IN an ascending series of three volumes, rising from gay to grave, we have received from M. Hachette, first, the handsome *La Fontaine's Fables*, with vigorous and lively cuts by Doré. The volume cannot be considered as more than a reissue, for it has been long familiar in French circles, and is well known in this country as a very good specimen of the artist's versatile genius, and a useful study in drawing on the wood. The illustration must have been a labour of love to the artist, in which both his invention and his stores of knowledge have full play. If for nothing else, the volume is acceptable as affording a pleasant opportunity of renewing an acquaintance with the graceful and airy touch of La Fontaine. Secondly, we have *Le Faust*, a prose translation of the Faust, including the neglected Helena, by Gérard de Nerval. Neither is this a new work. It is illustrated by Tony Johannot, but not over well; we cannot even say much for the artist, at least on this well-worn subject. His drawings for Le Sage, Cervantes, and Swift are much better. Here we have only Retzsch's *Mephistopheles*, and a most conventional, or even dowdy, Margaret. The third volume before us is *Les Phénomènes de Physique*, by the well-known M. Guillemin, the author of *Le Cid*, which is very popular in France, and has we think been translated. This large and handsome volume follows a type—the type of science popularized but not vulgarized. The illustrations on wood are much better than what we have been accustomed to in our elementary books.

The tendency of this sort of book is to subordinate the scientific to the picturesque. Buffon set a perilous example which has had plenty of followers; and we are not sure that *Thunder and Lightning*, by M. Fonvielle, a translation of which has been published by Dr. Phipson (Nelson), and *Optical Wonders*, by M. Marion, translated by Mr. Quin (Nelson), do not touch on the boundary which ought to separate the romance from the prose of science. The former of this pair of volumes deals decidedly in the horrible; and were its prints to be trusted, it would scarcely be safe to walk across a field, so constant and imminent is the crash of thunderbolts and condensed electricity.

Pursuing this category—of which, as far as we remember, Sir Richard Phillips struck out the original notion in a compendium famous in its day, the *Hundred Wonders of the World*—we come to the *Treasury of the Earth*, by Mr. W. Jones (Warne), a book about minerals and gems and stones, which looks interesting and full of anecdotes. *Marvels of Creation* (Nelson) seems to bifurcate into, or rather trifurcate into—1. Volcanoes and their Phenomena; and 2. Nature's Wonders. It is almost impossible to get wrong in epitomizing such subjects, and we have no reason to suspect inaccuracy in these little manuals. Anyhow, we see in the volcano book that the author has conscientiously got up information about eruptions which took place only two or three years ago; and under a third head, Wonders of the Vegetable World, we have a set of portraits and biographies of selected trees—the banyan, the palm, the Wellingtonia, &c. Whether "Quadrupeds—what they are, and where found," belongs to this series, we are not quite sure. Anyhow, it is from the same prolific publisher. But this is accredited by the name of Captain Mayne Reid, and we believe that Captain Mayne Reid is an authority in boydom about whose infallibility there can be no question. We must say that we have seen better cuts of the beasts, but we do not say that we can recall better sketches than those furnished by Captain Reid's pen. Ranging round this same central notion of amusement *plus* instruction, we must mention the *Cabinet of the Earth Unlocked* (Jackson and Walford), a very large title for a very small book bringing down the queer and extinct and exceptional creatures the Megatherium and Deinotherium—translated into the vernacular, both as regards name and history—to a low level, for nursery use. The author is Mr. E. C. Jackson, and he writes with more feeling than method. But this may be attributed to the fact that the volume is the reprint of articles from a juvenile magazine.

The *Valley of the Nile*, by Mr. Adams (Nelson), aims, and to some extent succeeds, in boiling down Lepsius, Wilkinson, and all the Egyptian guide-books into a useful and practical compound, with the usual treacle of moral and apposite reflection on the transitory nature of things in general and the exceptional permanence of things in Egypt. This unpretending little book, we must however remark, contains a great deal of information in a cheap and portable shape.

The pendant to this is *Nineveh and its Story* (Nelson), the insipid decoction of Layard and Rawlinson.



This list, or rather portion of the list, is well concluded by a book of the indefatigable Mr. Timbs—*A History of Wonderful Inventions* (Routledge), containing the usual monographs on the steam-engine, the printing-press, the power-loom and the telegraph, &c.—with plenty of illustrations both of the mechanical and pictorial kind. Among the most useful and generally most accurate of compilers, Mr. Timbs has now reached something like fifty years of steady journeyman's work in book-craft; and one of the first in the great company of teachers of useful knowledge, he has been distanced by few of his compeers, and not equalled by many.

The *Young Nile Voyagers* (Routledge), by Mrs. Anne Bowman, is constructed on the extremely probable basis of two boys starting from Cumberland, as it appears, on their own hook, to see the Nile. What they saw there, and their glances at all the wonders of Egypt, is not so wonderful as this tale. They seem, when in Egypt, to have taken to the bird and beast department of improving the mind, and we have only the least possible glimpse of pyramid or Pharaoh.

The *Boy's Own Book* (Lockwood). This is not to be confounded with *Every Boy's Book* (Routledge), which was noticed last week, and to which we inadvertently gave the familiar title of its earlier congener. Mr. Lockwood's *Boy's Own Book* is the real original work which we knew in days long gone by, but in a new and much enlarged form, and brought down to the very last pantological period. To name it is to praise it. And we need but say that here is enough for the schoolboy under his most serious and unserious aspects; the book is a perfect cyclopædia on games, sports, animal-keeping, tricks, and the rest of it.

Routledge's *Every Boy's Annual*. Whether this is or is not a Christmas collection of twelve months of a periodical, to the confusion and shame of our bibliography, we do not know. The editor of this publication is an editor who trusts to the force of contrast, and provides a considerable variety of food for the ready and capacious digestion of the lower forms. In one page Mr. J. G. Wood discourses seriously, not to say starchy, on the "bivalve molluscs," and in the next page that particularly lively, not to say impertinently lively, burlesquer, Mr. Burnand breaks out into the edifying strain of

We ride on our mokes  
Such jolly old blokes.

But we dare say it is all right; at any rate Mrs. Henry Wood and Mr. Adams and other experts in the school mind ought to know, not only what boys like, but what is good for them to like.

*Old Merry's Annual* (Jackson and Walford). Here we feel ourselves to be on firm ground. We know this to be a monthly magazine, and this is a year's issue done up into a smart volume. We cannot but say that "Old Merry" is sometimes neither merry nor wise; as, for example, when he discourses to his young friends on Ritualistic Churches, and when he speculates whether "the month of June was dedicated, *a junioribus*, to the junior branch of the legislature of Rome."

We suppose that there is a use, however recondite, for the multiplication of these boys' books. At any rate we may conjecture that in the great economy of things they answer a useful purpose in providing a check—not a very large one, but still a check—on the increase of the human animal. To provide ferrid and sensational books which describe the great delights of boundless forests and frozen seas, and lion-hunting and battles, may happily attract some boys to go to sea or to the dogs, and so the population is to some slight extent kept down. In this sense this whole class of books does a distinct service to the country, and indeed to human kind, by keeping it within limits. Some such useful purpose may, or may not, have instigated Mrs. Valentine, who, because she passed part of her childhood on board the *Victory*, feels bound to send as many boys as possible to follow Nelson's life and death. At any rate we suppose this to be the object of *Sea Fights from Shays to Navarino* (Warne), neither of which, by the way, were very creditable combats. But whatever the writer meant, she has compiled or put together some good sketches, a kind of pemmican of James's *Naval History*. In *The Forest, the Jungle, and the Prairie* (Warne) we find all the usual zoological anecdotes, true or not, as the case may be, from Androcles, or Androclus, and the Lion down to the last extract from Dr. Livingstone. If the book were not done dialogue-wise it would be more attractive than it is. And even with this drawback it has a good deal of really interesting information, not very new, but pleasant enough to read.

*School for Donkeys*, by Mrs. Lushington (Saunders and Otley). We suspect some *mauvaise plaisanterie* in this title, and that it is addressed to the human congeners of donkeys. Anyhow we cannot see any traces of instruction for any other than bipeds, whether asses or not. What the collection seems to be is one of stories of the usual run, with nothing about ass either as regards author or reader.

*Our Four-footed Friends*, by Mary Howitt (S. W. Partridge). Alliterative and goody; well, it is better to be civil, so let us say, good. We are not sure that this book is not a venture on the part of the Animals' Protection Society; at any rate they back it. The stories are a little highly coloured, and must have been written by Houyhnhnms; but of the vigour of the drawings there can be no two opinions.

*Fairy Tales* (Bradbury and Evans). This is the right thing. There is no instruction, no moral—nothing of the good goody; but only simple, pure, unadulterated fiction, and no piety. Bears in love, and enchanted princes, and fairies and diamond trees, and that sort of thing. And when we say that all the talk is Mr. Mark

Lemon's, and that the pictures are by famous Mr. Richard Doyle and clever Mr. Bennett, what higher praise need we offer?

*Pictures in Tyrol* (Longmans). If—which we do not intend to say, or we have spent much talk in vain—it is any disparagement to a book to fall under the class of Christmas Books, this witty and agreeable volume has no place in the present list. But we are rather glad of any opportunity of meeting our old friend, "the author of *A Voyage en Zigzag*." And here we have the same racy pencil, with the charming piquant studies of the *Anglais* giving himself up to every conceivable and inconceivable form of independent adventure on mountain and pass, relieved by clear and sparkling sketches of the manners and customs of the barbarous folk who dwell on the Continent of Europe, which bring to shame the puppet writer of travels.

The *Chandos Poets*—why Chandos poets? We know not. Whether this series has anything to do with Chandos Street, or with the Duke of Buckingham, we have no notion. But, given the Chandos poets, we have to mention an instalment of the series in *Legendary Ballads of England and Scotland* (Warne)—that is, Sir Patrick Spens, Robin Hood, and most of the old cyclus. The editor is Mr. J. S. Roberts. We cannot say much for the woodcuts; but we can speak well of the editing, which, based on Bishop Percy, avails itself of much of more recent criticism and research.

*Fairy Know-a-Bit*, by A. L. O. E. (Nelson). *Know-a-Bit* is a sly *meiosis*, as the grammar-books used to say, for *know-a-great-deal*. This is useful knowledge with the honey in it; as when a dignified and learned cruet-stand discusses the properties of the olive-tree and the manufacture of vinegar, and the whole plant economy of the pepper-tree, all in dialogue with excellent moral reflections on the provision made by Providence for man's taste in stimulants and condiments. The book is beautifully printed, and the woodcuts are admirable; and—admitting that it is the most natural thing in the world, on laying one's hand on a table-cloth, to fire off an encyclopædia of information on hemp and linen—is in all ways well executed.

The same writer and publisher have issued the *House Beautiful*, or the *Belle Museum*; little *études*, as the French would say, which rather remind us of a forgotten—happily forgotten?—book, Solomon Gessner's *Death of Abel*.

We may as well mass together in one gorgeous heap a confused mass of the true children's books—the haunting, staring, high-coloured books with intelligible pictures, the pictures that children like—a big dog and a great elephant, and so on. Mr. Seeley has a set of three books which would be excellent did they not now and then fall into moralizing, which slides into profanity, as, for example, in the *Infant's Magazine*, a good enough miscellany. It is quite right that "Jane Fry" should, in the proper monosyllables, "have a nice walk. She has a fine rose." But what must be the state of that mind which can add, "the Bible tells me of Jesus Christ, the Rose of Sharon"? *Children's Friend* (Seeley), *Old King Cole* (Routledge), a *Batch of Merry Thoughts* (Sampson Low)—merry both in verse and pictures—*Walks with Mamma and Rides with Papa*; and every sort of subject, pretty, pious, and suggestive, in every variety of form, size, subject, and decoration, and accredited by Routledge, Warne, Nelson, Griffith and Farran, Seeley, Low, Partridge, and others whom to mention would, as the Latin Grammar observes—we mean used to observe, when there was a Latin Grammar—be tedious. It would, as far as we can upon solid grounds conjecture, take at least one whole page of the *Saturday Review* were we only to copy the titles of all the small novels, poems, tales, selections, illustrations, reprints, old books, new books, prosy poetry, and very lyrical prose, and moral sketches, that come under our notice with the interminable heap and tangle of their minor morals and minor didactics. We must break off somewhere; so, with a rapid and decisive pull up on the haunches, we observe summarily that M. Du Chaillu has sent us a batch of *Stories from the Gorilla Country* (Sampson Low); that *Cudjo's Cave* (Ward and Lock) is a story of plots and ambushes, of which the scene is laid in the American civil war; that Mr. Letts, as usual, but rather later than usual, has sent out his popular cloud of *Diaries and Almanacs*, which are as familiar to everybody as holly and mistletoe at this time of the year; and, though it would seem difficult to get an innovation out of Mr. Letts, that he has done something in this way by a *Letts' Tariff*, a *vade mecum* for Mincing Lane apparently; that Mr. Parker of Oxford still continues a clerical almanac; and that there is such a manual as a *Protestant Dissenter's Almanack* (Freeman), from which we gather the information that there are in or about London two queer institutions called Free Church of England Churches—one at Teddington, and one at 35 Somerset Street, Portman Square.

We must add, in conclusion, that we owe an act of justice to the Marchioness of Queensberry, whose powers as an artist we had occasion to mention in a previous article. It was the Dowager Marchioness who gave the money, not without ostentation, to the families of the murderers executed at Manchester.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

A VOLUME of travels in Abyssinia\*, by M. T. von Heuglin, is a work of such interest and value that it may well be regretted that it has not sooner been made accessible to the public.

\* *Reise nach Abyssinien, den Gala-Ländern, Ost-Sudan und Chartum in den Jahren 1861 und 1862.* Von M. T. von Heuglin. Jena: Costenoble. London: Williams & Norgate.

The journey which it chronicles was, indeed, undertaken some years since, so that nothing is to be learned from it respecting the present political situation of the country, nor is the political department the strong part of the book. It contains, however, a most ample, careful, and well-executed account of the topography, geology, climate, productions, and inhabitants of the country, so far as the author's acquaintance extended. We have rarely met any narrative or description accredited by stronger internal evidence of accuracy and fidelity, and as the writer's route was nearly that which will be taken by our forces, his sedulous detail may be of essential service. The features of the march are minutely described from day to day, and any member of the expedition who may have perused it will have a tolerably clear idea of what he has to expect. On the whole, the impression left on one's mind is that the difficulties of an advance into Abyssinia are by no means insuperable. The narrative falls into four portions—the writer's voyage down the Red Sea, his journey to Gondar, his residence at and excursions from that place, and his return by way of Khartoum and the Nile. It appears to be intended as the forerunner of a series of publications, in which the natural history of North-East Africa will be described at length, and which will contain the history of our traveller's expedition up the White Nile. Most of this additional matter is already extant in manuscript. Of the natural history and productions of the country, and the manners of the inhabitants, there is indeed almost enough in this volume; it is somewhat disappointing to find comparatively so little about Theodore and affairs of state, but from the date of the journey (1861-62) most of the information that could have been given would have been antiquated. The author seems to have a favourable opinion of Theodore, who had not at that time developed his sanguinary propensities. There are abundance of curious traits of the manners of the Abyssinians—as, for instance, their preference for cow-beef; their employment of the Austrian dollar as the standard of weight as well as currency; their etiquette of invariably painting the devil in profile, and their making a saint out of Pontius Pilate. In the main the writer's view of the character of the people and condition of the country does not materially differ from that of his predecessors; he is less familiar with courts and camps than Bruce, but more at home with the body of the population; his scientific attainments are far beyond Bruce's, and he had the assistance of a companion as well informed as himself. The book might have been more liberally illustrated, but it has two views of great interest; one of Theodore's palace at Gondar—a castellated pile of basalt, a Windsor in comparison with the ordinary run of Abyssinian dwellings; and the church at Axum. The traveller remained some time at Axum, and copied all the ancient remains he could, including the famous Greek inscription published by Salt, which he attributes to the era of the Gordians. As the British Museum is to have a representative on the expedition (a post offered to and declined by one of our most eminent Oriental scholars), it may be worth mentioning that Herr von Henglin was obliged to leave one royal tomb unexplored from the extent of the excavation that would have been requisite; and that he heard of the existence of obelisks and other antiquities at Madschud, to the west of Axum, Jaha, to the north-east of Adowa, and two other places. Beyond these, we fear Abyssinia will offer little to reward the archaeologist; the rather as, even where monuments occur, inscriptions appear to be quite exceptional. Manuscripts, however, seem more frequent than could have been expected; many churches and monasteries are represented to possess libraries on a small scale, and the profession of scribe is common and remunerative. Liturgies and lives of saints form the staple of the literature; the Ethiopic Church also rejoices in the possession of a sixth book of Moses, which is in fact only an ancient commentary on Genesis and Exodus.

Lieutenant-General von Willisen is, we believe, the officer who commanded the Schleswig-Holsteiners in their revolt against Denmark. His work on the campaigns of 1859 and 1866\* is a volume of a series in which the principles of strategy are illustrated by the history of actual warfare. A portion of it consists of reprints of articles contributed to a military journal at the time, the soundness of the views expressed in which must be supposed to have been demonstrated by experience. We do not find anything very novel or striking in the book, or much at variance with the opinions generally received.

The most important portion of Count Münster's† "Political Sketches" consists of a series of despatches from his father, who was Hanoverian plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vienna, and in this capacity maintained a confidential correspondence with George IV. They convey a lively idea of the universal struggling and scrambling, the greater Powers striving to devour the smaller, and the smaller playing the greater off against each other. Napoleon—not renowned as a peacemaker in general—quelled the commotion by his return from Elba. The remainder of the work consists of short political essays by Count Münster the younger, characterized by discreet conservatism and an evident leaning to the Russian interest.

A leaning to the Russian interest is not the characteristic of the "proletarian diplomatist"‡ who, having to attend the Peace

Congress at Geneva, considered this a suitable opportunity to read a paper recommending the whole civilized world to go to war with Russia, and destroy her root and branch. The assembled pacificators refused to listen to him—the only sensible proceeding on their part which has as yet come to our knowledge. In revenge he entitles his pamphlet "My Pearl," with an obvious innuendo at the expense of the inappreciative audience.

The first portion of Dr. Dieterici's\* treatise relating to the logic of the Arabian schools is neither more nor less entertaining than any other treatise on logic. The second part, treating of the psychological ideas of Arab philosophers, is, on the contrary, a piece of genuine Orientalism, most interesting and amusing, full of quaint wisdom and picturesque superstition, often conveyed in the form of apologue.

A History of the People of Israel†, by Professors Weber and Holtzmann, is an expansion and completion of a fragment published some years ago by the former of these writers. It now consists of three volumes, the first devoted to Old Testament history, the second to the age of the Maccabees, the third to the overthrow of the Jewish state and the origin and early history of Christianity. The work is not distinguished by any remarkable originality, or by strongly marked characteristics of any sort; but it is a level, easy, agreeable narrative, in which great pains have been taken to bring the results of modern inquiry to bear upon the original authorities.

More interest, vigour, and originality will be found in a history of biblical literature by Professor Fürst‡ of Leipsic. The author has prefixed a valuable introduction upon the language, dialects, and ethnography of the Hebrews, after which he proceeds to examine the composition of their extant literature, with a view to discriminate between the most ancient portion and subsequent additions, and to determine the approximate period of each. The first volume comprises the Pentateuch and Joshua. None but Hebrew scholars are competent to pronounce upon the substantial value of Dr. Fürst's researches, but his researches are apparently conducted with sobriety, and he is creditably free from the rashness and fancifulness which too commonly characterize inquirers in his department.

We have before us two able pieces of New Testament criticism translated from the Dutch of Professor Scholten.§ The author has long enjoyed the reputation of being the most learned theologian of Holland, and some account of him will be found in Mr. Grant Duff's volume on the political condition of the Continent. One of these treatises is a reply to Tischendorf's attempt to prove that the New Testament canon existed, as such, in the first century. The other is an inquiry into the apostolic origin of the fourth gospel, in which the negative view is maintained. The great drawbacks to Scholten's erudition and ability are a tendency to over-refinement in criticism which occasionally degenerates into cavilling, and a comparative insensibility to the broader features of tone, spirit, and style.

A book of travels in Spain, by Alban Stolz||, has more affinity with the literature of theology than of travel. The author, a popular Catholic writer, whose autobiography we recently noticed, went to the classic land of Catholicism somewhat in the spirit of the Queen of Sheba when she went to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and found, like the Queen, that the half had not been told him. He is not remarkable as a tourist, but highly entertaining as a satirist, using his observations abroad as suggestive material for pungent sarcasms on affairs at home; while he unintentionally affords at least equal amusement by the eccentric character of his logic, and the gravity with which he propounds the most amazing paradoxes.

A native of the ancient city of Aquileia¶ has written an interesting history of its civil and ecclesiastical affairs during the middle ages, combined with a description of its ancient Basilica, and of the monuments of its patriarchs. Aquileia has been an episcopal see from a very early period; it became a patriarchate under Constantine, and continued such until 1420, when the secular authority of the patriarchs was subverted by the Venetians. The Basilica dates from the age of the eleventh century. At present the city is little better than a waste, having been, like its rival Ravenna, ruined by the gradual retreat of the Adriatic.

Herr Overbeck\*\* has performed a useful labour in bringing together all the more important passages of the classic writers relating to ancient art. Two thousand four hundred such references have been collected by his diligence; the most valuable, of course, from

\* *Die Logik und Psychologie der Araber im zehnten Jahrhundert nach Christo.* Von F. Dieterici. Leipzig: Hinrichs. London: Asher & Co.

† *Geschichte des Volkes Israel und der Entstehung des Christenthums.* Von Dr. G. Weber und Dr. H. Holtzmann. 3 Bde. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte der biblischen Literatur und des jüdisch-hellenistischen Schriftthums.* Von Dr. J. Fürst. Bd. I. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die ältesten Zeugnisse betreffend die Schriften des Neuen Testaments, historisch untersucht.* Von J. K. Scholten. Uebersetzt von C. Manchot. Bremen: Gesenius. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Das Evangelium nach Johannes.* Kritisch-historische Untersuchung von J. H. Scholten. Aus dem Holländischen übersetzt von H. Lang. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Spanisches für die gebildete Welt.* Von Alban Stolz. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Aquileia's Patriarchengraber.* Monographische Skizzen von F. C. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Die antiken Schriftquellen zur Geschichte der bildenden Künste bei den Griechen.* Von J. Overbeck. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Die Feldzüge der Jahre 1859 und 1866.* Von W. von Willisen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Politische Skizzen über die Lage Europas vom Wiener Congress bis zur Gegenwart. Nebst Depeschen über den Wiener Congress.* Von Georg Hebert Graf zu Münster. Leipzig: Brockhaus.

‡ *Meine Perle vor dem Genfer Congress.* Von einem proletarischen Diplomaten. Zürich: Verlags-Magazin. London: Thimm.



Pliny and Pausanias. They are arranged, so far as practicable, under the names of the artists. The work will be found a most useful companion for the archaeologist.

What Herr Overbeck has performed for the artists, Captain Schlieben\* has accomplished for the horses of antiquity. His erudite and entertaining treatise is a treasury of information respecting the equine affairs both of Greeks and Barbarians, not forgetting asses, mules, and centaurs. The author's unusual combination of curious learning with practical knowledge of the subject has produced a far more valuable, as well as far more piquant, work than could have been written by a scholar who knew everything that Homer and Pindar had said about horses, but had nothing to say of his own. Captain Schlieben is very great in the practical department of his subject, and tells us all we can desire about the breeding, rearing, and breaking-in of the horses of the ancients, the names they received, the prices they fetched, the points for which they were esteemed, and the uses to which they were put. We learn with surprise that the art of shoeing horses was not known until the time of Justinian.

A complete edition of the writings of Leopold von Buch† will be welcomed by geologists, although it necessarily contains nothing new except the biography of the author. While this monument is being erected to the great geologist in one quarter, his theories are being assailed with much acumen and vivacity in another. It is manifest that Dr. Vogelsang‡ dissents from the orthodox creed in geology, though we have not been equally successful in ascertaining what he would substitute in its room. The fault is not Dr. Vogelsang's, who evidently has a clear conception both of his subject and his object, and writes with spirit and point. His work is dedicated to the geologists of England, who we hope will return the compliment by giving him an attentive hearing, a courtesy which he further merits at their hands by the great importance he attributes to their labours. The work is illustrated by ten beautiful coloured plates, being magnified representations of the structure of particles of reputed volcanic origin.

The Irish antiquaries whose ingenuity has been displayed in the identification of their countrymen with Phœnicians, Magogians, and what not, must now yield the palm to a German. Guided by the *ignis fatuus* of remote verbal resemblances, Pastor Frenzel§ has arrived at the conclusion that the Mexicans and Peruvians were genuine Celts, and probably of the Irish branch of the family. He has not the smallest doubt of the fact, but is a little puzzled to explain how the Hibernians got there; he suggests, however, that it may have been by way of Greenland. The suggestion appears to us eminently plausible, and the connexion between the green land and the emerald isle more apparent than most of Pastor Frenzel's etymologies.

Ferdinand Hiller's|| musical essays are chiefly reprints. They are very slight, but very agreeable. The most interesting is that which contains the author's reminiscences of his conversations with Rossini.

Although Heine belongs to the category of those authors who take the public into their confidence, and although every available scrap of his correspondence has seen the light, it will still be impossible to produce a biography of abiding value until the appearance of his suppressed memoirs. Herr Strodtmann¶, who seems to have constituted himself Heine's administrator-general—so far as the family will let him—now kindly provides us with a *pis aller* until the advent of that auspicious period. The book really does the highest credit to his diligence; the information painfully collected is pleasantly retailed; the literary workmanship is uncommonly neat and dexterous; and if the length of transcripts and extracts imparts a strong flavour of bookmaking, these borrowed passages are by no means the least entertaining in the book. As a narrator and compiler, Herr Strodtmann is excellent; as a critic he is sufficiently respectable; it is only when he talks philosophy with the conceit of a third-rate Hegelian sophist that we find it difficult to tolerate him. The first instalment of his work brings Heine's career down to 1823, the period of his "Letters from Posen."

Not content with its annual publication, the German Shakespeare Society is now bringing out a revised edition of Schlegel and Tieck's translation of Shakespeare\*\*, under the superintendence of Dr. Ulrich, the eminent Shakespearean critic, a long and able essay by whom is prefixed.

A new critical and chronological edition of Schiller's works†† by Karl Goedeke and several assistants will, no doubt, become the standard one. The first volume will be one of the most curious,

\* *Die Pferde des Alterthums.* Von A. Schlieben. Neuwied: Heuser. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Leopold von Buch's gesammelte Schriften.* Herausgegeben von J. Ewald, J. Roth und H. Eck. Bd. 1. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Philosophie der Geologie und mikroskopische Gesteinstudien.* Von Dr. H. Vogelsang. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Der Belus auf den Anden, oder Kiten in America.* Von Pastor Frenzel. Leipzig: Denicke. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit.* Gelegentliches von Ferdinand Hiller. Leipzig: Mendelssohn. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *H. Heine's Leben und Werke.* Von A. Strodtmann. Bd. 1. Berlin: Luecker. London: Williams & Norgate.

\*\* *Shakespeare's dramatische Werke.* Nach der Uebersetzung von A. W. Schlegel und L. Tieck. Herausgegeben durch die Deutsche Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. Bd. 1. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Schiller's sämtliche Schriften. Historisch-kritische Ausgabe.* Von R. Goedeke. The. 1, 2. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

for it is entirely occupied with those singular productions of Schiller's youth which have been recovered by the diligence of his biographers. As a pupil of the Duke of Württemberg's academy he was expected to exercise his juvenile pen in various species of composition—characters of his schoolfellows, themes, poems, inscriptions, &c.—all with an eye to the glorification of the Duke. These, united with his early verses and letters, form a very interesting volume, which has been diligently illustrated by Herr Goedeke. The second volume contains the "Robbers," in two versions, with Schiller's prose contributions to the Württemberg "Repertorium."

Another valuable contribution to Schiller literature is the publication by his daughter, the Baroness von Gleichen-Russwurm\*, of the draughts of five projected tragedies, and one heroic ballad. These skeleton outlines derive great additional interest from the notes, queries, and reflections with which they are interspersed, and which illustrate Schiller's method of working very vividly. The plays are all historical, on the stories of Agrippa, Themistocles, the Countess of Flanders, the Countess of Zell, and Queen Elfrida. The design of the Themistocles is peculiarly fine, though perhaps rather adapted to the genius of Goethe than of Schiller. Some slight fragments of the Agrippina are preserved. There is nothing to show at what period or under what influence these plans were conceived, but we should ascribe them all to Schiller's latter years.

Herr Kern† has collected all accessible metrical versions of the popular legends of Silesia. They differ, of course, widely in point of merit, but, as a whole, form a pretty and entertaining volume of verse.

Paul Heyse‡ is, so far as we know, by far the best modern German novelist, and his new volume of tales will sustain his reputation. His works are finished cabinet pieces, exactly of the right length to be perused at a sitting, and recalled in all their essential features by a single effort of the memory. Exquisite in point of style, masterpieces as regards the gradual and natural development of the plot, they continually remind us of Goethe; their chief drawback is also one to which Goethe's pieces were always liable—the artistic manner of regarding life, as if human passion and suffering only existed for the convenience of painters and poets. One of the pieces is in terza rima, and consequently tedious. Two of the three prose tales, as usual with Heyse, are variations upon a single theme, a moral problem ingeniously conceived, skillfully wrought out, and resolved at last to the reader's perfect satisfaction. In one an injured and deserted mother is persuaded to lay aside her resentful pride and marry a new lover; in the other an estranged pair are reconciled by the intervention of a young officer, undertaken with a different object. The third begins as a charming idyl of Italian love-making, but terminates, without adequate excuse, as a painful tragedy.

Berthold Auerbach's§ popular annual contains two tales by the editor, and an interesting picture of the condition of Hanover at the period of annexation, by a resident in the city.

\* *Schiller's dramatische Entwürfe.* Zum ersten Mal veröffentlicht durch Schiller's Tochter, Emilie Freifrau von Gleichen-Russwurm. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

† *Schlesien's Sagen, Legenden und Geschichten.* In metrischen Bearbeitungen. Herausgegeben von J. Kern. Breslau: Kern. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Novellen und Terzinen.* Von Paul Heyse. Siebente Sammlung. Berlin: Hertz. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Berthold Auerbach's Volkskalender für 1868.* Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

### MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

Monday Evening, January 6, at Eight, the Programme will include Beethoven's Quartet in E minor, Op. 69; Schubert's Sonata in A minor, Op. 42, for Piano alone; Frensch, Courante and Allemande, by Bach, for Violoncello alone, &c. Executants, M.M. Charles Haile, Straus, L. Rice, Henry Bisgrove, and Pistilli. Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Cuspiell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street. Director, Mr. S. Arthur Chappell.

### THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF SKETCHES and STUDIES by the MEMBERS is NOW OPEN, at 5 Pall Mall East. Ten till Five—Admission, 1s. Gas on dark days.

WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

### FIFTEENTH ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION of CABINET PICTURES by British and Foreign Artists, NOW OPEN, at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall. Includes Mrs. BESHAM HAY'S GREAT PICTURE, "THE FLORENTINE PROCESSION."—Admission, 1s.

### GUSTAVE DORÉ'S GREAT PAINTINGS are NOW ON EXHIBITION at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Open daily, from Eleven a.m. till Five, and from Seven till Nine p.m. Admission, 1s. On Saturdays, from Eleven till Four, 2s. 6d. Season Tickets, available for Three Months, 5s.

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From a Fresco by GHIRLANDAIO in S. Maria Novella at Florence.

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The Subscription closes on the 31st of December. Specimens of the Publications may be seen in the Rooms of the Society. Prospectuses, and Lists of Works on Sale, will be sent by post on application to the Secretary.

24 Old Bond Street, W.

F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

### THE DRAWINGS and PUBLICATIONS of the ARUNDEL SOCIETY are OPEN DAILY to the inspection of the Public. New Drawings are ON VIEW from the Works of Perugino, Ghirlandaio, A. del Sarto, and Van Eyck.

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## BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM will be CLOSED on the 1st, and RE-OPENED on the 5th of January, 1868. No Visitor can be admitted from the 1st to the 7th of January, inclusive.

British Museum, December 25, 1867.

J. WINTER JONES, Principal Librarian.

**UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, London.—FACULTY OF MEDICINE.** THE CLASSES will recommence on Thursday, January 2, 1868. FACULTY OF ARTS.—The LENT TERM will commence on Thursday, January 2, 1868. In most of the Classes such a division of the subjects is made as enables Students to enter with advantage at this period.

The SCHOOL for Boys between the Ages of Seven and Sixteen. The LENT TERM will begin for New Pupils at 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday, January 14, 1868. Former Pupils must return on the following day.

THE EVENING CLASSES for Classics, Modern Languages, Mathematics, the Natural Sciences, Law, &c. The LENT TERM will commence on Monday, January 13, 1868.

Prospectuses of the various Departments of the College, containing full information respecting Classes, Fees, Days, and Hours of Attendance, &c., and copies of Regulations relative to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes, open to Competition by the Students of the several Faculties, may be obtained at the Office of the College, or application either personally or by letter.

The College is very near the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and within a few minutes' walk of the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

December 18, 1867.

JOHN ROBSON, B.A., Secretary to the Council.

**MALVERN COLLEGE.** President and Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

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The Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

Assistant Masters.

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Rev. W. H. MADDOCK, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford.

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Terms for Tuition, £25 per Annum to Proprietors, and £31 per Annum to Non-Proprietors. For Board at Master's House, £20.

Full information on application to HENRY ALDERIDGE, Esq., the Secretary.

NOTICE.—The FIRST TERM of 1868 commences on Friday, January 21.

**EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.** President.

His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

Head-Master.—The Rev. J. R. WOOD, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

Assistant Masters.

The Rev. F. W. BURBIDGE, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

The Rev. A. K. CHERRILL, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

Modern Languages.—Mons. JUSTIN AUGUSTE LAMBERT.

Drawing, &c.—Mr. W. CLIFTON.

The next Term commences on Saturday, January 18, 1868.

Prospectuses may be obtained from the Secretary, J. H. CAMPION COLES, Esq., Eastbourne, Sussex.

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Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

Principal.—The Very Rev. the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

Lady Resident.—Miss PARRY.

The College will reopen for the LENT Term on Monday, January 13. Individual Instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music to Pupils attending at least One Class.

Special Conversation Classes in Modern Languages will be formed on the entry of Six Names. Pupils are received from the age of Thirteen upwards.

Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders.

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E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 43 and 45 Harley Street, W.** Lady Superintendent.—Miss HAY.

Assistant.—Miss WALKER.

The CLASSES of the School will reopen on Monday, January 20. Pupils are received from the age of Five upwards.

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Christmas Vacation from December 20 till January 5.

The Programme of Courses and Lectures during the Winter Terms, with the names of Professors and Masters, may be had on application to the Head-Master, 80 Rue de Poissy, St. Germain-en-Laye, France.

**CIVIL SERVICE AND ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON** (Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 14 Beaufort Building, Strand.

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JAMES S. BLYTH, Secretary.

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